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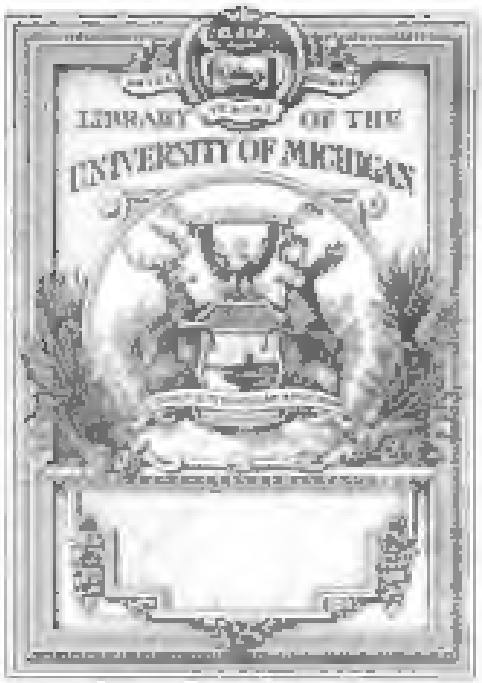

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY

CHARLES HANBURY-WILLIAMS

VOL. XXI.

OCTOBER—DECEMBER 1905

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YET WHEREFORE

[In the seventh, eighth and ninth centuries Ireland played a really great part in European history. It was the bright morning of a dark day.—Goldwin Smith.]

YET wherefore was this early light,
This glowing hope, this promise sent,
If, ere 'twas even marked aright,
It sank—it went?

We ask, but silence, grey, sedate,
Cold answer proffers as is fit
To questionings importunate,
Devoid of wit.

Mere probings of the how and why,
Poor words, scarce stronger than a moan,
Yet answered, if at all, then by
A God alone;

Who in the blade perceives the grain,
And in dumb flesh the dreaming soul,
Gathers the ends of joy and pain,
The foreseen whole.

And yet we ask, why thus allowed
This dawn, these hopes so fondly nursed,
These nascent gifts so high endowed,
Yet subtly cursed?

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Cursed too by no mere vacant breath,
  No priestly ban, or seer's vain rhyme,
Cursed by a doom as old as Death,
    As deep as Time;

Writ in some dull foreboding star,
  Which, hovering o'er man's little life,
Diffuses poison from afar,
    Cold hate, dull strife.

Oh, lost the goodly growing years!
  The years that shape a nation most!
Wasted in faction, drowned in tears,
    Lost, lost, all lost!

"Yet stay!" some urge, "such words estrange,
  Hope's freer, happier spirit blights,
Wisdom would take a larger range,
    Climb loftier heights;

"What if the weeds your fields have marred,
  What if your barns show vacant floors,
Are there not other lands unscarred,
    Brighter than yours?"

"True," we reply, "on alien shores
  The weeds by hostile breezes sown
Men all unmoved see round the doors,
    Not round their own!

"Not on the long-loved homelands, where
  The child drew in its earliest breath,
For which the old hearts cease to care
    Only in death."

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We hope, hope, hope; but whence, how brought,
  New light shall dawn, who may declare?
We stumble on, too dark for thought,
    Too dim for prayer.

"First last, last first," so ran the word;
  As, dull and bent, we slowly grope,
Above us, like some song of bird,
    Carols that hope.

"First last, last first," our hearts repeat;
  An azure gleam invades the ground,
As when—heaven breaking 'neath the feet—
    Bluebells are found.

As when, sore burdened, weary, we,
  With feet deep sunk in miry sod,
Lift suddenly our eyes, and see
    The Hills of God.

Hoping we pass. In grief, in mirth,
  Like wind-torn clouds our days flit by,
Thin shadows of a shadowy earth,
    And a pale sky.

We, and this land we tread, grow old,
  Its thoughts, loves, ways are strange and dark,
Its ancient wrongs—a tale oft told—
    Men cease to mark.

Its future? Nay enough, enough!
  See where the hills o'ertop the plains,
So smooth and vast, so poor and rough,
    Man's lot remains!

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Not long their light the motes retain,
The chequered arrows, towering all,
Kiss the loved gleam; then find it wane,
And, turning, fall.

Striving we sink, fighting we fail,
Stout soldiers in a losing cause,
Out-fashioned knights whose ancient mail
Breaks in new wars.

Follows the dark, and sleep is dear;
Dearest to those, the Hope Forlorn,
Who, having toiled, scarce wait to hear
The notes of Dawn.

Who spent their day to heal the night,
Who sowed that other men might reap,
Whose simple guerdon is the right
Soundly to sleep.

Fetch laurels then, ye luckier swains,
Who in some later hour are born,
Whose barns brim over with the grains
These sowed in scorn!

Who, wandering through the Promised Land,
And noting how its ramparts fall,
Scarce heed where lies that earlier band,
Hard by the wall.

The men that fought, the men that failed,
The men that struggled through the night,
Remember!—ye whose eyes have hailed
Their longed-for light.

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Have seen it touch the smiling plain,
  And waken every lake and rill,
Have watched its standards proudly gain
    Hill after hill.

To you the prize, but theirs the praise,
  Coequal heirs in one wild Past,
Spent mid the circles of a maze,
    Now 'scaped at last!

Is *that* a dream? Ah! who shall say,
  Save One whose name we do but guess,
Whose office—so we humbly pray—
    Is to redress?

Whose coming? Nay look up, afar,
  Through seas whose brineless waves immerse
The shores of that mysterious star
    Our Universe,—

Our measureless "sidereal whole,"
  To Him perchance as to some plain,
Where sands mile-deep for ever roll,
    Appears one grain,—

Behold a gleam. The end! the end!
  O dream of dreams. O hope immense,
On which thought, heart, love, soul attend,
    All life, all sense!

Leave it close wrapped in silence, lest
  By some ill-omened note we mar
A spell which, linking east to west,
    Binds star with star:

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And sweeps in one all-mastering flood
  Ocean and rill to the same goal,
Gathers the tides of ill and good,
    Completes the Whole.

With us meanwhile the rill still flows
  With us the little days speed fast
And fast our changeful Present grows
    Our changeless Past.

Island of faith, of hope, of pain,
  Home of a thousand varying fears,
See *you* no light beyond your rain?
    Across your tears?

Forbid it all the good, the strong,
  True friends, true lovers, grave or gay,
Hatred and wrong endure for long,
    But not for aye.

And not for ever bare and brown
  The boughs despoiled by autumn swing,
Time, which draws down the winter's frown,
    Restores the spring.

Brings comfort to the wreck-strewn strand,
  To men long pressed by evil right,
And to a weary, cloud-girt land
    At Evening, light.

EMILY LAWLESS.

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INDIA AND IMPERIAL CONTROL

AS regards both administration and defence, Hindustan is at once the most difficult and dangerous ward of the Empire. Both for the statesmen and the soldiers of Britain that continent presents the gravest problems of imperial dominion. Its three hundred millions of population constitute a vast economic and political equation of the greatest complexity. Its long land frontier is the vital gap in the sea-armour of the British Empire. This frontier is flanked not only by the territory of a great military power, but also by the territories of peoples whose wealth and whose weakness are the exciting causes of constant and perilous political unrest. Therefore both these offices—of the statesman and the soldier—are, in Hindustan, so heavy with grave responsibility, and of such vital importance to the nation, that it is nothing short of a necessity that they should be filled by the fittest and most capable statesman and soldier that can, at the moment, be spared in its service.

Accordingly it was a matter for congratulation when Lord Curzon and Lord Kitchener were appointed, respectively, to the posts of the Viceroy and Commander-in-Chief in India. No men in the world were more properly placed. In working together towards a common aim—the welfare and security of India—their duties seem so entirely complementary that it is difficult to consider them separately—or comparatively as

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regards importance. And it is hardly conceivable that the performance of these functions for the safety of the State should give rise to a conflict between them which would make it impossible for one or other of them to continue in its service. This, however, is exactly what has occurred. A business matter — a departmental difference — between two men of genius and character has been aggravated in some way into a bitter personal feeling which has dulled their sense of proportion as to its effects upon the world-wide interests of which they are the trustees. And the contemplation of this fact naturally gives rise to certain questions—what is it that has banished the force of restraint and common sense together with the grace of compromise from the counsels of India, and made it impossible for two great Englishmen to work together for the good of their country? Who is responsible for this inconceivable result through which the nation has lost the services of one of its foremost statesmen in a post for which his natural gifts and experience especially fitted him—a post, moreover, which is the most responsible of any in Greater Britain?

It is not proposed in this paper to enter into analyses of either detail or recrimination in regard to this matter. This has been fully done elsewhere. Also this is a national—not a personal question. Its true importance lies in its effects upon the national interests which are involved. Moreover, the primary cause of it is not to be discovered in the issues as to details which have culminated in a crisis, but in certain conflicts of opinion with regard to broad questions of policy and constitutional principle. Consequently, it is proposed to recall the main problems of policy and constitutional principle which confront the King's Viceroys in India, and then shortly to consider the differences in regard to them which have arisen between the Home Government and Lord Curzon—which ultimately have resulted in the resignation of the latter. In this broad view of the question not only will its magnitude and importance become apparent, but it will be possible to

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judge justly of the attitude and conduct of the men concerned in it. If one or other of them is in any way at fault it will be clear. And also if, to any extent, this mischievous incident is the result of a fault in the method or mechanism of imperial administration—the fact will also become clear.

The problems which lie within the scope of British Indian policy cover a vast space of the earth and sea. They may be classified under four heads according to the separate spheres in which they arise. Two of these spheres fall under the head of frontier policy and two under the head of internal administration. The problems of frontier policy include, firstly, the question of the security of India from invasion through the isolation of her frontiers and home seas from the advance towards them from other Powers; and secondly, the maintenance of peace and order upon these frontiers and home seas. Under the second head—that of internal administration—are included the problems involved by the Government of an alien subject population, consisting of many communities, diverse in race and creed, and also the problems of inter-relation with over two hundred feudatory states in Indian territory. It does not require the gift of imagination to realise the magnitude of the task involved and the responsibility incurred in these vast complex problems of Government. The problem of the isolation of the Indian frontier may be said to span the world across fifty-five degrees of longitude. It covers a chain of kingdoms and states extending from Arabia through Persia, Afghanistan, Central Asia and Thibet to Siam. The problem of the maintenance of peace upon the Indian frontier implies the control of many warlike and independent peoples, who live along two thousand miles of the world's highest and most tremendous mountain range. The problems of internal administration embrace a territory of one million and a half square miles and a population equal to one-fifth of entire humanity. One single province of the Indian Administration contains a population almost equal to that of the United States of America, while among the feudatory states are Principalities

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exceeding in area and population some of the Kingdoms of Europe.

These facts at once impress the mind, not only with the magnitude of the problems which confront the rulers of India, but also with the vast value in material interests and the heavy burden of responsibility which are involved in questions affecting the security and welfare of that great dependency. It is natural then to suppose that the system of Imperial Administration, which provides for the supreme control of Indian affairs, must certainly ensure that the men entrusted with the power of ultimate decision with respect to them would be most carefully selected from among those best qualified to discharge this onerous duty. By this it is meant that the essential qualifications for either a Secretary of State or Viceroy for India, would be, at least, that of knowledge and experience of the peoples and problems of Asia—if not also some proof of diplomatic skill together with an aptitude for constructive policy. However natural the supposition may be, it is without foundation in fact. No experience or knowledge of either Asia or India is considered necessary for the two men who are primarily responsible for the guidance and control of the Indian Empire—with all it signifies. The only qualifications necessary for an Indian Secretary of State or Viceroy—posts which most obviously require both expert and sympathetic skill—is either title and family or the previous service of Government in some Home or Imperial department. Even if it happens that a Viceroy is appointed who has both knowledge and experience of Asiatics, there is nothing in this system to prevent his judgments from being stultified or overruled by a Secretary of State who is devoid of both. This system of imperial administration seems strange among a people famed for their practicality and common sense. It is impossible, for instance, to conceive them possessed of a system of naval administration by which a cook could be appointed to command a battleship. But the British complacently accept, in respect of wider interests and greater responsibilities, the

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appointment of men no less devoid of the technical knowledge which is essential for the safe and proper exercise of their judgment. It is true that the cook would have a crew of competent sailors and artificers to guide and, in a sense, control his orders in regard to the battleship. It is also true that in India, under the Viceroy, there are the competent officials of the Indian bureaucracy, and that, under the Secretary of State for India, there is an advisory board of some of these officials who have retired. Their lives, however, have been spent in concentration upon an infinite variety of departmental detail. These men have grown to think in routine. Even if they are innocent of either prejudice or folly they do not possess the breadth of view, the habit of mind, or the initiative that enables them to think with that flexibility and comprehensiveness which is essential for statesmanship. And the Secretary of State or Viceroy who is not able to consider questions in the light of his own knowledge and experience, is entirely dependent for guidance upon these subordinates. Then he is no more truly the sentient brain and eye of the State than the cook is truly in control of the battleship. And in either case—that of the ship of state or the ship of war—the natural result of this system of supreme control would be the same, namely, that the internal economy would be carried on according to routine, while, as to direction and external perils, the body corporate would drift instead of being steered upon a steady and considered course.

If this analogy holds good, here—in this system of Imperial control—is at once a source of danger in respect of possible misunderstanding, cross purposes and lack of sympathy between the supreme authorities in India and at home. And the test of the truth of it is to be found in the recent history of India. If the analogy is true, the facts of history will prove it by actually constituting the natural results of an unscientific and haphazard policy of supreme control. These results, again, would be continuity in the routine of internal economy, together with a neglect or

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absence of continuity, initiative and constructive effort in regard to the broad questions of policy—either domestic or foreign. For the purpose of this test, the four main problems of Indian administration will be considered—of necessity most briefly—in their developments before the appointment of Lord Curzon, and contrasted with their developments at the time of his resignation.

The first of these problems is the isolation of the Indian frontier from the approach of Russia, through either her paramountcy or actual occupation in respect of the chain of independent States that lie from west to east, between Arabia and Thibet. From west to east, along the whole of this fateful chain, Russia had been allowed to encroach—in her advance southward—either by the establishment of her influence or by territorial absorption. This movement was apparently unheeded and was unopposed by any effectual protest or counter-policy on the part of the British. Indeed, the British seemed to be without any policy except in regard to a single link in this long chain—namely, Afghanistan. Upon Persia, Russia had placed her hand, but not as yet her foot. Her campaign of military, financial and commercial measures had made her the paramount power in Teheran.[1] Further to the eastward the Russian military railways had been extended southwards across Turkestan—and at present mass two army

[1] "The series of large loans made by the Russians to Muzaffer-ed-in; the agreements between the same parties in restraint of outside borrowings and of foreign railway enterprise; the organisation of a brigade of Persian Cossacks, officered by Russians, as the single efficient unit in the Persian army; the making over of the collection of the customs revenue to a staff of Belgians who play the part of jackals to the Russians; the secret revision of the Persian tariff in the interests of Russia, with consequences disastrous to British-Indian trade; the multiplication of Russian consulates; the employment of Russian officers to check the overland trade with India, under the pretext of enforcing quarantine—all this is but a part of the list of audacious enterprises by which the Government of the Czar is compassing the complete Russification of Iran."—See *The Middle Eastern Question*, by Valentine Chirol—and also "India under Lord Curzon," *Quarterly Review*, July 1904, to which the author of this article wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness for information.

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corps of men against the north of India. Eastward, again, Russia had placed her foot upon the soil of the Central Asian States, and to-day her influence is paramount in Turkestan, Bokhara, and the Pamirs—while Eastern Turkestan and finally Thibet—under the circumstances brought to light in recent history—had become the spheres of her political activity and intrigue. Therefore, along the whole of that line the neutrality of which safeguards India by preventing her frontiers from becoming co-terminous with the Russian frontier, Russia had made her advance persistently and slowly southward. No single link in the chain remained free from her influence, occupation or intrigue. In regard to the second problem of frontier policy—that of the maintenance of peace and order along the frontier itself, the facts of recent history are no less eloquent. A criticism of the treatment of this problem by those responsible for the government of India is unnecessary —it is summed up in a single sentence. In the fifty years which preceded 1897, the Indian Government had waged no less than forty wars upon its frontiers. They ranged in magnitude and importance from minor expeditions to the employment of great armies. As regards the two remaining problems—those of internal economy—it is sufficient to state that the facts regarding them also constitute proofs of the truth of the analogy in point, in that the continuity of a mechanical routine had been maintained. It is not necessary to consider the Indian policy in regard to these latter problems, because a sufficient criticism of its efficacy will be found in the consideration of the reforms instituted by the policy of Lord Curzon, both in regard to the administration of British India itself, and with respect to his influence and inter-relations with the feudatory chiefs and ruling classes of India. But—as regards the test of the analogy in point—this, at any rate, is clearly proved by the facts of the recent history of India—that they are exactly those results which would be the natural consequences of an unscientifie system of supreme control. The continuity of routine has been rigidly preserved upon the

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ship of State. And, as regards the avoidance of those great dangers which beset its course, the ship has been allowed to drift. No proper look-out has been kept upon it, nor have the helmsmen steered it in a statesmanlike manner.

In passing to consider the results of Lord Curzon's policy in regard to these various problems, two facts will at once become clear. Firstly, the great value of an expert Viceroy—that is, a Viceroy who is at once a statesman and a man possessed of knowledge, experience and sympathy in respect of Asiatic peoples. And secondly, those definite principles of his policy which Lord Curzon has applied to the solution of the respective problems of Indian Government, and upon which he has found himself at issue both with his colleagues in India and at home. Firstly, in regard to the frontier, Lord Curzon, in defining his policy, likened Hindustan to a fortress, sea-swept upon all sides but one, which was defended by the high rampart of the Himalayas. The glacis of this rampart he rightly held to be a vital factor both for the safety and defence of the Indian fortress. This glacis stretched across Asia from Arabia to Siam, and Lord Curzon asserted that, for the security of India, it is absolutely essential that it should remain free from the trespass of foreign powers. In this picturesque way he affirmed the great principle of British frontier policy in India—namely, that of its isolation by a great neutral zone from the territories of other great powers. Having affirmed this principle, the Viceroy set to work to give it practical effect throughout this zone, which the neglect of British statesmen had partly converted from a neutral to a danger zone. There is not space for more than a mere mention of the series of swift strokes of policy by which Lord Curzon strove to counteract the political dangers, and to arrest the wane both of British prestige and commercial activity throughout that chain of neutral states which is so vital a factor in the security of India. With regard to Persia, the prestige and the rights of Britain were reasserted through the visit of the Viceroy to the Persian Gulf. The possible political significance of the

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proposed railway terminus at Koweit has been met by a clear declaration of British policy in regard to the Persian Gulf,[1] and the construction of the Quetta-Nushki railway together with a commercial mission has brought the interior of Persia into the purview of the Viceroy's policy. While he worked strenuously to assert his frontier policy along the western flank of India, the Viceroy also brought the far eastern flank within its scope. To the east, Siam and Thibet, as factors in the defence of India, may be compared to Persia and Afghanistan upon the west. In the case of Siam security has been assured by the terms of the Anglo-French agreement, and with respect to the one remaining sphere in the strategic zone—namely, Thibet—it required strong and persistent efforts before the Viceroy succeeded in rousing the British Government from their careless lethargy with regard to it. A military expedition to Lhassa then vindicated the prestige of Britain, and asserted her rights in regard to the violation of territory and of treaty rights by the Thibetans. At the same time the intrigue of Russia, through her political agents in the palace of Potala, was met, as in the case of Persia, by another clear declaration of British policy with regard to this no less important eastern sphere.[2] Thus, through the foresight, statesmanship and tenacity of Lord Curzon, those territories, the freedom of which from foreign predominance and intrigue is essential for the security of India, had come for the first time within the purview of a comprehensive and practical British policy with respect to them. From end to end of this long chain not one important link remained in which the

[1] Lord Lansdowne declared that "the British Government would regard the establishment of a naval base or of a fortified port in the Persian Gulf by any other Power as a very grave menace to British interests, which it would certainly resist with all the means at its disposal."

[2] Lord Lansdowne thus defined the vital principle of British policy in regard to Thibet—"that British activity must always exceed that of Russia with respect to Thibet, where British interests are greater than Russian." "Therefore," he stated, "if they sent a mission or expedition (to Thibet) we should have to do the same, but in greater strength."

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Viceroy had not counteracted the influence, aggression and intrigue of a foreign power and asserted definitely the vital principle of British frontier policy. And, further, upon the actual Indian frontier itself, Lord Curzon's policy has bestowed a peace, for the space of the last six years, the like of which it has not known for the last half century. A blockade and two small sallies have sufficed to keep the King's peace upon this frontier of formerly incessant war.

In passing to the problems of internal administration, the most cursory consideration of Lord Curzon's policy shows as clearly as in the case of his frontier policy both the grasp of a master mind and the comprehensive application of definite and consistent principles. While these principles are instinct with the spirit of reform, they are also strong in respect for the constitution which is the bed-rock of all good government. These two main principles of Lord Curzon's policy are definitely referred to in the last of his speeches upon the Indian Budget (March 1904). With respect to reform he said:

> I say, in no spirit of pride, but as a statement of fact, that reform has been carried through every branch and department of the administration, that abuses have been swept away, anomalies remedied, the pace quickened and the standards raised.

And with reference to the facts of progress in India, he asserts his adherence to the principles of the constitution in these important words: ". . . progress will be imperilled and thrown back if it is associated with . . . clamour for constitutional change. . . ." These features of Lord Curzon's domestic policy —namely, the principle of reform together with respect for constitutional principle—must be clearly borne in mind, owing to the fact that it is a conflict between the principle of a reform and a principle of constitution which has ultimately led to his resignation.

There is not space to do more than mention a few of the most important among those reforms which Lord Curzon has "*carried through every branch and department of the admin-*

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istration." Only those with an intimate knowledge of India can at all appreciate the meaning of this short italicised sentence which epitomises his work. But it means that the whole internal economy of the huge Indian Empire has been raised from the habit of mechanical action to one of intelligent energy. The problem of education, which embraces the enlightenment of one-fifth of mankind, has been advanced "a definite stage" and purged of "tendencies that were leading to demoralisation if not to ruin." Those great factors of material wealth—the railways and irrigation schemes—have been largely and consistently extended. In the department of justice an exhaustive inquiry has been instituted with a view to remedy the abuses and irregularities of police administration. Both science and sanitation have been applied, with due regard to religious susceptibilities, to the problems of public health, especially with respect to the endemic diseases of malaria and plague, while the measures which minimise the ravages of famine have been perfected to the saving of innumerable lives. And, apart from the reform of existing departments, two entirely new provincial governments have been called into existence in respect of unsuitable and unwieldy administrations in the north-west of India and in Bengal. To all these vital forces of the public constitution, provincial administration, education, justice, public health and communications—the Viceroy has imparted new vigour—vigour which he has declared flows freely throughout the system of Indian administration.

In respect of the second of the problems under this head—that of inter-relations with the Indian chiefs and ruling classes—the policy of Lord Curzon has been one of vast and far-reaching importance. It is so rich in beneficent possibilities for the future of India, that even a reference cannot be made to it adequately within the limits of this paper. Within the confines of India immense potentialities for good or evil—for strength or weakness—lie latent in the feudatory Indian States—in their chiefs—and in the Indian ruling classes. Lord Napier, in 1849, wrote of this potential power that the native

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princes regarded the British "with venomous hatred." Their attitude was not likely to be changed by the policy of the British towards their territories—which was that of "non-interference, and annexation by lapse"—though it was said to be ameliorated by the subsequent reversal of the policy of annexation by lapse. For the rest, the native states alone remained stagnant amidst the broadening currents of Indian progress. Contact with the British seemed to have given to every other class in the community new opportunities and wider scope for their activities. Modern civilisation, through industry and emigration, had drawn the immemorial peasant from the soil into the ranks of labour. It had given the markets of the world to the village traders. Education had opened the gates of power, through knowledge, to every peaceful caste—the power of the learned professions, and even the power to sit in Government. To the proud warrior peoples, caste-isolated from other men, the British Army had given scope for their genius in their natural and hereditary profession of arms. But for their superiors, equally caste-isolated—the Indian princes and nobles—there seemed no scope for effort in the universal progress of India. They were given over to the devils of Europe, or to decay in their own stagnation, until Lord Curzon set himself to remedy this injustice and abuse. He claimed the Indian chiefs and nobles as his fellow workers for progress in the following definition of his policy regarding them:

> The native chief has become, by our policy, an integral factor in the Imperial organisation of India. He is concerned not less than the Viceroy or the Lieutenant-Governor in the administration of the country. I claim him as my colleague and partner.

In furtherance of this policy Lord Curzon sought to imbue the younger generation of the Indian nobility with the sense of their new responsibilities—and to fit them for these responsibilities—by a thorough reform of the colleges founded for their education. His personal interest and encouragement in regard to these colleges resulted in the co-operation of a committee of Indian princes in the matter of educational reform,

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and in a larger and more general attendance of pupils. To provide the Indian aristocracy with a new scope for their energies, and an opportunity for their co-operation with the British, Lord Curzon founded the Imperial Cadet Corps, by which the noble classes may serve the State as military officers in their natural and hereditary profession of arms, as other classes already serve it in the civil administration, and as their own inferiors serve it so splendidly in the ranks of the Indian Army. With respect to the Indian chiefs themselves, it is impossible to estimate the benefit of Lord Curzon's policy, not only in regard to the Empire, but in regard to those millions over which they rule. For it seeks to inculcate principles of government among them, which completely revolutionise their conceptions of their own office and the order of their inter-relation with their subjects. The despotic conception of rule, in Asia, has ever been to control with rigour, and to exploit, without consideration, a subject population. Lord Curzon has impressed upon the Indian ruler that

> his gadi (throne) is not . . . a divan of indulgence, but a stern seat of duty. He cannot remain *vis-à-vis* of the Empire a loyal subject and *vis-à-vis* of his own people a frivolous or irresponsible despot. He must be the servant as well as the master of his people. By this standard shall I judge him . . . by this test will he, as a political institution, perish or survive.

That these lessons of imperial responsibility and domestic reform have been taken to heart, has been proved by the co-operation and interest of the Indian chiefs in connection with imperial matters. The development of conscience and public spirit among them, in regard to their subjects, has been evidenced by their efforts and sacrifice in combating the scourge of famine within their borders, upon the lines of British famine relief. And finally this policy has resulted in feelings of confidence and friendship in regard to the head of the suzerain government, in which lie possibilities of incalculable good.[1] These results are due not only to the initiative

[1] These sentiments were strikingly exemplified both by the general attendance of the Indian chiefs at the great Durbar, and by their common expression of sorrow at the resignation of their friend and ruler.

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of Lord Curzon, but to the personal influence which he has exercised through direct relations with chiefs whose realms lie scattered across the Indian continent from the farthest plain-lands to the hills. This fact implies a knowledge on his part of Asiatic human nature as varied as it is deep. It is certain that without that knowledge—and the sympathy born of it—these good results could not have been achieved. But for an accident they might, under the present system of Imperial control, have been lost altogether to India. And it is doubtful whether, under that system, it will be possible even to preserve the good, in respect of new and potential forces, which Lord Curzon, as much by the knowledge of the peoples he ruled as by the moral influence of his great and earnest personality, and by the strength and wisdom of his government, has brought into harmony of effort for the well-being of the Indian Empire.

The whole conduct of Indian affairs, before and since the appointment of Lord Curzon, have now been briefly contrasted. They constitute an eloquent testimony to the value of a practical Viceroy, as opposed to one that is merely a mouthpiece of Government. It is not right, however, to claim that this great and beneficial change is solely due to the appointment of a Viceroy with a knowledge of India. Lord Curzon's personality is a most valuable factor of success in these results. But this, at any rate, is clear—that no man, however great his genius, however strong his personality, could have achieved these results without the practical knowledge which Lord Curzon possessed. In this fact there is food for thought with respect to the Imperial control of India. But as regards any practical result of that thought there is no great hope—for this depends upon the interest of the British people in the question. Not the least of the dangers in regard to India is the complete ignorance and carelessness in regard to that land which prevails in Britain. And, with regard to the subject under consideration, it is this ignorance which chiefly prevents the British from appreciating certain conditions essential to

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the government of India, in respect to which the present system of Imperial control—particularly with regard to the appointment of an Indian Secretary of State—may occasion infinite mischief. A short consideration of these conditions is therefore necessary for the proper comprehension of either the causes or the consequences of the interruption of Lord Curzon's work.

Lord Curzon has said of the different sections of the Indian people that they do not desire general administrative reforms from the Government—they desire from it political concessions to themselves. In other words, they desire that the political machine should work so as to benefit their class at the expense of the rest of the community. The same charge, in a sense, would be true in the case of any other people in the world. But in India social bias reacts with peculiar force and danger for two reasons. In the first place, the Government is not the choice nor the kin of the people of a country. It is the hold of foreign conquest upon the many nations of a continent. Power and justice—not programmes—are the essential elements of inter-relation between the Indian Government and people. Secondly, between the people themselves, separated by vast barriers and distances, there is not only the force of class bias to combat, but also the fiercest racial and religious antagonism, aggravated by ignorance and superstition, and untempered by the sense of unity in patriotism, nationality or constitution. Indeed, if, in a rational and strictly comparative analogy, the continent of Europe be conceived as subjected to the rule of an alien race, incorporated as a single province of its empire and controlled by a supreme ruler as its Viceroy, then imagination may hold some practical conception of the administrative problems which confront an Indian Viceroy. This analogy further makes clear not only the difficulties of Indian administration, but two essential conditions by the force of which it becomes possible. Both are essential elements of the Indian Constitution. They are, firstly, that no class in the community —either European or native—should be given an undue preference in respect of the rights, privileges, or benefits of

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government. And the second—which follows from the first—is that the Governor-General should be absolutely secure of his authority, both in regard to popular agitation and in regard to his departmental subordinates. The value of the first of these conditions is patent; that of the second, in relation to India, can only be fully realised by the light of a knowledge of Eastern peoples. It is not sufficient to admit that the Governor-General must be assured of his authority, through the loyal and sympathetic support of his superiors, in all matters that may militate against his personal prestige, his full control of the administrative machine, or those principles of the Constitution, by which he co-ordinates, in government, the subject nations of a continent. It is essential, in the case of the Viceroy, to assert that principle of personal prestige which is the secret of government throughout Asia. It is not a matter of sentiment. The sense of supreme authority, which invests the personality of the King's representative with that dignity and power which oriental usage attaches to its rulers, is an essential element of the Indian Constitution—for it affects both discipline and efficacy as regards government. If it were thought that by clamour or cabal it were possible to subvert the authority of the Viceroy, to rescind his orders, or to create factions against him among his subordinates, those instincts of intrigue which are so strong in Asiatics would certainly give rise to incessant unrest in opposition to the supreme authority. It follows, therefore—and it cannot be too strongly affirmed as a principle of Indian Constitution—that wherever it is necessary to act against the opinions and wishes of the Governor-General in Council, it is essential that his superior, in the Home Government, should deal with the matter with scrupulous nicety, finesse and tact, so as to preserve the prestige of the Governor-General in the eyes of those alien millions over which he rules as their Emperor's representative. It is certain that no man with a knowledge of the East to sober him would officially differ with the Viceroy, except with consideration and respect. No man of capacity, sense and polish would, in any case, do

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otherwise. For then not only would the position of the Viceroy become impossible through loss of his prestige and power in the eyes of the people; but the mainspring of the whole machinery of government would be weakened.

These two principles—that which combats class preference, European or native, and that which preserves the prestige of the Viceroy—are both so obviously essential for the safety and good government of India that it is impossible to conceive them set aside by those in supreme control of India. With men of even ordinary capacity such a thing would be impossible. Capacity, however, is not an essential quality for a British minister. On the contrary, the proof of incapacity helps rather than hinders a Cabinet career. This sounds nonsense, but it is the truth. It is a canon of Cabinet construction, both in the imperial and the insular political parties, that the failure and proved ineptitude of a man is to be taken by his colleagues as befitting him at once for promotion to a wider sphere for mischief. To have worn the fool's cap in the War Office is especially valuable. Thus his mismanagement of this department, together with the cordite scandal, has resulted in the promotion of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to the possibility of presently governing one quarter of the globe, and Mr. Brodrick's incapacity to deal with a problem affecting half a million men in England—together with the war stores scandal—has resulted in his promotion to the control of problems affecting three hundred million men in India.

The results of this idiotic system of administration, which rewards failure with increased responsibility, are reflected in the mischief and mismanagement which have arrested the developments of progress in India. When Mr. Brodrick assumed office, the Viceroy was at issue with the Home Government upon a principle of frontier policy—in regard to Thibet.[1] This section of the Indian glacis had become a

[1] For facts which constitute a complete justification of Lord Curzon, see the articles upon Thibet by the author of this paper in *Blackwood's Magazine*, May, and the *National Review*, July 1904.

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sphere of foreign influence through the intrigue of a Russian agent in Lhassa. Also, the prestige of Britain had utterly lapsed owing to the submission of its Government, for nine years, to the violation of treaty rights—to violation of territory, and finally to gross insults to its Envoys and Viceroy. In regard to foreign intrigue, Lord Curzon proposed—in accordance with the vital principle of Indian frontier policy—to render India for ever secure by establishing a British Resident in Lhassa. To enforce the vindication of British prestige and treaty rights, he proposed the despatch of an expedition to Lhassa. The British Government, however, refused to take any step to safeguard India against the possibility of future foreign intrigue in Thibet. As regards the vindication of British prestige, they hesitated—partly in fear of Russia—till circumstances forced their hand, and an expedition proceeded to Lhassa to enforce their demands and extort compensation for wrongs. Thus the prestige of the British, at least, was vindicated. And, moreover, the Gate of Thibet was to remain for a considerable period in their keeping. The Viceroy was loyally giving effect to the orders of the Government, and there was nothing in the situation, from first to last, that ordinary official routine—courteous, if cumbrous—could not have concluded so as to preserve the prestige of both the Viceroy and the nation. But the Secretary of State impressed his individuality upon it at the cost of the prestige of both. Without the slightest necessity that intelligence can discover, he introduced the drill-sergeant into his communications with the Viceroy in a note of aggression and offence. And in his unjust and reiterated censure of the British Envoy for using his proper discretion—and for not carrying out orders sent to him too late—and finally by his practical surrender of the sole substantial fruit of the Thibetan War—the occupation of the Chumbi Valley—by which, in addition, he made the British Envoy eat his words, Mr. Brodrick has acted to the prejudice of his country to an extent which only those in touch with Asia can fully appreciate.

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In the next matter which called for serious intervention by the Secretary of State, the Viceroy and the Home Government were again at issue—this time as to certain principles of domestic policy and constitution—through the question of military reform. The principles—as well as the issues—involved in this question were of vital importance to the Indian Empire—the details, however, are immaterial to this argument.[1] On the one hand, the Indian Commander-in-Chief pressed for certain military reforms as essential to the safety of India. So far as these reforms were purely military, the Viceroy—the principles of whose policy were also reform and the security of India—co-operated with him to the extent that—under a system criticised as impossible—he helped, in two years, to accomplish military reforms which ordinarily would have filled an Indian Commander-in-Chief's quinquennium. But, in so far as these reforms impugned certain essential principles of the Indian constitution and the prerogatives of the Viceroy, together with certain principles of his domestic policy as to the co-ordination of the classes under his rule, as well as the proper control of his departmental subordinates, the Viceroy, rightly, stood firm against them. Here was a situation which called not only for infinite care, patience, and diplomatic skill on the part of the Secretary of State, but also for an essential technical knowledge. It was his duty, in the first place, to adjust the difference between the two officers of State, so as to harmonise their functions for the service of the State. And, in the second place, he had to see that the benefits of the modifications in military administration did not result in compensative loss as to the efficacy of the administration as a whole. In other words, he had to see that the repair of a cog did not result in straining or throwing out of gear the rest of a complex machine. But, where tact was essential to success, the Secretary of State again addressed the Viceroy in a manner offensive to a proud and sensitive personality. In considering the problem, his attitude towards the parties was that of a special pleader for one of

[1] The reader is referred to an admirable statement of the facts in *Blackwood's Magazine*, September 1905.

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them, not that of an impartial judge or mediator between them. Thus, he brought a personal element into a national question which militated against a just consideration of it, upon its merits, and rendered compromise difficult. And finally, the solution of this complex problem by a Secretary of State—devoid alike of constructive power and technical knowledge—is amazing. Two skilled experts—of statecraft and of war—have advised the nation, each in his province, as to matters essential for its welfare and security. The advice of neither of them has been taken. With regard to the military reforms, Lord Kitchener, the experienced soldier, is overruled—upon matters of crucial principle—by Mr. Brodrick, who has proved his incompetence with regard to this subject. While in regard to the Government of India, Lord Curzon, the experienced statesman, is overruled—also upon matters of crucial principle in regard to policy and constitution—by a Secretary of State who is ignorant of India and its conditions.

What, then, are the consequences to India of Imperial control—as lately exercised—in relation to those great problems which Lord Curzon's policy had redeemed from neglect with such fine and beneficent results? With respect to the frontier—which he strove to make secure—it lies still open to danger through Thibet. The British Government has refused to safeguard this sphere against the possibility of foreign intrigue, and the Secretary of State has, otherwise, completely stultified all that the nation spent its blood and treasure to obtain. While, as regards the problems of administration, the decision of the Government and the conduct of the Secretary of State constitute wholly needless breeches of essential principles of the constitution and government of India, as well as of the Viceroy's policy, the true significance of which is to be measured not by the arguments of Mr. Brodrick, but by their effect upon the native mind in India. The administrative machine has been dislocated and given over to friction. The man in control of it has been deprived of both advice respecting technical matters of vital importance, and of full control of

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the subordinate officer in charge of them. But dislocation and friction in the administrative machine are trivial things beside the damage which has been occasioned to its mainspring —through the loss of the Viceroy's prestige. For the fact has been proclaimed to India that the power of the "Burra Lât Sahib" is no certain thing. The idea of the Viceroy's supreme authority, which has helped to hold all India in unity through the sentiment of allegiance, has now given place to the knowledge that one favoured class—the military caste—has shaken free, in something, from his control, and that, henceforth, other factions among his subordinates—and perhaps popular intrigue and agitation—may succeed in rescinding his orders and setting his authority at naught. While Mr. Brodrick has niggled in London over his "checks upon the Indian Government," he has destroyed an essential factor and first principle of good government and peace in India—through the prestige and authority of the King's representative.[1]

These considerations make it abundantly clear that, in regard to India, reform is more necessary in the system of Imperial control than it is in the actual government of the country. It will be said that the system of unskilled control is a principle of the British Constitution, and that at the head of every other province of the Empire, at the head of the Army and the Navy, are men without special or technical knowledge of the organisations they control. That is true. But India is not a self-governing colony. It is not a white community and a sister nation. It is alien, it is Asiatic—it is

[1] The consequences and perils of this imbecile act are exemplified in the agitation concerning the partition of Bengal. As the true dividing lines between the Indian peoples are not geographical, but religious and racial, Lord Curzon has partitioned Bengal into Hindu and Mahomedan administrations. These two sections of the people are antipathetic and careless of one another. They are devoid of any sense of unity or the patriotism said to inspire the anti-partition agitation, which is due solely to sedition-mongers, who hope to rescind the Viceroy's orders by the force of popular unrest. A dangerous element of this agitation is the boycott of British manufactures, by which the Indian agitators are able to bring pressure to bear upon the British electorate.

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the spoil of conquest. Its human nature, its thought, its physical conditions, all present problems distinct from those in the rest of the Empire. India, lying grim, ancient, inscrutable, upon the girdle of the world, is a far greater peril as the subject of unskilled experiment than is the battleship to which she has been compared in analogy. None but skilled and sympathetic hands should ever serve her. The experiments of unskilled control would be hardly possible—they would not be tolerated—in regard to the Navy. Have they been a success with respect to the Army? Have they succeeded in the case of India? And, finally, does the constitution of a people exist for their good health—or to make them sick? Those who have sought to defend Mr. Brodrick have disclosed a further and abominable evil with respect to this system. It is said that his hand was forced regarding Lord Kitchener, owing to political exigencies at home. Which means that the Indian Empire is no more than a pawn upon the chess-board of insular party politics. As to the ethics of Mr. Brodrick's promotion from the War to the India Office—they can only be brought home to the British people in one way. Can they conceive a man who spoilt the chances of England by bungling badly in one Test Match, being importantly placed in the eleven for the next match of the rubber? Yet, what would be intolerable to the national pride and sense of justice in regard to cricket, is a matter of routine in regard to their Indian Empire. In conclusion, let it be said that Lord Curzon passes from India, secure of the sympathy and honour of all thinking men. For him, there is consolation in the fact that there is something in what the strong build into the fabric of nations, which the inept and weak can never destroy. But there is no hope of better things for India and her people, through conscience and reform in the Imperial system of Great Britain, until the British people give to their responsibilities upon one quarter of the globe, a measure of that serious interest which they now concentrate upon the antics of twenty-two men and a leather ball upon a field of grass.

E. John Solano.

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EVOLUTION IN THE HEAVENS

WE are just now passing through one of those recurring epochs of transition during which old forms of thought are extensively broken up and recast. The air is dense with novelties; a ferment of speculation is working everywhere; the most authentic scientific doctrines are called in question, or denied. Of the fresh constructive process that must ensue one can scarcely yet forecast the upshot; meanwhile, the shackles of prescription have been loosed, dogmatism is at a discount, and fancy roams unrebuked through the boundless tracts of physical nature. The wisest do not venture to define the limits of what is possible. So much has been negatived that was held to be indubitably true; so much has had to be admitted that seemed demonstrably false, that authoritative voices are, for the moment, silenced, and no trumpet-call summons into camp the scouts and sharpshooters of the advancing army of science.

The mixed character of the time—its adventurousness and its prudence, its large outlook and careful tolerance—are faithfully reflected in Professor Darwin's bisected Presidential Address to the British Association, one half delivered at Cape Town August 15, the other, fifteen days later, at Johannesburg. It is interesting both for what it says and for what it leaves unsaid. Its reticences are full of significance. On some points it is bold and uncompromising. The Daltonian atom is remorselessly made to step down from its place of primacy as

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the irreducible minimum of physics and chemistry. And the promised extension of cosmic time through radio-activity is accepted, and welcomed to the last minute of an uncertain number of hundreds of millions of years. On other subjects the neutral poise of Will Wimble's mind is preserved. Reconciliation is sought between the nebular and the meteoritic hypotheses of planetary origin; the relationships of the various types of stars are left purposely indeterminate; while a doubt is hinted, although no opinion is expressed, as to the unqualified efficacy of gravitation throughout the universe. This attitude of philosophic suspense has much to recommend it. Absolute truth is rarely all on one side of a question; and confidence is apt to be felt in the candour and judgment of a guide who reserves expressions of satisfied conviction for cases in which the evidence is sufficiently clear and strong to justify them.

Professor Darwin is no sanguine speculator. To "follow knowledge like a sinking star," without ever really overtaking it, is, in his view, the utmost to be expected from human endeavour. Our information about the Cosmos is a thing of shreds and patches; we catch glimpses here and there of the mighty expanse, but fail to reach the elevation required for embracing it in a continuous survey. Yet these shreds and patches are of incalculable value both in themselves, and as suggesting the eventual possibility of their unification into a large, though certainly not an all-comprehensive whole.

Upwards of a century ago, Sir William Herschel propounded a sidereal nebular hypothesis, and Laplace, independently and almost contemporaneously, a solar nebular hypothesis. Herschel looked abroad into the heavens, and found the process of stellar development from nebulous matter to be exemplified there in each of its stages, without perceptible break or stoppage. Laplace took account of only one star; but of that star he took very particular account; and it presented itself to him as the mainspring of a mechanism bearing the unmistakable stamp of unity of design and origin. The sun had then, palpably to him, given birth to its train of

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planets as it shrank, during the efflux of uncounted ages, from its primitive condition as a diffuse fire-mist to its actual compact dimensions. Yet Laplace's solar nebula somehow evades distinct apprehension; whether we regard it as gaseous, or as made up of discrete solid particles, we meet apparently insurmountable obstacles to its realisation. It refuses to fall into line with any of the objects ranged in Herschel's ideal series; hence ill-success has so far baffled efforts to bring into essential harmony the stellar and the planetary schemes of development.

Yet in a certain sense, they are sureties one for the other; they show a fundamental correspondence; their dissonances may not perhaps exceed what should be allowed to the boundless variety of nature; and thus, while they presuppose, they may also be said to supplement one another.

Most of our readers are familiar with at least the photographic aspect of the mysterious objects called in pursuance of the Ptolemaic tradition, "nebulæ." What we know about them does not amount to much; but their vast remoteness has been ascertained, and their inconceivable extent follows as a corollary. Those among them that are of gaseous composition are obviously in the last degree tenuous; double stars revolve in their midst as if in empty space; their materials appear to be too subtle even to offer resistance to motion. Their temperature, unquestionably very low, must however exceed the boiling-point of hydrogen, which always contributes a quota of bright rays to the nebular spectrum. Associated with it are divers other substances, likewise in the gaseous state, notably helium, and the unknown form of matter designated "nebulium." The light by which they dimly intimate their existence is thought to be of electrical production; radio-activity, the effectiveness of which is unchecked by cold, might equally well be in question.

The glow of nebulæ, however, is not a mere vague effusion. It resembles rather an elaborate drapery, which discloses both its own sheeny texture, and to some extent the form of the

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structure it envelops. Some nebulæ are filamentous, like solar prominences; they seem composed of delicate silver threads set close together in bundles or fringes. Others show a flocculent surface. Nearly all include knots or nuclei, more or less advanced in condensation; and on the way, presumably, to become finished stars. This relationship is illustrated on a colossal scale by the great Orion nebula. The entire formation is thickly studded with points of light, some sharply stellar, some dubiously nebular. Now these quasi-stars are, in a large proportion of cases, variable. They flicker out almost to extinction, then rapidly resume their pristine brightness; and their cycles of change are, in general, brief and precisely followed. This strange prevalence of luminous instability, rendered evident by Miss Leavitt's examination of photographic documents accumulated at Harvard College, is a frequent characteristic of crowded star-collections. Virtually, then, the Orion "portent" (as Huygens called it) is a forming cluster. Year by year, though with inordinate slowness, the contained stellar nuclei will, we may presume, grow at the expense of the argent haze in which they are now embedded, until they come to predominate over it as decisively as do the radiant orbs of the Pleiades over the fragmentary nebulæ still attached to them. They too, perhaps, started on their careers as mere eddies in a nebulous ocean; and they will finally attain, we are warranted in supposing, to the advanced state exemplified by the Hyades, when their glimmering trains having been absorbed or otherwise abolished, they will shine in keen relief against an absolutely black sky.

The argument from a continuity of specimens, which leads us to infer that the Pleiades were formerly a nebulous formation destitute of stars, and will in the future become a stellar system freed from entangling nebulæ, is of wide application in the heavens. Some degree of method is traceable in the indefinitely varied relations of stars and nebulæ. From an initial condition as vague nodosities on nebulous branches, stars seem to advance to maturity through successive stages

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of condensation and disengagement from the swathing-bands of their infancy. The progression was strikingly illustrated by the late Dr. Roberts in a series of photographs of spiral nebulæ, in which the basal coils of the structures thinned off and vanished, while the knots they had primarily served to connect stood out at last as independent stars arranged along curving lines. And this, in a manner, appears to explain many of the curious "star-patterns" noted as of perpetual recurrence in the Milky Way. Stars in rows, stars in circlets and ellipses, stars in wreaths and crescents, may fairly be concluded to indicate, by the express nature of their distribution, the original courses of dried-up nebular streams. They stake out, as it were, desiccated channels.

That stars are veritable suns is universally admitted. Their diamond-bright lustre, notwithstanding the prodigious distances at which they are situated, implies their possession of radiative energy often greatly exceeding that of our chief luminary. Moreover, their radiative machinery is of the same kind and works on the same principle with that of the sun. This we know from spectroscopic evidence, which informs us that starlight emanates from surfaces of condensation, overlaid by vaporous strata, cool enough to absorb minute sections of it. Nearly all stars, that is to say, are provided with photospheres and "reversing layers." Yet the solar resemblance is not precise or unvarying. It is much closer in some stars than in others; and the modifications of spectral design, by which we determine degrees of affinity, are finely graduated according to a settled order. They are held to depend largely upon growth-changes in the bodies exhibiting them; so that the relative ages of the stars are, if we interpret the phenomena aright, marked by the spectral "types" to which they severally belong.

This inference is mainly based upon facts of continuity, such as lead us to believe the Orion nebula, the Pleiades, and the Hyades to form a developmental series. Thus helium-stars, such as we see aligned in the Belt and Sword of

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Orion, are connected by close links of imperceptibly altering examples, with hydrogen-stars like Sirius and Vega; Sirian stars slide along an inclined plane of change into solar stars; solar stars into red stars with fluted spectra. Further, the order of transition is fixed; the stages are never jumped or inverted; a white orb cannot, it would seem, acquire the absorptive peculiarities of the ruddy Antares without traversing the intermediate phase represented by our sun, the light of which is sifted through a serried array of Fraunhoser-lines, and tinted yellow by a "smoke-veil." Stars have then a life-history; they march in procession from youth to age; nor is there much difficulty in determining the direction of their movement. Helium-stars are clearly at the outset of their course. There is no known exception to the rule that "burred" or nebulous stars give light of this particular quality. It is distinctive, accordingly, of the youngest among the suns; for we can almost watch their precipitation from the turbid cosmic medium which to some extent realises our idea of the primeval chaos.

The inexorable sweep of time is operative upon the stars, as upon fragile human bodies. Like them, albeit at an indefinitely slower rate, they grow, attain maturity, and decline, as Shelley saw by intuition when he wrote:

> Tell me, thou star, whose wings of light
> Speed thee in thy fiery flight,
> In what cavern of the night
> Will thy pinions close now?

The problem of "dark stars," however, did not seriously preoccupy him. He put his question to the heavens, not, as we do, in the hope of eliciting a definite answer, but with the instinctive purpose of intensifying his poetical despondency by universalising the doom of mortality.

Yet our interest, too, is attracted rather by the flux of things than by their statical interdependence, while to most of our intellectual predecessors classification was an end in itself. Their curiosity was allayed by the registration of differences; ours demands knowledge as well of their source, cause, and

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outcome. We view the world, not simply in the present, but as implicating the past, and as pregnant with the future. The march of the heavens is, nevertheless, portentously slow; its steps cannot be registered by the ephemeral inhabitants of the earth; and conclusions derived from momentary experience must, at the best, be tentative and uncertain.

Cosmogonists in the nineteenth century employed, as the agencies of change, condensation under the influence of gravity, combined with dissipation of energy through the wasting effects of radiation. Their pharmacopœia comprised only "twa simples." With these restricted means at command, they found it possible to conduct and terminate the whole course of cosmical affairs. Sir William Herschel, it is true, entertained the idea that other kinds of central force besides gravity might act in sidereal space; but the results of a clustering tendency, somehow produced, were patent to him throughout the heavens, in "tides of stars setting towards a centre," in gathering groups, in stellar vacuities corresponding to stellar aggregations, in files and branching rows of stars advancing, as he thought, to reinforce companies already densely crowded. And he measured by degrees of compression the antiquity of the separate, or separating, sidereal systems, progressing, by indraughts from surrounding space, towards segregation and independence. Nebular transformations were similarly interpreted. Under the sole dominion of their own internal attraction, "diffuse nebulosities" would, he considered, gradually assume more and more compact forms. Since his time, however, the reverse of the medal has partially come into view. Visibly before our eyes, in 1901, Nova Persei threw off a vast, though evanescent, nebular structure (for we can hardly believe that pre-existent spires were merely illuminated by the glare of the outburst). Nebular photographs, too, supply unequivocal evidence that repulsive action has had a share in moulding the singular shapes they record. Gravity, in fact, no longer carries all before it in cosmic theories. The persuasion continually gains ground that, in the last resort,

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when matter is reduced to a certain degree of tenuity, it can be held in check, or overcome by forces of an opposite nature. The rigid law of condensation has thus ceased to claim unqualified obedience; we can discern the activity of countervailing powers; and our emancipated thoughts, diverging from the old prescribed direction, are at liberty to pursue many heretofore neglected paths.

Professor Darwin regards the history of worlds more expressly from the standpoint of mechanical stability. Natural selection in the Cosmos, as he understands it, means the elimination of orbits, systems, or masses that lose their balance, and topple over to destruction, leaving the field to those that prove capable of maintaining themselves in equilibrium. But this principle, as he willingly avows, though fruitful in certain departments, is of limited applicability; nor is there much likelihood that one universally valid will ever be forthcoming. Having demonstrated, as nearly as might be, the origin of the moon by actual fission of the parent terrestrial globe, he found, on extending his inquiries, the case to be exceptional in the solar system; and we may doubt, guided by this analogy, whether any single recipe of evolution was followed in the variously conditioned stellar systems brought, year by year, to the more detailed notice of astronomers. In one extensive class of bodies, instability appears normally to prevail. It has not, at least, yet reached the term of a readjustment of equilibrium. These are the spiral nebulæ, and they form a large majority of the whole. Each unquestionably sprang from the disruption of a primitive spheroid; for they are two-branched formations; they are composed each of an approximately globular nucleus, enveloped in a double wreath of coiling folds issuing from opposite ends of the same diameter. The explosive force which produced them must, accordingly, have acted from the centre outward, to the right hand and to the left; and the tremendous crisis of their origin is now and again faintly imaged within the sphere of our immediate observation by the development on the sun of antipodal prominences. Duplex

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spirals, it is easily seen, peremptorily assert expulsive action to have been their producing cause; the alternative hypothesis is excluded by the obvious consideration that matter drawn in from space would descend, not just at two precisely corresponding points of the attracting body, but indiscriminately over its surface. On this ground alone, then, Dr. See had warrant for his pronouncement in 1902, that, "in the future study of the heavens, repulsive forces must be considered before forming any final estimate of the destiny of the physical universe."

To what extent they have been and continue to be operative remains, nevertheless, undetermined. Still, it is much to have become aware that gravity, although it has acted efficaciously, has not acted alone, in bringing about the present state of things. Matter is subject to pushes as well as to pulls. Its particles, when very minute, may be dispersed by light-pressure, by electrical stress, by the impulsive forces of atomic disruption. We are unable, it is true, to estimate with even approximate exactitude the share of each in any given cosmic event; but we have, at least, learned that current evolutionary theories need revision to bring them into harmony with newly detected, yet fundamental facts. Estimates of time, moreover, based upon the supposed steady advance of contraction incidental to a determinate loss of energy by radiating bodies, are under a cloud of uncertainty. Heat-expenditure may not, it is now held, be wholly uncompensated; and if so, it supplies no time-standard. Atomic energy constitutes a store sensibly inexhaustible, which the suns of space most likely draw upon, to an unknown extent, for recuperative purposes. The presence of helium affords in itself a presumption of anterior disintegration and disengagement of heat; and helium is copiously diffused among sidereal objects. Its occurrence in gaseous nebulæ adds perplexity to the enigma of their constitution. For the astonishing experiments of Sir William Ramsay oblige us to regard it, not as an original element, but as a product of the interstitial decay of radium. There is a

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long history behind it; yet nebulæ are believed, with every show of reason, to be absolutely the most primitive form of cosmical aggregation.

Well then may Professor Darwin say that generating nebulæ "stand in as much need of explanation as their stellar offspring." A real beginning evades our keenest scrutiny of material things and their relations. But we are not compelled thus to restrict our contemplations. Just because the universe appeals to our minds under its dual aspect, material and spiritual, it has for us an irresistible and inexhaustible fascination. "So long as man shall last," our author continues, "he will pursue his search" into its intricacies, "and will, no doubt, discover many wonderful things which are still hidden. We may, indeed, be amazed at all that man has been able to find out, but the immeasurable magnitude of the undiscovered will throughout all time remain to humble his pride. Our children's children will still be gazing and marvelling at the starry heavens, but the riddle will never be read."

This is the last word of cosmical science in the year of grace 1905.

A. M. Clerke.

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PISA

I

AT the extreme edge of Pisa, in a corner of its battlemented walls, there is a meadow, with daisies among the bright green grass; a dusty road goes along its whole length, leading from the town into the flat country outside the gate; and on the other side of the meadow is the white low wall of the Campo Santo. Between, in the midst of the grass, there are two miraculous buildings in white marble, which the weather and the ages have turned to the yellow of old ivory, faintly banded with black: the Baptistery and the Cathedral. Beyond the Cathedral, leaning fourteen feet out of the perpendicular, away from it, a white miraculous toy, the Campanile; and beyond, over the house-tops, the placid outlines of the hills. From the top of the Campanile you can see the whole brown city, ruddy with roofs, enclosed by its battlemented walls, nested in the smooth green hollow between the mountains and the sea; the white roads on the plain, the shining curve of the Arno, and then, beyond a line of brown woods, the faint blue streak of the sea, and what seems like a great hill coming up sheer out of it, the island of La Gorgona. Landwards, all round, there is a circle of hills, which on one side close in almost upon the town, and you catch the sparkle of the hills of Carrara.

And between this unparalleled corner and the eager modern life of the busy town there seems, at first, no kinship. The people of Pisa are wild and untamed, with something

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gipsy and a little savage in their aspect. Children run barefoot, or in wooden clogs without heels, and at night there are cries and clatterings in the streets, asleep so early, which lie aside from the busy main thoroughfares. The faces of girls and women, with their straight eyebrows and eyes set high under them, are often very handsome, at times lovely; and they have a wild charm, a kind of engaging impudence. The men are rough, hot-tempered, loud-tongued; the quality of the peasant as if sharpened, set on edge, soured perhaps, by town life. On the other side of a pine-wood there is Leghorn, where there are sailors, Jews, the sea, one of the ways into the world.

And Pisa itself, as one roams in it, under the arcades of the Borgo, or coming out of narrow streets into broad vacant squares, or following the delicate windings of the river, has something fragile in its aspect, a quiet enveloping subtlety, which is not in keeping either with that modern life or with what is solid and unworn in the age of its vast white monuments of marble. What is it that seems to be concealed here, an alluring and quite innocent mystery in things, unconscious of itself, and made out of many contraries? After Ravenna, where the whole place is subdued into a kind of sepulchral melancholy, and seems to brood feverishly over its tombs, Pisa, which is also the guardian of so much ancient death, seems to be irrelevantly awake and alive. It keeps this holy earth and these white glories as a possession, not subdued to their mood, with a life wholly apart from them.

And so it is always with the same sensation of surprise that one turns aside from the river, passes through vague streets in which the sense of life and movement dies gradually away, and comes out suddenly upon that green meadow folded into the angle of the town wall, with its three white marvels, the Baptistery, the Cathedral, and the Campanile, rising into the sky at different heights, but with the same dainty massiveness, and behind them the long low white outer wall of the Campo Santo, as if it hid something formidable and mysterious. I do not know any corner of the actual world which seems so

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improbable, when one is actually there. A street's length away peasants shout angrily on their way from the railway-station to the market-place; the river is flowing on continually from the hills beyond Florence to the sea; and that trivial eager life and that soft continual passing away are equally remote, as one lingers among these relics that seem the work of magic, and to have been kept white and untouched by some magical intervention.

II

Nothing, in this group of marvels on the grass, has a separate beauty quite equal to its surprising beauty as a whole. It is composed on a vast scale, and to give the effect of daintiness; and impresses one first as some kind of giant's play-work in ivory. The aspect of the Campanile, an immense, inexplicable tube, with its pillars and rounded arches as if carved in a pattern round and round something that one could take up in one's hand, is fantastic by day, for its strangeness, its whiteness, its mocking bias; but by night it becomes ominous, overpowering, and seems to lift itself into the darkness like a solid column of grey smoke, which bends over to precipitate some vague ruin. On the other side of the meadow the Baptistery has been laid down on the grass like a jewelled casket, the largest and most splendid casket in the world. It shelters jewels, the carved pulpit of Niccolà Pisano, and, far lovelier, the baptismal font, with its lace-work in black, white, and yellow marble, circle within circle and square within square, on each of its eight sides. The most part of the Baptistery dates from the beginning of the twelfth century, and, in spite of some later additions, adding needless decoration, it has a sober grandeur, a large and elaborate simplicity, which gives one the complete satisfaction of a thing wholly organic, a natural growth. The Cathedral is faultlessly constructed, and has been a pattern to most other work in the Tuscan Romanesque manner, yet, seen from the ground, and

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from in front, it is difficult to feel the same sense of satisfaction. Inside, "no place of equal splendour," says one who knows more of churches and their qualities than most men, "is quite so devout." The structure, of white marble alternating with black marble, is itself a decoration of an exquisitely severe richness. Outside, especially about the choir and transepts, the same structure (so plain, undecorated, as it seems after the stone forests of French Gothic) is no less delicate in its pale colours. But in the façade, so famous and in truth so original, with its ascending and diminishing rows of slender columns, there is, in the design, an admirable symmetry, yet a symmetry whose elegance is hardly thrilling. The lower part, in the patterns around the doorways, and in the frieze of beasts which runs across above the first row of pillars, is carved finely, and the colours inlaid in the stone are used carefully, in subordination to the structural work in carving; but, higher up, inlaid patterns are substituted, with a somewhat crowded, merely prettifying effect, for the firmer and finer outlines of carved stone. I like best to look down on the Cathedral from the top of the Campanile, for from that point it is wholly beautiful, and one sees its characteristically Pisan design, like the painted crucifixes in the Museum, the choir and transepts making the curved top and side-pieces, and the dome the raised head-piece or halo. Seen from that height it seems to be laid out on the grass carpet like an immense crucifix of tarnished silver or old ivory.

By the side of the Cathedral, inside a low white wall, the painted cloisters of the Campo Santo, with their precious marbles, surround a long and narrow space of green grass, open to the sky. The Campo Santo is the "Memento Mori" of the Middle Ages to Italy. The paintings on the walls of these cloisters can be compared only with the German "Dances of Death," and the like, and there is in the contrast all the differences of the two races. The imagination of Orgagna, or of the Pisans who painted the *Triumph of Death*, the *Last Judgment*, and the *Hell*, is less naturally fantastic than the

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German imagination ; it is logical, faithful to a conception, and desires only to be very real in turning into visible shape what it has come to believe of invisible things and of things to come. The remembrances of death are brought in with crude physical horror, as the tortures of the mediæval hell are also, with a pitiless straightforwardness : the knight who stops his nose over an open grave, the horse that neighs and snuffs at the worms there. The saved folk in heaven are folk out of the painter's own city, making music and caressing their lapdogs under the trees in a Pisan meadow in summer. It is very real, old men and beggars and halt and maimed folk, who hold out their hands in vain supplication, as the scythed angel passes over them, on other business, in the air. And to the painter there is a tragedy not less literal and actual in the flight of angels and devils over the little male and female souls that fly upwards out of the open mouths of sleepers. "Hell is murky," and he sees it in just such circles of bodily agony, with these prongs and snakes and flames, and devils no less scaled, and clawed, and elaborated for all the parodies of hate. These pictures on the walls are pictures secondly, and first of all teaching, a warning to those about to die. It is their intention, not their pattern, that makes them pictures ; it is by their literal rendering of the beliefs of their time, it is by their sheer force as a homily in paint, that they appeal to us now, in these cloisters of this chapel of death, with a poignancy which is still contemporary.

III

Pisan art, as one sees it in the Museum, begins with miniatures, strange bright stains on parchment, of the eleventh century. Two centuries later come the paintings on wood and those singular crucifixes with their gilt haloes raised from the wood of the cross, throwing the head forward. The Christs are all Jews, and Mary is a Jewess, with a simplicity untroubled by the irrationalities of tradition. The finest crucifix is one

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attributed to Giunta Pisano, splendid in design and colour, with its sombre richness, its elaborate decoration, its rim of heavy gold nails; the whole horror made passionate and austere, with a tragic beauty in the lean, contorted figure, the agonised attendant faces.

And these crucifixes are seen in room after room, together with panels with gold backgrounds, set in decorative frames; all minutely painted in crude bright colours, with an earnest attempt to render the reality of earthly things and to invent some ideal beauty for spiritual things. There are works by artists of Pisa, Siena, and Florence; and one passes from picture to picture a little dazed and disconcerted by their conventions which no longer mean anything, forgotten formulas, discovering a beauty of colour here, a *naïveté* of design there, but seeing them for the most part as one reads verse in a language only partially known. There are fragments of marble among the pictures, an exquisite rose-window from the church of the Spina, a broken but still lovely and terrible monster crouched and leaning over a wall, wooden statues out of churches, with jointed hands and arms, and with a quaint conscious charm in their suggestion of slim bodies. Nothing among the pictures touched me so closely as a series of small panels from the high altar of Santa Caterina, by Simone Martini. In their dainty architectural gilt frames, against their backgrounds of gold, they have a calm, severely rich beauty of design and colour. A lovely Magdalen holds a chased casket, and there is subtlety in the long oval of the sleepy, faint, and morbid face with its ruddy hair and jewelled band across the forehead. All these saints have plaintive, formal, expressive faces, there is a delicacy in their eyelids and long fingers, and they make sensitive gestures.

IV

Poets have loved Pisa, and are remembered there. It was its peace, says Mrs. Shelley, that suited Shelley; "our roots,"

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he says himself, "never struck so deep as at Pisa." Byron, Shelley, and Leopardi all lived and wrote in Pisa, and there are marble tablets recording them on the houses in which they lived. Leopardi's house was in the Via Fagiuoli; Byron's and Shelley's almost opposite one another, on each side of the river. The Palazzo Lanfranchi, now Palazzo Torcanelli, is a simple, massive house of plain brown stone, the doors and windows outlined in white stone; it stands on the sunny side of the river, not far from the Ponte di Mezzo. The inscription says: "Giorgio Gordon Noel Byron qui dimorò dall' autunno del 1821 all' estate del 1822 e scrisse sei canti del' 'Don Giovanni.'" Shelley's house is on the Lung' Arno Galileo opposite, a little eastward, part of a big building with yellow plastered walls and windows; and the inscription says: "Percy Bysshe Shelley trascorse in queste mura gli ultimi mesi del 1821, l'inverno del 1822, qui tradusse in versi immortali gli affetti e le imagine che Pisa gli inspirò, e compose l'elegia in morte di John Keats, 'Adonais.'" Shelley has captured much of the soul of Pisa in two lovely poems, "Evening: Ponte a Mare," where the "slow soft toads out of damp corners creep," and the lines on "The Tower of Famine," which render the whole aspect and atmosphere of the fourteenth century Arsenal tower, heavy and ominous, which he took to be Ugolino's. Ugolino's tower was pulled down long ago, and an inscription on the house which replaced it, at the corner of the Piazza dei Cavalieri, tells you where it stood.

In Pisa the Middle Ages are felt everywhere, but for the most part as an echo, an odour, rather than in any actual stone, literally surviving. Many of the streets keep their old quaint names unspoilt; as the Via delle Belle Torri, with its two side-streets, the Via l'Amore and the Via del Cuore. The arcades of the Borgo remind one of Padua, and as one walks under them there are glimpses, here and there, of pillared church-fronts, or of the carving on old houses. There is the eleventh-century church of S. Pierino, with its shops leading up from the street, its heavy pillars and fine floor of mosaic;

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S. Michele in Borgo, with its façade in three tiers, of pillars and trefoliated arches, severer in design than the façade of the Cathedral; there is the admirable S. Paolo a Ripa d'Arno; and there is the thirteenth-century Santa Maria della Spina, the sailor's church, set down like a white and black trinket on the banks of the Arno. Begging brothers of the Misericordia pass you in the streets, with their black livery, black hoods, and vast black hats slung upon their backs. Girls and women stand chattering about the many fountains, drawing water, and carrying it in small copper cans, all of one pattern, shaped delicately, like ancient vases. But, for the most part, that sense of peace, that placid melancholy, which comes to seem the natural atmosphere of Pisa, harmonising whatever is new, active, and stirring in it with all that remains, not only in its one enchanting corner, of past ages, is a kind of intangible charm, made up of many elements and softly transfiguring them: the languid evenings when the lights begin to come out along the river, the lovely curve of its course between red-roofed and green-shuttered houses, the boats that float down helped by oars and sail, the sight of misty hills beyond the water; sunsets that burn the sky to soft fire above the roofs; and the wind that comes up the river every night from the sea, tempered to softness as it drifts through Pisa.

V

A large part of the beauty of Pisa comes to it from the Arno, which winds through it from end to end, and can be followed into the leafy country, by a grassy path which goes beside it, always within sight of the hills, which, on a misty evening in March, are like banks of solid smoke. Under a grey sky, in the faint mist which veils the outlines of the hills, spring budding overhead in the trees and starring their brown branches with green, among which tiny bats fly restlessly, the night comes on gently, with a peaceful and slightly mournful charm. Coming back, I saw the long curved line of the Lung'

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Arno, the brown and yellow and green of the houses, under a low-hanging thunder-cloud about to burst; a rich, deep, complex effect of colour, sombre, and with a dull sort of intensity, as if some fierce heat smouldered there. After a rain storm in the hills the river awakens violently, and rushes downwards, swollen, yellow, and curdled, creased and wried into wrinkles and cross-eddies. At night, looking down on it from a high window, the water is oily black, streaked with white, and the reflections of the gas-lamps along the quays plunge downwards like long stakes of gold, planted in the river. Where the light strikes it one can see the tide flowing swiftly; but for the most part it is a black pit of water, dividing the town.

If you follow the river to the sea you will come to one of the loveliest places in Italy, Bocca d'Arno, where the Arno freshens into little waves as it meets the sea-waves and mingles with them. On one side of the river the sand begins, and, beyond the grass, there are pine-trees, green to blackness as they thicken and cut off the sky. On the other side of the river there is a flat green marsh, ending upon a dark line of trees. Above, there are jagged peaks against the sky, hills white with snow where they rise into the white rain-clouds. Towards Pisa the hills darken, softening into gentler curves. And it seems as if nothing that is supremely beautiful in nature is not here. Here, at this lovely meeting-place, are hills, woods, valleys, a river, and the sea.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

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THE IMPERIAL GERMAN NAVY

TO the courtesy and kindness of H.I.M. the Kaiser I owe the honour of his permission to visit the Imperial Dockyards at Kiel and at Wilhelmshaven, and the Active Battle Fleet. I was privileged to see the Active Battle Fleet during the few days it remained at Wilhelmshaven at the beginning of September, before proceeding to sea upon its annual manœuvres. As the guest of the Imperial Navy, and as a naval student, every information was given to me, every arrangement was most carefully made for my convenience, and, it is needless to say, except as an expression of sincere acknowledgment, the most generous hospitality was shown to me.

In treating of the German Imperial Navy it will be well to define the point of view. My point of view is, not political but, naval. It is with the Navy, as a Navy, that I have to deal. But, since military force at sea represents one of the instruments by which national policy is enforced in the last resort, it is impossible wholly to ignore political considerations. It would, of course, be easy enough to leave them aside in dealing with the Navy; but, in so doing, the reader's mind would necessarily include them. There would be an element of doubt as to the writer's attitude towards a question of international politics. It will conduce to clearness if that doubt be resolved at the outset.

The Imperial German Navy is undeniably regarded as a

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"menace" to this country, by many persons who believe it to be their duty and their privilege to publish that belief. Let us endeavour to discover upon what foundation it rests. The word "menace" seems to imply a definite threat. For it is obvious that every military force of every Power is potentially a menace to another Power. Yet the word is not applied to characterise (for instance) the Navy of the United States, which has at this moment thirteen battleships under construction, as compared with two in Germany. It must therefore carry a special signification with regard to Germany; implying that the purpose for which the Imperial German Navy is being built and organised, is to threaten the sea-power of England. This theory has been often stated in the public press. It seems reasonable to inquire upon what evidence it rests. So far as I have been able to discover, the evidence resides, first, in the statements of those profound thinkers upon the subject who have, by processes known only to themselves, arrived at the conviction that a menace is intended; and, second, in the irresponsible and quite fallacious newspaper articles and sporadic speeches of rash people, published both in Germany and at home. The value of the evidence first mentioned, that of the statements of persons who have attained conviction, is strictly personal. It depends on the value of the person holding the belief. The value of the evidence of the newspaper press can—it is only an opinion, of course,—scarce be underrated, as evidence. It is, for instance,—or it ought to be—notorious that extracts from the foolish and excited diatribes in German provincial papers of exceedingly limited circulation, are telegraphed to the great dailies over here, where they are printed without distinction in the same column with extracts from newspapers of high standing. It is not to be supposed, either that these excerpts represent intelligent German opinion, or that the British public can discriminate between them. The result is a vague irritation on both sides the water; which is apparently fostered with care by those to whose interests it is to excite that kind of emotion.

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So, at least, one is driven to suppose; since it is perfectly obvious to the least observant that, on the one hand, if—to put it broadly—Germany intends war with England, the English policy should be to affect ignorance of that sinister design; while, on the other hand, if Germany does not desire war with England, it must be a disastrous folly to provoke it.

And all the time the great proportion of the intelligent and educated persons in both countries continue to deplore this injurious posture of affairs. The German and the Englishman are of the same blood, when all is said. It is scarce unreasonable to suppose that an alliance between the two nations should be both natural and enduring—as it can never be between peoples of a different race.

The objection will of course be raised that the question is one of high international politics, not of the domestic affections; that each nation must play for its own hand. Let us grant the premiss, for the sake of argument. Let us grant that politics are a game of chess. But, even so, it is surely time to perceive that the attitude of a roomful of noisy onlookers and partisans, who continually interrupt the game with rude remarks, is not a dignified pose to adopt in the eyes of the world.

It would really almost seem, upon consideration, that the true evidence as to whether the Imperial German Navy is or is not a "menace," would be found to reside in that Navy itself. If so, it will be worth while to consider the German Navy in some detail. It is my purpose, therefore, to present as complete and as impartial an account of the Imperial German Navy as I may; premising that, personally, I do not believe in the menace. That, again, is merely an opinion. Every one is free to form his own.

The reader shall strike the trail of misrepresentation and misunderstanding at the same point as did the writer. This extraordinary conspiracy of folly has grown to so fantastic a pitch that, when the British Channel Fleet put in at Swinemünde the other day, there was a proportion of the holiday folk

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who honestly feared bombardment. As the guns did not begin, they put off joyfully in boats, late in the evening as it was, to visit the English. The incident was entirely characteristic of a press-ridden country.

And when, the next morning, the Active Battle Fleet of Germany arrived, by express order of the Emperor, to greet their visitors, the newspapers affected to perceive a counter-threat in that simple act of courtesy. So it goes on. But the smart light-grey ships of the Imperial German Navy rode peacefully side by side with the big lead-coloured ships of the Channel Fleet, and the customary friendly official visits were interchanged. The next day the Active Battle Fleet proceeded through the Kiel Canal to Wilhelmshaven, where the writer was privileged to examine the ships.

The fine five flagships of the Active Battle Fleet lay in the harbour basin, alongside the quay where the smart, black torpedo-boats were coaling. The German battleships are lighter than the British, if we except the British *Canopus* class, which were constructed of light draught for the purpose of passing the Suez Canal. The first-class battleship lying alongside the quay has clean fine lines, but she has a towering bulk of superstructure forward; a fault, in German naval opinion, which will not recur in later ships. One immediately remarks that the German warship carries no torpedo-nets.

The midshipman who was kind enough to take me over the ship spoke excellent English. There are not many English midshipmen whose German is equally intelligible. The whole ship was thoroughly clean and smart. And cleanliness in a ship is one of the signs of sound discipline. The quarter-deck is narrowed in from the full beam of the ship, so that the main deck below forms a broad ledge on either side. This arrangement not only saves weight, and therefore expense, but enables the two 5·9 guns to port and the two to starboard to fire directly astern. The saving in weight is probably obtained at the cost of a proportion of stability, as in the French ships; which, however, carry the principle further. The mess-

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decks, where the big, clean-limbed bluejackets are dining, are roomy enough. The men keep their kit in metal lockers ranged amidships. Plans of the ship, showing the leads of various pipes, and other plans showing the fire-mains, are posted in the bulkheads. A large model of the ship itself, constructed so that it can be taken to pieces, is provided in all vessels. The junior officers are berthed two a cabin; the midshipmen swing hammocks, as with us.

The turrets for the 5·9 guns are worked by hydraulic gear; the ammunition hoists, enclosed in steel tubes, are worked electrically, with spare hand-gear. The breech of the Krupp gun, instead of opening upon a hinge, slides out at right angles to the barrel at the turn of a lever. The fire-control is usually conducted from the bridges, with electric and voice-pipe communication to the turrets. The conning-towers are the reserve fire-control stations. The German battleships and cruisers are fitted with three screws, the third screw being fixed under the stern-post. It may be used alone for the purpose of economical cruising at low speed. Its use is said, however, to be apt to damage the stern-post.

It is sometimes asserted that the German bluejacket is over-drilled into depression. Such was not my impression. All through the mess-decks the men were talking, laughing and singing. They were not in the least depressed, although they were undoubtedly disciplined to a very high degree. They carry themselves more like soldiers than like sailors; their uniform is spotless; they are, to all appearance, as fine and smart a body of men as any service in the world can boast. The strictest punctilio is, of course, observed throughout the service in matters of etiquette; which is more elaborate in observances than in our own service.

Such are the notes of an impression which may serve to give a general idea of a German warship, before proceeding to consider the severe technical details of construction, equipment, organisation, and training. It will be convenient to begin with the ships themselves. The salient point to be grasped is

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the number of effective ships which are in the first fighting-line at this moment.

The Active Battle Fleet of the Imperial German Navy consists of twenty-two battleships, including two which are not yet ready for sea. It must be borne in mind that all statistics of this nature are more or less approximate; since there are always ships passing into the dockyard and out of it for repairs and refitting; so that the absolute number ready for sea must always be considered as carrying a small margin subject to separate detailed calculation.

The twenty-two ships, then, consist of five classes. Enumerated according to the order in time in which they were built, these classes are:—the *Deutschland*, *Braunschweig*, *Wittelsbach*, *Kaiser* and *Brandenburg* classes. The *Deutschland* class numbers three, counting the two still under construction. There are two more projected; but, as they have not yet been laid down, they may be left out of consideration for the moment. The *Deutschland* class thus consists at present of the *Deutschland*, the "P" and the "O." To it will eventually be added the "Q" and "R." The German custom is to designate ships still under construction by letters. They are named when they are launched. A letter, therefore, in the Navy List signifies a ship either still under construction, or projected.

There are five ships in the *Brandenburg* class: the *Lothringen*, *Preussen*, *Hessen*, *Elsass* and *Braunschweig*; five in the *Wittelsbach* class:—the *Mecklenburg*, *Schwaben*, *Zähringen*, *Wettin* and *Wittelsbach*; five in the *Kaiser* class:—the *Kaiser Barbarossa*, *Kaiser Karl der Grosse*, *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, *Kaiser Wilhelm II.*, and *Kaiser Friedrich III.*; four in the *Brandenburg* class:—*Wörth*, *Brandenburg*, *Kurfürst Friedrich Wilhelm*, and *Weissenburg*.

Before considering these in detail, it may be observed that all ships, despite their differences in displacement and in armament, have the same speed; so that a vessel of earlier construction may still manœuvre with a squadron, which, so far

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as speed is concerned, is homogeneous. This is an important tactical advantage; and it is the more important because the rate of speed, which is eighteen knots, is, for battleships, a high degree.

The *Deutschland* class have a displacement of 12,997 tons, a main armament of four 11-in. guns, and a secondary armament of fourteen 6·7, and twenty-two 3·4 guns. It is probable that the projected ships "Q" and "R" will be of greater displacement and heavier armament.

The *Braunschweig* class have the same displacement, and main armament. In the secondary armament they have twelve 3·4 guns instead of twenty-two, as in the *Deutschland* class. It was considered advisable to increase the number of small quick-firing guns in the later class, as an improved defence against torpedo attack.

The *Wittelsbach* class have a slightly lower displacement and a lighter armament. Their displacement is 11,613 tons, their main armament four 9·4 guns, their secondary armament eighteen 5·9 and twelve 3·8 guns. The *Zähringen* is officially reckoned to have an extra knot in speed.

The *Kaiser* class have a lower displacement still. Their displacement is 10,976 tons. Their armament is the same as that of the *Wittelsbach* class.

The *Brandenburg* class, of the small displacement of 9874 tons, has a powerful main armament of six 11-in. guns. These are mounted in pairs, in turrets disposed forward, amidships and aft. They have a secondary armament of eight 3·4 guns.

These details may serve to give a general idea of the fighting power of the Active Battle Fleet. To multiply details is merely to confuse. But, as all values are relative, we have next to consider what is the relative position occupied by the Imperial German Navy with regard to other navies of importance. This position depends, theoretically, in the first place, upon numbers, and in the second, upon what is called the "comparative fighting-value." Actually,

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other things being reasonably equal, the value of any given fleet depends upon the way in which it is handled, and upon the skill of the fleet gunners. That is why all theoretical comparisons must be accepted with reservation. But, the personal equation cannot be expressed in terms of statistics; so that we are shut up to the theoretical estimate.

As to numbers, then, the German *Taschenbuch der Kriegsflotten*, 1905, gives the number of battleships in the effective fleets of Great Britain, France, Germany and the United States as follows: Great Britain, 56; France, 38; Germany, 21; United States, 14. That, as an approximation, will serve to give a general idea of relative numerical force.

And as regards "comparative fighting value," Mr. F. T. Jane's estimate, based upon elaborate calculations of relative speed, weight of gun-fire, and armour protection, may be quoted; always bearing in mind that the calculation must necessarily leave out of account the essential factor of the personal equation. Mr. Jane, then, regards the *Deutschland* and *Braunschweig* class as equivalent in "fighting-value" to the *Formidable*, *Swiftsure* and *Duncan* classes in the British Navy, the *Suffren* and *Jena* in the French Navy, the *Idaho* and *Maine* classes in the Navy of the United States, the *Mikasa* and *Shikishana* in the Japanese Navy. The *Wittelsbach* class is regarded as equivalent to the *Royal Sovereign* class, the *Hood*, the *Drake* and *Cressy* classes in the British Navy, the *Jauréguiberry* and *Gambetta* in the French Navy, the *Kearsage* and *California* in the Navy of the United States. The *Kaiser* class is regarded as equivalent to the British *Trafalgar*, the French *Brennus* and *Henry IV.*, the American *Indiana* and *Iowa*; and the *Brandenburg* class to the British *Renown* and *Centurion*.

Human ingenuity can no further go; and still it is probable that a fleet action would surprisingly contradict these conclusions.

With regard to armour protection, which may be considered as a subdivision of the elements of fighting-value, it

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may be said that, generally speaking, the ships of all nations which are contemporary one with another, will be equipped with the particular type of armour which has been invented at the time when the ships are laid down; so that ships of the same date will have the same kind of armour. But the degree of protection adopted will vary in the case of each nation, according to the naval opinion of the nation in question. Captain Tresidder, in the course of an article contributed by him to the "Naval Annual" of the current year, has calculated the relative values of armour protection adopted by the Navies of the great Powers. "Taking the averages of heavy armour protection adopted by each nation for the last ten years, and arranging the nationalities in order according to value of belt protection on battleships," Germany is placed fifth on the list, and Great Britain last. The order is—France, United States, Japan, Russia, Germany, Italy, Great Britain. It does not, of course, necessarily follow that the comparative inferiority of belt protection lowers the efficiency of the ship, considered as a fighting-unit. A ship must always be the result of a compromise; and there is no such thing as finality in naval construction. Here again, therefore, the figures are to be accepted with a reservation.

Another subdivision of the elements of fighting-value is gun-power. And in reckoning gun-power, the unknown quantity of the personal equation must, of course, count very high. Given a certain range and a certain rate of fire, all the rest must depend upon the skill of the gun-layer. And it is especially difficult in dealing with the material of gunnery to establish any conclusion as to comparative values. For not only is the science of gunnery extremely technical, but the evolution of the gun is continually progressing. The striking energy of the heavy projectile, for instance, has increased by 110 per cent. during the last ten years. A general indication, therefore, must suffice. The British, French, and American Navies are equipped with the 12-in. gun as their main armament. The German Navy hitherto has preferred the 11-inch

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gun. It is stated that, in order to be in the same proportion as the British or American 12-in. gun, the German 11-in. gun should have a shot weighing 650 lbs., whereas it only weighs 595 lbs. Thus, theoretically, it would seem that the German Navy stands at a small disadvantage in this respect. But none save a highly-trained professional gunnery officer is competent to pronounce a definite judgment in such a matter.

Such, in general outline, is the constitution of the first line of the Active Battle Fleet. It is divided into two squadrons, each under the command of an admiral and a second in command. Two armoured cruisers are in attendance upon the Battle Fleet. Each cruiser is at the head of a division of third-class cruisers. Two flotillas of torpedo-boats, each consisting of two divisions of five boats, are attached to the Active Battle Fleet. There are two tenders, and two torpedo-boat despatch-boats.

Under the Act of 1898 it was provided that the official life of a battleship should be twenty-five years, of an armoured cruiser twenty years, and of a small cruiser fifteen years. So soon as a ship becomes superannuated, she is removed from the first line. The battleships are placed in the Reserve. There are in the Reserve the five second-class battleships *Oldenburg*, *Baden*, *Würtemberg*, *Sachsen*, and *Bayern*, which may be regarded as obsolete. There are also eight coast defence ships—*Hagen*, *Heimdal*, *Odin*, *Hildebrand*, *Ægir*, *Frithiof*, *Beowulf*, and *Siegfried*—which have recently been lengthened and refitted. Two of these—the *Ægir* and *Frithiof*—are in commission in the Reserve, and are stationed at Danzig.

There is a Cruiser Squadron for foreign service upon the Mediterranean, West African, East African, East and West American, Australian, and East Asian stations. On the East Asian station are four cruisers, two torpedo-boats, a tender, four gunboats, and three river gunboats; on the Australian station, one cruiser and a surveying ship; on the American

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stations, three cruisers; on the African, two; in the Mediterranean, one.

Such, then, is the constitution of the Active Battle Fleet, the Reserve, and Cruiser Squadron for Foreign Service. The number of effective battleships has been already stated in enumerating the ships of the Active Battle Fleet. But the cruisers and torpedo-boats attached thereto, and the ships in the Cruiser Squadron, do not include the whole number of those vessels. There are, then, six armoured cruisers altogether, including the *Yorck*, which is not yet completed, and excluding the "C" cruiser, which is still under construction. These are the *Yorck*, *Roon*, *Friedrich Carl*, *Prinz Adalbert*, *Prinz Heinrich*, and *Fürst Bismarck*. Their displacement varies from the 10,570 tons of the *Fürst Bismarck*, which was laid down in 1896, to the 9850 tons of the *Yorck*, laid down in 1908. They have a speed of from 20 to 21 knots. The main armament of the *Yorck*, *Roon*, *Friedrich Carl* and *Prinz Adalbert* consists of four 8·2 guns, the secondary armament of ten 5·9 guns. The main armament of the *Prinz Heinrich* and *Fürst Bismarck* consists of four 9·4 guns, the secondary armament of ten 5·9 guns, and small quick-firers. It is said that the "C" cruiser, now under construction, and her class, and the projected "D" class, will have a larger displacement and a heavier armament.

There are altogether twenty-two third-class cruisers, of speeds varying from 23 to 18 knots, two torpedo-gunboats of fighting-value, and fourteen small cruisers and gunboats, which are chiefly used in policing foreign stations. The *Lübeck* third-class cruiser is fitted with turbines.

The torpedo-boats, of which two flotillas are attached to the Active Battle Fleet, number, approximately, forty-seven large boats, or, as we should say, destroyers, and forty-seven small boats. There are twelve large torpedo-boats building, and six small boats. They are all armed with the 1·4-pounder gun. The large boats carry three, or four, torpedo-tubes; the bow tubes in the "D" class of the large boats

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being submerged. The small boats carry two tubes. It is proposed to increase the artillery armament, and to provide an extra torpedo. An extra sum of £15,000 has been provided in the estimates for torpedo practice and exercises connected therewith, and an extra sum of £8000 for torpedo experiments.

Three flotillas are kept constantly in commission, two of which are exercised at a time throughout the year. The torpedo-boat service of the German Navy is said to reach a high degree of training and skill. Some ninety odd boats in full training make a sufficiently formidable force.

Experiments in submarine instruction have been for some years in progress; and a sum has been provided in the estimates for the establishment of a mining-corps, to be quartered at Cuxhaven. At the same time, the British Admiralty has apparently decided to abolish a vast and particularly efficient submarine mining establishment.

To sum up: the effective strength of the Imperial German Navy may be approximately stated to consist of 22 battleships, 6 armoured cruisers, 22 small cruisers, and some 94 torpedo-boats.

By the Act of 1900 it was provided that, by means of a system of definite increase and periodical substitution of new ships for obsolete, the Imperial German Navy should, by the year 1920, consist of 34 battleships, 8 armoured cruisers, 24 small cruisers, and 80 torpedo-boats. This force will be organised in two main squadrons, one of which will be based on Kiel, the other on Wilhelmshaven. Each squadron will consist of 17 battleships, 4 armoured cruisers, 12 small cruisers, and 40 torpedo-boats. In addition, there are to be provided for foreign service, 3 armoured cruisers and 10 small cruisers.

An increase to the Foreign Service Squadron was in 1900 refused by the Reichstag. The Secretary of State for the Navy, Admiral von Tirpitz, stated in February that he would renew the demand in the autumn of this year. Admiral von

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Tirpitz will, it is said, ask for six armoured cruisers and seven divisions of torpedo-boats, six to a division, 42 in all.

No other increase has been suggested by the authorities. When the German Navy League proposed to put forward a demand for a large addition to the Navy, their action met with unmistakable disapproval.

In the gradual building up and establishment of the fine Fleet and admirable service of to-day, we see a great military power advancing into the domain of sea-power, and occupying it, as it were by force of arms. For the German nation has not lived and thriven by the sea, as the English people has lived and prospered. The Imperial German Navy of to-day began as the Prussian Navy in 1848, but fifty-seven years ago. At that time there was no dockyard in all Germany in which a warship bigger than a gunboat could be laid down. There were no officers, and no men. The notion of sea-power was utterly foreign to the race.

To-day, there are some eighteen private yards engaged in shipbuilding for the Mercantile Marine, and five private yards for the Imperial Navy. All German warships are required to be built in German yards. There are Imperial Dockyards at Kiel, Wilhelmshaven and Danzig, which are being enlarged so that the biggest ships may be built and docked there, and which have been equipped with electrically-driven machinery. The Imperial Dockyards employ between 17,000 and 18,000 men. In the Service itself are nearly fifty thousand officers and men. In the Mercantile Marine are employed nearly sixty thousand men who have served their time in the Navy, who have passed into the Reserve, and whose very occupation serves to keep them in fair training. It is an instructive contrast—the fact that in the British Mercantile Marine are shipped some 49,000 aliens.

The genius and courage of this sober, sagacious and determined people have built up in half a century a great shipbuilding trade, a prosperous mercantile marine, and a splendid Navy; and, perceiving that the true basis of sea-power must

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ever include a right relation between the Merchant Service and the Naval Service, they have been swift to establish that relation from the beginning.

But the vital factor is, not ships or trade, but men, and the leaders of men. First, with regard to the men. Every German is obliged by law to serve either in the Army or in the Navy. "Every German is in duty bound to defend his country, and he cannot discharge this duty through a substitute"—such is the plain and dignified statement of the National Code of the German Empire. The whole seafaring and semi-seafaring populations are excused service in the Army, but are obliged to serve in the Navy. The terms connote a wide definition. They include professional seamen, fishermen, engineers and stokers, the trades followed on shipboard, such as those of cook, steward, lamp-trimmer, baker, and so forth. Should the supply drawn from the seafaring and semi-seafaring populations not suffice, landsmen are taken. In practice, about two-thirds of the total number are landsmen.

The conditions of service are both compulsory and voluntary. Men are liable for service from their seventeenth year to their forty-fifth year. Conscripts are usually enlisted in their twentieth year. The compulsory service is arranged as follows: Active service, three years; Naval reserve, four years; Seewehr, equivalent to Landwehr in the Army, first levy, five years; second levy, seven years; Naval Ersatz Reserve, or Supernumeraries, composed of the seafaring and semi-seafaring populations, liable for special service in time of peace, and to be taken to replace vacancies in time of war, under obligation from the conscript's twentieth year for twelve years; Landsturm, which is composed of all those who belong to the seafaring or semi-seafaring population from their seventeenth to their forty-fifth year, the first levy being composed of those from seventeen to thirty-nine years of age, the second levy of those from thirty-nine to forty-five years of age.

At the expiration of the three years of active service men are permitted to re-engage, as in the Army, for one year;

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when they may again apply to re-engage, and so on for each succeeding year. They receive a special grant, and are almost always promoted to the ratings of Petty Officer (Unteroffizier) and Warrant Officer (Deckoffizier). These are the men whose highly trained and practically continuous service, together with the service of the volunteer and of the men who entered in the Ships' Boys' Division, goes to compensate for the inherent weakness of a short-service system, as such.

Upon enlistment, the recruits are distributed to the depôts of the three departments of the seamen's divisions, or Matrosen-Divisionen; the torpedo-boat division or Torpedo-Abtheilungen; and the technical and administrative division, or Werft-Divisionen, including engineers, engine-room artificers, stokers, mechanics, carpenters.

There are three divisions of voluntary service. There are those who, having obtained a "leaving certificate" at school, are privileged to volunteer for one year's service; those who volunteer for three, four, five and six years; and ships' boys.

The Ships' Boys' Division, which is established at Friedrichsort, near Kiel, is the most important part of the voluntary service; since it provides opportunity for boys who desire to make the Navy service their occupation. They must pass an elementary education test, and the medical examination. The course of training at Friedrichsort extends over a year and a half. During the first six months the boys are trained ashore. They are then drafted aboard the school ships, in which the naval cadets are also under instruction. The ships cruise for a year or so. Upon their return, the boys are granted a month's leave; after which they receive further training ashore in infantry drill and naval subjects. At the age of seventeen they are received into the Navy as ordinary seamen, or Leichtmatrosen, when they take the oath of allegiance to the Kaiser. In due course, according to their conduct and capacity, they are promoted to the rating of A.B., to that of petty officer, and that of warrant officer. They are obliged to

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serve for nine years, at the expiration of which they may re-engage. Like the re-engaged conscript and volunteer, they are long-service men.

To attain promotion to the warrant rank of chief gunner, or Ober-Stückmeister, the gunlayer must receive a course of training in an artillery school-ship, and must rise through the petty-officer ratings of Bootsmanmaate and Ober-Bootsmanmaate. As petty officer, he must receive a course of thirty months' training as captain of gun in the secondary armament, and must gain his certificate. He is then eligible for promotion to the rank of captain of turret or Stückmeister. After serving at sea for ten months as captain of turret, he is eligible, provided that he shows proficiency, for promotion to the chief warrant rank of Ober-Stückmeister. By that time he will have acquired a high degree of training. It is upon the men thus trained that the gun-practice of the Fleet depends. Prizes are awarded by his Majesty the Emperor to the best shots; and it need hardly be said that there is a very keen competition.

The guns' crews are constantly practised at tube-cannon drill, and aiming drill. The range is given from the bridges by the officers in command of the fire-control.

Second, with regard to the officers. In Germany, the naval cadet completes his general education before he enters the service. He may not enter before the age of sixteen, or after the age of nineteen. He must either have gained his leaving certificate, or a certificate showing that he is fit to be in the first form, or "prima." In the first case, candidates are admitted without examination; in the second case, candidates must pass an entrance examination, and they must not be more than seventeen years of age. Should they pass their entrance examination they will gain a certain amount of seniority, as there is no element of selection in promotion. But, should they be found unfitted for the service, they will be disqualified from entering one of the higher careers in civil life, since they will not have gained their leaving certificate.

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During the first month cadets are trained ashore, being instructed in the use of the rifle and in naval subjects. They are then sworn in. The cadets who are being trained for executive officers are then told off to the training-ships; while those who have entered for the engineering branch are drafted into the workshops.

The training-ships are rigged ships with auxiliary steam. German naval opinion, which differs from that of the British Admiralty, holds the training afforded by masts and sails to be worth retaining. The ships cruise for a year, during which the cadets are learning their duties side by side with the ship's boys.

At the end of the cruise those cadets who have gained the requisite certificates are recommended as candidates for the midshipman's examination. The cases of those cadets whose qualifications are doubtful are reported by the captain of the ship to the Inspector of Naval Instruction, who decides whether the cadets shall be dismissed the service, or be directed to cruise for another year. A cadet may, if he will, elect during his first year to change from the executive to the engineering branch.

Those cadets who have gained their certificates are sent to the Marine-Schule at Kiel, where they remain for a year. Their course consists of instruction in navigation, seamanship, steam, mathematics, infantry drill, naval architecture, routine, French and German, and boat-sailing.

The engineer cadet, at the end of his first year, is rated petty officer, engine-room artificer, and is sent to sea for a year or more.

At the expiration of their year's course at the Marine-Schule, the cadets who have passed their examination receive a six months' course of gunnery, torpedo, and land warfare with the Marines, or See Soldats. The See Soldats no longer serve at sea. There are three battalions, one of which is quartered at Kiel, one at Wilhelmshaven, and one is upon foreign service. They are first on the roster for foreign service.

The engine-room artificer, at the end of his cruise, goes to

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the petty officers' engineering school. At the expiration of his course he goes to sea again, and his promotion to commissioned rank follows in due course. The German system both ensures the entrance into the service of men of the same class as that from which the executive officers are drawn, and their training as specialists. It remains to be seen if the British Admiralty scheme will effect a like result.

The midshipman, having passed his examination at the expiration of his six months' course, also goes to sea, where he remains for one or two years, during which time he is trained in each branch of his profession by the officer at the head of that branch. When he obtains his certificate he is elected an officer of the Imperial Navy, with the rank of sub-lieutenant. As midshipman, he ranked between a petty officer and a warrant officer. The training of a midshipman thus extends at the least over three and a half years.

Having attained commissioned rank he may, if he has the right aptitude, proceed to the Marine Academy at Kiel, for a two years' course in strategy, tactics, and political economy. He is then eligible for a Staff appointment.

The gradations in rank above that of Sub-Lieutenant are: Lieutenant of under eight years' service, or Ober-Leutnant; Senior Lieutenant, or Kapitän-Leutnant; Korvetten-Kapitän, which is a rank nearly equivalent to First Lieutenant in our service; Commander, or Fregatten-Kapitän; Captain, or Kapitän-zur-See; Rear-Admiral, or Kontre-Admiral; Vice-Admiral, or Vize-Admiral; Admiral; and Admiral of the Fleet, or Gross-Admiral.

There are two Gross-Admirals: the Emperor, and Admiral von Koester, Commander-in-Chief of the Active Battle Fleet; 5 Admirals, 6 Vize-Admirals, 16 Kontre-Admirals, 67 Kapitäne-zur-See, 447 Fregatten-Kapitäne and Korvetten-Kapitäne, 833 Kapitäne-Leutnants, Ober-Leutnants, and Leutnants, and 39 pensioned officers. There are 2040 officers in the Imperial Navy, and 271 Paymasters, who are included in the Werft Divisionen, or Dockyard Division.

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The organisation of the Imperial Navy is constituted as follows: His Majesty the Emperor, who holds supreme command in peace and in war. He is Gross-Admiral, or Admiral of the Fleet. He has a Naval Cabinet, which is charged with duties similar to those performed by the Military Cabinet. It deals with the personal relations of the officers of the Service, such as appointments, promotions, transfers and leave.

The Admiralty Staff, which is charged with the duty of preparation for war. The officers of the Staff must have passed the Marine Academy.

The Reichs-Marine-Amt, or the Imperial Navy Office, which corresponds roughly to the British Admiralty.

It is charged with the duties of administration, under the direction of the Secretary of State for the Navy, who is of course a naval officer. He is a Minister of State; he represents the Navy in the Reichstag, and in the Federal Council, in which he has a vote. The present Minister of State is Admiral von Tirpitz.

The Admiral of the Active Battle Fleet.

The Admiral in command of the Ostzee, or Baltic station, with headquarters at Kiel. His Royal Highness Admiral Prince Henry of Prussia holds this command.

The Admiral in command of the Nordzee, or North Sea Station.

The Inspector of Naval Instruction, who is charged with the supervision of naval education.

The Chief of the Cruiser Squadron for foreign service.

Such is the outline of the scientific and admirable system of the organisation of a great Service. But the finest system can but provide the best kind of instrument. It cannot produce men; it can but give them proper scope. But that the officers and men of the Imperial Navy are inspired with the inflexible and disciplined devotion to duty which alone teaches the right use of their formidable and splendid instrument, must be the conviction of all, who, like the writer, have had the privilege of their acquaintance.

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The official statement of naval policy is to the effect that it is purely defensive. To venture upon a last expression of personal opinion, at the end of a somewhat close study of the Navy itself, I see no reason to doubt that statement.

L. Cope Cornford.

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THE NAVAL POWER OF GERMANY

SO much has been written about the great German fleet of the future, which, according to the naval programme of 1900, will be completed by 1920, that the present state of the German Navy has almost escaped attention. In view of the uncertain and somewhat disquieting political outlook, it seems, therefore, worth while to investigate the present position of the German Navy, to study Germany's naval policy, to ascertain how the German fleet compares with the fleets of Germany's possible opponents, and to inquire how the German Navy is likely to fulfil its tasks, supposing that it should, at an early date, be called upon to serve the purpose for which it has been created. Such an investigation seems all the more timely, as a very erroneous opinion as to Germany's naval strength is rather widely held in this country.

The destruction of Russia's fleets in the Far East has shown that ships and guns alone do not make a fleet, that the human factor is most important in naval organisation and naval warfare, and that it is idle merely to compare navies by mechanically comparing the ships' hulls and their equipment. Consequently, it seems necessary first of all to cast a glance at Germany's naval past, in order to become acquainted with the spirit which prevails in the German Navy, and in order to be able to see what we may expect of Germany's naval men.

Germany has practically no naval history, but only a naval

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past, and her naval past is a very short one. Germany's navy, like that of Japan, is of yesterday. In 1849 Prussia began the creation of her navy, and as she was then purely a land power, she had to appoint a foreigner, Commodore Schröder, a Dutchman, to the command of her fleet, which, at the beginning, consisted of two armed steamboats and twenty-seven rowing gun-boats. This fleet, which hardly was worthy of a South Sea potentate, mounted together sixty-seven guns, and was manned by thirty-seven officers and 1521 men. From these ludicrous beginnings sprang the present German fleet.

Prusso-Germany's maritime experience was so small that, until lately, military officers, not naval men, had to be entrusted with the supreme command of her navy.

After the foundation of the German Empire, in 1871, Lieutenant-General Von Stosch was made Chief of the Admiralty. His successor was Lieutenant-General Von Caprivi, who became Chief of the Admiralty in 1883. Only since 1888 has the German Admiralty received an Admiral for its head. In Cromwell's time, the British Navy, which then was in a very bad state, was handed over to Blake and Monck, "Generals at Sea," who reformed it by adapting Cromwell's excellent army organisation to the sister service. Germany did likewise, and she has no reason to regret that she put two of her ablest Generals at the head of her new navy. Both Von Stosch and Von Caprivi proved themselves excellent organisers, and under their command the German Navy became thoroughly up-to-date and absolutely ready for war.

Until 1888, when the present Emperor came to the throne, the German Navy remained relatively very unimportant, though it always was well organised, but since then it has enormously increased, as the following figures prove:

PROGRESS OF THE GERMAN FLEET UNDER WILLIAM II.

1888 . . .	189,136 tons	182,470 h.-p.	15,573 men.
1905 . . .	500,893 „	682,670 „	40,862 „
Increase . .	311,757 tons	500,200 h.-p.	25,289 men.
Ships building .	174,450 „	308,000 „	

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The foregoing figures show that under William II.'s rule the German Navy has almost exactly been tripled, and that, in about two and a half years from now, it will be quadrupled, and probably much more than quadrupled, because the German ship-building programme is likely to be very considerably increased and accelerated in the near future.

Although William II., through his personal intervention and unceasing agitation, has given the most powerful impetus to the movement in favour of a strong navy, that movement arose spontaneously in Germany before William II. came to the throne. Many thoughtful and influential men desired that Imperial Germany should possess colonies for disposing of her surplus population, but, as all the best colonial lands were already in the hands of strong naval powers, it was perfectly obvious that Germany would not be able to acquire first-class colonies, except by force. Hence, it was thought that Germany's future greatness depended upon her ability to acquire valuable colonies by force. Treitschke, the great historian, fearlessly expressed that view with his usual directness in his book, "Politik." He said:

> A fleet is bound to be nowadays of increased importance, not for European war—for nobody believes that a war between Continental Powers can be decided by battles on the sea—but for the protection of trade and of colonies. To-day, the task of the European fleets has again become the mastery of trans-oceanic lands, for the aim of civilisation is the domination of the white race all over the globe. Hence, the greatness of nations will depend upon the share which they have in the possession of lands over-sea. This is the reason why the importance of the fleet has again increased at the present time.

Guided by these considerations, Germany entered in 1884 and 1885 upon her over-sea policy by acquiring colonies in West Africa, South-West Africa, East Africa, New Guinea and the Marshall Islands, and by subsidising her steamship lines. In March 1886, a Bill for the construction of the purely strategical Baltic and North Sea Canal was passed, which marks the turning-point in Germany's naval policy. The building of that canal, which cost £7,800,000, was opposed

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by Moltke, who was of opinion that this large amount had better be spent in building ships, but Bismarck strongly supported that scheme, because "the canal would enable the whole German fleet to come out of one hole for attack," instead of being divided in two sections by the Danish Peninsula. Bismarck's energetic views prevailed, and Frederick the Great's principle, "the best defence is the attack," became henceforward the watchword of the German Navy.

Although many German writers pretend that Germany requires a strong navy for the defence of her coasts, it is perfectly clear that the new German fleet is not meant to be a defensive but an offensive weapon. The German harbours lie, not on the sea border, but far inland, out of the reach of a hostile squadron, and the German coasts are protected by enormous sand-banks, which are intersected by tortuous channels, and these change their shape and course continually. Owing to these strong natural defences, and to an abundance of strong coast fortifications, the German coasts are practically unassailable. This view is confirmed by the highest German authorities. For instance, the former Commander-in-Chief of the Navy, Admiral von Stosch, wrote in his Memorandum of 1888, "The North Sea harbours defend themselves. If the buoys are removed from the endless sand-banks which change their shape from year to year, even the most expert pilots would not dare to take a ship through the tortuous channels;" and Secretary of State, Admiral Hollmann, declared, in March 1897, before the Committee of Ways and Means, "We require no navy for coast defence; our coasts defend themselves."

Up to the eighties Germany constructed many ships which were primarily meant for coast defence, but since the construction of the North Sea and Baltic Canal, Germany's shipbuilding policy has been completely changed, for since then Germany has steadfastly pursued the aim to build a fleet meant to search out and to defeat the enemy upon the high seas. Consequently, the building of armoured gunboats and of

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small ironclads, which used to be a feature of the German Navy, has been completely abandoned, and Germany has even disdained to possess herself of that purely defensive weapon, the submarine-boat.

The gist of Germany's naval policy and the aim which she pursues on the sea may be seen from a few of the declarations of William II., and of his principal advisers. The Emperor said, on April 24, 1897, at a banquet in Cologne, pointing to the figure of Neptune, "That trident must be in our fist." And, on another occasion, he uttered the celebrated words, "Our future lies upon the water," which since then has become Germany's watchword. Prince Bülow declared on December 11, 1899, in the Reichstag, "We must create a fleet strong enough to exclude attack from *any* power"; and Admiral Tirpitz, the Minister of Marine, stated a few days later, "We do not know what adversary we may have to face. Therefore we must arm ourselves with a view of meeting the most dangerous conflict possible." Lastly, the preamble of the German Navy Bill for 1900 stated, "Germany requires a fleet of such strength that a war against the mightiest naval power would involve risks threatening the supremacy of that power."

These few announcements, made by Germany's leaders, prove that it is Germany's deliberate aim to rule the ocean. So clearly has Germany shown her ambition, that Monsieur Lockroy, who three times has been Minister of Marine in France, declared in a recently published book:

> Germany will be a great naval power, in spite of her geographical position and history. Her claim to rule the waves will bring on a war with Great Britain, earlier or later. That war will be one of the most terrible conflicts of the twentieth century. What its result will be no one can foretell; but so much is sure, that Germany does everything that human forethought and the patience and energy of a nation can suggest.

Germany's determined naval policy has naturally dictated the composition of her fleets and the distribution of her ships. Thinking not only the destruction of the enemy's commerce, but even the protection of her own huge and very valuable

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sea-borne trade, merely a secondary object as compared with her principal aim of obtaining command of the sea, Germany has, in the first place, completely neglected her cruiser fleet, and has decided before all to possess herself of a huge and most powerful fleet of homogeneous battleships. In the second place, she has determined not to keep any of her battleships on foreign stations, as other powers do, but to keep them in constant readiness, concentrated in her two principle war harbours, Kiel and Wilhelmshafen. The defence of the few vulnerable spots on the coasts of Germany is left entirely to the land fortifications and to her old coast-defence ships. Her coast-defence ironclads, for instance, are stationed at Dantzig, facing Russia, and her whole naval power is meant to strike westward. The German merchant-marine and Germany's commerce must, in case of war, shift for themselves as best they can, for Germany sees the best defence of her commercial interests not in the defence of her cruiser squadrons, but in the attack of her battleships upon the enemy's fleets.

Germany is, by her geographical position, by her constant preparedness, and by the concentration of all her naval force, much stronger for naval attack than is generally assumed.

It is a well-known fact that Germany can mobilise her army much quicker than can any other European state, but her navy is no less ready for war than is her army. Her navy is most admirably organised; everything is arranged with the one end in view—absolute readiness in case of war—and Germany's naval organisation has, according to M. E. Lockroy, who has carefully studied the naval organisation of all European powers, the most perfect naval organisation in the world. In organising her navy, Germany has had the great advantage over other nations that she was not hampered by a naval history, by naval traditions, and by the possession of old naval bases which, through the lapse of time, had grown cramped, awkward, or out of date, as have some of our own naval bases. Hence, Germany was able to create at once an organisation which, in every respect, was most up to date, and which was almost free

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from those numerous historical and traditional impediments which hamper all older navies, our own included.

As regards the strength of the various European navies, it is generally assumed that Great Britain holds the first place, France the second place, and Germany the third place. Before the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War, only the fourth place was assigned to the German navy, because, on paper, the Russian fleet was more powerful than was the German fleet, for it had a greater tonnage. On paper the French fleet is still 50 per cent. stronger, especially in battleships, than is the German fleet, as may be seen by the following comparison:

BATTLESHIPS LAUNCHED SINCE 1881.

France	28 battleships	280,247 tons.
Germany	17 „	186,631 „

At first sight it would appear from the foregoing figures that the French fleet of battleships possesses an overwhelming superiority over the battle-fleet of Germany, but if we carefully compare the French and German battle-fleets in detail, it would appear that, almost unnoticed, the German battle-fleet has acquired a distinct superiority over the French battle-fleet. This fact is of so very great and of so very far-reaching political importance, and this startling fact so greatly affects the calculations and the combinations of British statesmen, that it seems necessary first to compare the naval position of France and Germany, and then to compare the fleets of the two countries.

If we look at the map of Germany, we find that a hostile landing is most difficult, because of the extensive sand-banks already referred to, and we find, furthermore, that no important German town lies close to the sea border. Hamburg, Bremen, and other big harbour-towns lie on a river far away from the sea, and the few small coast-towns which are found near the sea in Germany are out of the reach of naval guns, and lie, for all practical purposes, far inland. If we now look at a map of France, we find that France has a perfectly open coast, on which a landing could easily be effected, and that a very large

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number of important French towns lie on the sea. Furthermore, those who are familiar with the aspect of the French coast-towns know that nearly all French coast-towns can be bombarded from the sea. Whilst, as Von Stosch wrote, "Germany's coasts defend themselves," the French coasts are, unfortunately for France, almost defenceless, and the majority of French coast-towns offer as good a target as does Brighton.

Germany has a fleet in the Baltic and another one in the North Sea, and owing to the Baltic North Sea Canal the two fleets can join hands within a few hours. In fact, the whole of Germany's naval strength might, with careful managing, be concentrated in the North Sea unnoticed, and Germany's naval opponents must be prepared suddenly, and almost unexpectedly, to be attacked with Germany's full naval might. France, on the other hand, has to divide her fleets between the Mediterranean and the North Sea, for in both seas she has important interests to defend, and owing to the long distance which lies between her Northern and her Mediterranean fleets, their junction, in case of a war with Germany, cannot be undertaken without the gravest risks, even if the two French fleets combined should actually possess a very decided superiority over the fleet of Germany. France must, therefore, in case of war, reckon with the possibility that Germany will try to prevent a junction of the two fleets, and that her opponent will either endeavour to defeat both French fleets singly, or that he will, at least, try to destroy or cripple one of the French fleets whilst the other one is far away. Therefore, it follows that, even if the superiority of the French battle-fleet over the German battle-fleet would, in reality, be as great as it appears on paper, the superiority of France might be unavailing because it could, perhaps, not effectively be established at the moment when war breaks out. Immediately on the outbreak of a war with Germany, France might find so large a German battle-fleet on her coasts that her two separated fleets would be incapable of effecting a junction. In the meantime, Germany would have the com-

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mand of the French coasts, and she might proceed to ravage the numerous coast-towns of France with her cruisers, or even to land an expeditionary corps. Many German generals, among others, General Von Verdy du Vernois, are of opinion that it will be very difficult for a German army to advance into France, because the French frontier is almost closed to Germany by a very large number of fortresses and separate forts. Consequently, they are in favour of turning these French defences by landing a large army on the French coast and plans for such an expedition have been prepared in Germany. Thus France might, owing to her unfavourable geographical position, at a critical moment not be able to avail herself of her naval paper superiority against Germany.

Unfortunately, the necessary distribution of her naval forces is not the only disadvantage under which, in a war with Germany, France would labour. If we closely compare the French and German battle-fleets, we find that the superiority of France exists rather on paper than in reality. Of the French battleships which are less than twenty-five years old, a large number, such as the ships *Furieux*, *Terrible*, *Requin*, *Indomptable*, *Caiman*, *Valmy*, *Jemappes*, *Bouvines*, *Tréhouart*, *Henri IV.*, are too small to be of much service. These ships range from 6000 tons to 8950 tons, and their average size is 7200 tons. Battleships of such small size are nowadays generally considered not to be of much practical value, and both the French and the German admirals agree that these small battleships are not of much utility in battle.

The French admirals speak of these small battleships, of whom Admiral Gervais sarcastically said, "Deux hommes faibles ne vaudront jamais un homme fort," in terms approximating contempt. M. Lockroy said of these ships, "These small ironclads are, according to the reports of their own commanders, notwithstanding their bilge-keels, so unstable that they cannot use their guns in the swell of the North Sea." Nevertheless, some of these small ships are still kept in the North Sea, whilst the remaining ships of the North Sea

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squadron, of which they form part, are battleships of 12,000 tons. Of these incongruous units which are made up into a squadron, M. Lockroy recently said, "Neither by their tonnage, nor by their strength, nor by their speed, nor even by the arrangement of their artillery, are the ships which make up the Escadre du Nord able to fight together." This squadron, which, unfortunately, is composed of ships of so very different type and value, may at a moment's notice be called upon to bear the whole brunt of a German attack.

The Russo-Japanese war has conclusively proved the worthlessness of small, slow and ill-armed battleships, and the battle in the bay of Tushima has shown that inferior ships are rather a source of weakness than of strength to their modern fast and powerful consorts. Consequently, France cannot count much on her small battleships. The battle for naval superiority would, therefore, have to be fought probably exclusively between the eighteen large battleships of France and the seventeen large battleships belonging to Germany. Of these battleships we herewith give a list, for the sake of comparison, on the next page.

A glance at the following table shows that the French have one more battleship of 10,000 tons than have the Germans, but that majority of one should soon disappear, as several German battleships of the most modern type are near completion. If we look more closely at the following list of ships, we find that the German ships consist of four squadrons, which are composed of ships of the identical tonnage, and these ships are also identical in every other respect, and are absolutely homogeneous. On the other hand, the French ships are all of different tonnage, and they differ almost as much in other respects as they differ in size. One might almost say that of the French ships hardly two are alike. The French have, as they say themselves, *une flotte d'échantillons*, and they may find it very difficult to manœuvre their incongruous units against the uniform German squadrons.

If we compare the dates when the French and German

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ships were launched, we find that the German ships are, on an average, seven years old; whilst the French battleships are, on an average, no less than fourteen years old. The German ships have, therefore, the advantage, not only of uniformity, but also of age.

It would lead too far to compare in this place speed, armour and gun-power of the French and German battleships, but if

FRENCH AND GERMAN BATTLESHIPS LESS THAN TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OLD.

Name.	Date of Launch.	Tons.	Name.	Date of Launch.	Tons.
République . .	1902	14,870	Deutschland * .	1904	13,200
Suffren . . .	1899	12,730	Lothringen † . .	1903	„
Jéna . . .	1899	12,050	Preussen † . .	1903	„
Bouvet . . .	1898	12,030	Hessen . . .	1903	„
St. Louis . .	1896	11,900	Elsass . . .	1903	„
Gaulois . . .	1896	„	Braunschweig .	1902	„
Charlemagne . .	1895	„	Mecklenburg .	1901	11,800
Massena . .	1895	12,320	Schwaben . .	1901	„
Carnot . . .	1894	12,150	Zähringen . .	1901	„
Charles Martel .	1893	11,900	Wettin . . .	1901	„
Jauréguiberry .	1893	11,800	Wittelsbach . .	1900	„
Brennas . . .	1891	11,870	Kaiser Barbarossa .	1900	11,150
Magenta . .	1890	10,850	Karl der Grosse .	1899	„
Neptune . .	1887	10,980	Wilhelm der Grosse	1899	„
Marceau . .	1887	10,850	Kaiser Wilhelm II.	1897	„
Hoche . . .	1886	11,000	Kaiser Friedrich III.	1896	„
Formidable . .	1885	11,570	Wörth . . .	1892	10,060
Admiral Baudin .	1883	11,620	Brandenburg . .	1891	„
			Kurfürst Friedrich Wilhelm . .	1891	„
			Weissenburg . .	1891	„

* Building. † Completing.

such a comparison should be made, it would be found that the battle-fleet of France is hardly superior, but probably inferior, to that of Germany. If we now take into account the fact that these French ships, taken together, are not only inferior to the German battle-fleet, but are besides distributed over two seas, and have to protect much coast, whilst the uniform German ships are united and have no duty to perform except

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that of attacking the enemy, it would seem that, compared with the German fleet, the inferiority of the French fleet is so marked that the latter would have to restrict itself to a very cautious defensive attitude in case of a Franco-German war.

It is true that France has more cruisers than has Germany, but it seems doubtful whether France's superiority in cruisers will make up for her inferiority in battleships. It also seems doubtful whether France's wealth in torpedo-boats and submarines will balance her inferiority in big battleships.

The new ships which France has lately added to her navy have given rise to many complaints among those who are best qualified to express an opinion on them. The new armoured cruisers are said to be too long, too weak, and badly designed. They put their nose under water, use too much coal, manœuvre badly, and some of the new ships are believed to be failures. The newest battleships, those of the *Patrie* type, are said to be too weak, and in consequence of structural weakness, the body of *La Patrie* bent 75 mm. when being launched. Besides, loud complaints have been heard about there being too many types of guns in the fleet, and dissatisfaction has been expressed as to the quality of the powder, as to the cramped space for manœuvring the guns and for handling the ammunition, &c. Under these circumstances, it appears that Admiral Bienaimé was quite justified in writing: "The state of the French Navy is bad. Without exaggeration, it can be asserted that if the navy was to-morrow called upon to do those duties which, in view of the sacrifices made for it, can be expected, our hopes should be seriously disappointed."

The frequent changes of Ministers of Marine in France have, unfortunately, brought about frequent changes of naval policy, which have been fatal to France's naval armaments and to her preparedness. M. Pelletan's period of office has been particularly harmful to the efficiency of the French fleet. In the words of the German Jahrbuch für Deutschland's Seeinteressen, "There has, perhaps, never been a Minister of Marine in France whose activity has been more harmful to the

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healthy progress of the French navy." During the time of his ill-starred administration, this man stopped the building of battleships and the holding of naval manœuvres, he kept the ships in harbour for the sake of economy, and by his wanton interference he destroyed, or at least, undermined, the disciple in the navy. His only achievement was the building of a large number of submarines, in which he placed an unlimited confidence both for defence and attack, and so greatly blinded was M. Pelletan by his personal predilection, that he made himself supremely ridiculous a few weeks ago. Immediately after the battle of Tsushima, a report was current in St. Petersburg that a battle had taken place between the Russian and Japanese fleets, that the Russians had lost many ships, but that they had destroyed sixty Japanese torpedo-boats. On the strength of that mendacious report, which bore unmistakable signs of being a fabrication, M. Pelletan rushed into print, and he proved in some of the foremost Parisian and provincial papers that the time of the gun had passed, and that the era of the torpedo-boat and of the submarine had arrived, because the Japanese had, with their torpedo-boats and submarines, destroyed the Russian fleet. Only a few days after M. Pelletan had thus proved the correctness of his pet theory, the report of the Japanese Admirals arrived, from which it appeared that they had destroyed the Russian fleet by gun-fire in the first instance, and that they had not made use of any submarines.

At present the French navy is administered in a saner fashion than it was in M. Pelletan's time, and France will make an attempt to keep her fleet at least on a level with that of Germany. However, it is very much to be feared that she will not succeed in attaining that end, especially as the French authorities appear to be under a grave misapprehension as to the relative naval position of France. Therefore we find that, according to the French Minister of Marine, the French navy has still a great superiority over that of Germany. This statement, though it is correct on paper, if we merely compare the

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tonnage of the two fleets, is hardly in consonance with the facts. Still, France has begun to understand that her position towards Germany has become gravely compromised, and that she has fallen behind in the race, and she has recognised that her position is particularly serious in view of the fact that the Russian navy has ceased to exist. Therefore, M. Bos, the reporter of the *Budget*, said:

> Germany who, but a few years ago, did not possess a navy which had seriously to be taken into account, is about to equal and perhaps even to exceed ours. As the Russian fleet has been weakened by the Japanese war, that possibility is all the more disquieting, for our Eastern neighbour (Germany) might, in a naval conflict with us, receive assistance from her allies, whilst we cannot reckon upon similar assistance on the part of Russia.
>
> If we drop the unattainable ideal of ruling the seas, it is necessary for us not to allow other navies, and especially the German Navy, to become to such an extent stronger than ours that our independence might be threatened thereby. Therefore, we must maintain a fleet which commands respect among the navies of the world, and we must be so strong that, upon our participation or non-participation depends the result of a naval war, for the surest means to preserve peace among the nations is to preserve the balance of naval power.

Admiral Bienaimé recently wrote: "A navy cannot be created and not even remodelled in a day. Reforms will take a long time, and must be effected upon a comprehensive plan which, once well drawn up, must be executed with that spirit of logic which, so far, we have lacked." But will France reform her navy and bring it up to date, and will she be able again to obtain for her fleet the second rank in the world? It must be doubted whether France will succeed in achieving this.

France will find it very hard to bring her fleet up to the level of the German fleet, especially as, according to M. Bos, "The French battle-fleet will, in 1908, comprise eighteen modern ships of the line and twenty-four armoured cruisers less than eighteen years old, whilst Germany will have twenty-four battleships and eleven armoured cruisers." France having allowed Germany so much start, will, for various reasons, find it exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to make up for the

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time she has lost and to regain her position. In the first place, the Germans appear to be the better ship-builders and managers, as may be seen from the splendid record of the German ocean greyhounds and of the German Trans-Atlantic lines; in the second place, Germany can build warships much faster than France can build them, Germany's biggest battleships having been built on an average in only a little more than thirty-seven months; in the third place, the meagre financial provisions made by France seem, according to the highest German authority, to indicate that France has, for financial reasons, arrived at the limit of her ship-building capacity, whilst Germany does not feel financially exhausted through her heavy naval armour; in the fourth place, Germany is determined to redouble her efforts for increasing her navy and for further outdistancing France.

The German naval authorities are perfectly aware that they need no longer fear the French fleet, but although the German Navy compares exceedingly favourably with that of France, it cannot be compared with our own fleet. The German Admiralty recognises that, if a collision should take place between Great Britain and Germany, the homogeneous German squadrons would meet equally homogeneous British squadrons, and not only would the British ships be in an overwhelming numerical superiority over the German ships, but every individual British ship would, in size, speed, and, before all, in gun-power, outclass the individual German ship which it might have to meet. This inferiority of Germany as compared with Great Britain will lead to considerable demands of funds for the further and more rapid increase of the German fleet. According to the *Flotte*, the Reichstag will be asked in autumn for a grant for building six battleships, which are to have a speed of 25 knots, and which are to carry four 12-inch guns, and from fourteen to sixteen 9·65-inch guns. Besides, the German Admiralty desires to accelerate the execution of the ship-building programme of 1900, and to obtain permission for substituting far more powerful ships for those originally contemplated.

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When it recently became known in Germany that a large British fleet was going to visit the Baltic, a considerable agitation arose in Germany, and much alarm was expressed with regard to Great Britain's intention. One of the highest authorities in Germany told me at the time that the despatch of the British fleet was a godsend to the German Navy and to the German Admiralty, for it supplied an ocular demonstration to all Germany that an enormous increase of the German fleet was an absolute necessity.

Of course, all thinking Germans are perfectly well aware that it will be exceedingly difficult for Germany to rival Great Britain on the sea. Nevertheless, the Germans mean to continue increasing their fleet as rapidly as possible, hoping that, in case of a war with Great Britain, they may be able to avail themselves of both army and navy against this country. Many prominent officers in Germany are of opinion that a landing in Great Britain is by no means as impossible as is frequently assumed in this country. Among the numerous pronouncements that an invasion of Great Britain is possible, that of General Von der Goltz is particularly interesting, because he is one of the foremost generals of Germany. General Von der Goltz wrote:

> We must contradict the opinion, which so frequently has been expressed, that a war between Germany and Great Britain is impossible. Great Britain is forced to distribute her fleets over many seas, in peace as well as in war, and her home squadron is surprisingly weak in comparison with her fleets in the Mediterranean, and in India, the Far East, Australia, the Red Sea, South Africa, the West Indies, and the Pacific. In that necessary distribution of her strength lies Great Britain's weakness. Germany is in a better position. Her navy is small, but it can be kept together in Europe. Our colonies want no protection, for a victory in Europe would give us our colonies back at the conclusion of peace. With Great Britain matters are different. If India, Australia, or Canada should be lost in a war, they would remain lost for ever. For the moment, our fleet has only one-fifth the fighting value of the British fleet, and Great Britain's superiority over us is striking; but when the projected increase of our fleet has been effected, the outlook for us will be bright. The British home squadron with which we should have to deal amounts to forty-three battleships and thirty-five cruisers. Even if that

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fleet should be increased in the future, it would no longer be an irresistible opponent to us. Numbers decide as little on the sea as they do on land. Numerical inferiority can be compensated for by greater efficiency.

As places are not wanting where England's defences are weak, it would be a mistake to consider a landing in England as a chimera. The distance is short enough, if an admiral of daring succeeds in securing supremacy on the sea for a short time.

The material basis of our power is large enough to make it possible for us to destroy the present superiority of Great Britain, but Germany must prepare beforehand for what is to come, and must arm in time. Germany has arrived at one of the most critical moments in her history, and her fleet is too weak to fulfil the task for which it is intended. We must arm ourselves in time with all our might, and prepare ourselves for what is to come without losing a day, for it is not possible to improvise victories on the sea, where the excellence of the material, and the greater skill in handling it, are of supreme importance.

From the foregoing details, it appears that, at present, Germany occupies no longer the third or fourth place among the navies of Europe, but that she has already obtained the second rank, and that she is endeavouring with all her might, as rapidly as possible, to strengthen her fleet to such an extent that she need not fear a war with this country. In the words introducing the Navy Bill of 1900, "Germany requires a fleet of such a strength that a war against the mightiest naval power would involve risks threatening the supremacy of that power." Germany has given her programme, and she means to execute that programme.

"V."

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A TOMB AT RAVENNA

RAVENNA belongs—more than any other Italian city—to the early ages, when the Christian Church was in her first vigour and the Roman Empire was tottering to its fall. Her great churches and noble tombs had their origin in that troubled period when the old order was slowly giving place to the new and the human race was entering on a fresh phase in its career. The mosaic pictures of Galla Placidia's shrine, the portraits of Justinian and Theodora in the apse of San Vitale, the long procession of virgins and martyrs in the nave of S. Apollinare, and the sculptures of the ancient sarcophagi that meet us at every turn, all tell the same story. The enthusiasm of apostolic days breathes in the types and symbols that we see carved in stone or set forth in the jewelled tints of mosaic—the cross of salvation and peacock of resurrection, the Good Shepherd leading his flock to rest in the green pastures, the hart no longer panting after, but at length tasting, the water-brooks. These things make Ravenna unique among the cities of Italy.

But although her great days ended with the fall of the Exarchs and the Lombard conquest, Ravenna once more enjoyed a period of peace and prosperity under the rule of the House of Polenta in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and the once imperial city still retains many memorials of mediæval times. The palace where Guido da Polenta received Dante during his exile has vanished, but the church of S. Francesco, which was the favourite sanctuary and burial-

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place of his family, is still standing. Here Dante himself was laid to rest, by his last prayer, clad in the habit of the Franciscan Order; and here, close under the walls of this ancient Christian basilica, stands the monument raised to his memory by the Venetian governor Bembo, and the "little cupola, more neat than solemn," which now protects his tomb. Beyond the gates of the city is the Pineta where the poet loved to wander, that vast forest, so full of memories, which still stretches its vivid green between the blue of sky and sea. We can see the spectre-huntsman of Boccaccio's time, that "Nastagio degli Onesti," whose tragic tale was painted by Botticelli and sung by Dryden and Byron in turn, driving his hell-hounds through the long avenues. We think of the hapless Francesca riding along these grassy glades in the May morning, by her "bel Paolo's" side, on the way to Rimini. And we repeat the familiar lines in which Dante likens the murmurs of "the divine forest" in Paradise to the rustling of the wind and the joyous singing of the birds in the pine-trees on the shore of Classis.

But the tomb which forms the subject of our illustration belongs to a later age. The old Franciscan church, round which the proudest memories of mediæval Ravenna cluster, once held another sepulchral monument, which has lately been removed to the neighbouring museum known as the Accademia di belle Arti. It is the effigy of Guidarello Guidarelli, a soldier of renown in his day, and was the work of a great sculptor, Tullio Lombardi. Of Guidarello himself we know little, but both his valiant deeds and the mysterious and tragic fate which ended his career in the flower of his manhood are typical of the age in which he lived, while the statue which the Venetian master carved in his honour is of surpassing beauty.

The family from which our hero sprang originally came from Florence, and settled in Ravenna early in the fifteenth century. Here they soon acquired wealth and renown. Their palace stood near the Duomo, in the old street now called the Via Guidarello, and they owned considerable property in land and houses in the neighbourhood. Francesco Guidarelli held

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The Temple of Concord in Constantinople, by Stefano da Monte, Courtesy

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several important posts under Government, and was sent on one occasion as ambassador to Venice. When, in December 1468, the Emperor Frederic III. visited Ravenna, Francesco's son, Guidarello, was one of eighteen noble youths who received the honour of knighthood at the hands of their imperial master. Soon after this the young knight married Benedetta del Sale, a daughter of one of the oldest and proudest families of Ravenna, which the chronicler Fiandrini describes as "il nobilissimo casato del Sale."

At this time Ravenna had already lost her independence. The last of her Polenta rulers had been deprived of his principality by the Signory of Venice, and sent to die in exile in the isle of Candia. The twin columns still standing in the Forum, remind us that during seventy years Ravenna was numbered among the subject-lands of Venice, although the winged lion which formerly crowned one of these pillars has been replaced by a statue of San Vitale. Guidarello, however, proved himself a loyal servant of the Republic, and the fidelity which he showed to the Venetian Podestà of Ravenna was probably the cause of his early death. His first laurels were earned in the service of the Republic, and he soon rose to considerable renown as a wise and valiant captain. Contemporary writers describe him as being not only a brave soldier, but a cultivated scholar, learned in the Greek and Latin tongues, and the poets who lamented his premature end spoke of him as dear alike to Minerva and Bellona—a Mars in war and a Cato in peace.

Unfortunately we know little of Guidarello's early life, and the few details of his exploits which have been preserved all relate to his last years. In April 1498 he sold land to the value of thirty-five florins, and raised a troop of horse, at the head of which he set out for Tuscany to join the Venetian army under Duke Guidobaldo of Urbino. Marino Sanuto, whose Diaries afford us so much valuable information concerning this period, mentions Guidarello repeatedly in his chronicle of passing events. From him we learn that this knight of Ravenna was among the chief captains of the forces in Val

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d'Arno who met in the camp during the last week of September to decide on the measures necessary for reducing the fortress of Marati, then held by the Florentines. On this occasion Duke Guidobaldo himself was present, as well as Piero and Giuliano dei Medici, the sons of Lorenzo, who had recently been expelled from Florence by the partisans of Savonarola, and were now fighting in the enemy's ranks against their native city. "And here, too," writes Sanuto, "were present Signor Bartolommeo d'Alviano, Paolo Manfron, my lord Annibale Bentivoglio of Bologna, and one Guidarello of Ravenna."[1]

On January 20, 1490, the same chronicler mentions the arrival in camp of a Florentine refugee, who was a friend of Guidarello and who brought news of importance concerning the state of parties in Florence and the confusion that reigned in the city. Soon after this the Venetians abandoned the campaign, disgusted with the lack of support which they received from their allies, Lodovico Sforza and the Emperor Maximilian, and turned their arms against the treacherous Duke of Milan and his niece, Caterina Sforza, "that tiger," as Sanuto calls this heroic lady. The next we hear of Guidarello is in the following August, when the French invaders were already at the gates of Milan, and the armies of Cæsar Borgia were fast closing round the Rocca held by the brave Madonna of Forlì. Then, we read in Sanuto's records, there came one day to Venice "Domine Guidarello da Ravenna, who was in the Pope's pay,"[2] but who openly expressed his dislike of foreign service, and wished the Signory would undertake the expedition which the Pope's son was leading against the cities of Imola and Forlì.

During Cæsar Borgia's second invasion of Romagna in the autumn of 1500, Guidarello again proved his loyalty to the Doge and Signory by supplying Antonio Soranzo, the Venetian Governor of Ravenna, with constant information regarding the progress of the conqueror. In October he wrote from the camp before Faenza, giving the Podestà full particulars of the

[1] "Marino Sanuto Diarii," ii. 8. [2] *Ibid.* ii. 1082.

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situation. Duke Valentino's triumphant campaign had just received an unexpected check before the walls of this little city, which its young prince, Astorre Manfredi, and his gallant subjects vowed to defend with the last drop of their blood. The eyes of all Italy were upon the brave little town, which alone among the cities of Romagna dared to offer a determined resistance to the arms of the dreaded Borgia.

I rejoice [wrote Isabella d'Este to her husband, the Marquis of Mantua], I rejoice to hear that the citizens of Faenza are so loyal and constant in their lord's cause, and feel that they have saved the honour of Italy. May God give them grace to persevere! Not that I wish Duke Valentino any ill, but because neither this poor Signor nor his faithful people deserve so hard a fate.

In his despatches to Ravenna, Guidarello informed Soranzo of the desperate efforts which Duke Valentino was making to obtain possession of Faenza by intrigue or force of arms and of the steadfast opposition which he had encountered. On November 7 he wrote again from Forlì, telling him of the arrival of Cæsar and his chief captains, the three Orsini brothers, Vitellozzo Vitelli, Annibale Bentivoglio and Paolo Baglioni. At the same time he gave a full and accurate description of the troops and ammunition at Borgia's disposal, adding the following significant note: "This army is very mediocre in quality and especially poor in foot-soldiers, but Fortune does everything, lays the siege, place the ladders against the walls, gives the battle and finally carries cities."[1] Such was the unconscious homage which the warrior of Ravenna paid to Borgia's imposing personality and extraordinary force of will. "The Pope's son," wrote a Ferrarese envoy from Rome, "has a great soul and is bent on attaining fame and power, but cares more to conquer cities than to govern and preserve them." For a while, however, even Cæsar's boundless ambition and untiring energy were foiled by the courage and loyalty of Astorre's subjects. Guidarello describes the gallant sorties made by the little garrison, and tells how, one winter morning, he himself rode up to the city

[1] "Marino Sanuto Diarii," iii. 1050.

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gates with twenty crossbowmen. No one came out to meet him, but the walls bristled with men and artillery, which discharged their shells repeatedly and compelled him to retire. Still Duke Valentino, contrary to the opinion of his captains, was in favour of an immediate assault, and with this intention held a grand review of his forces, including a large body of newly levied infantry. But the increasing severity of the winter forced him to abandon the siege, and on November 28 he broke up his camp and left Forlì abruptly. "The Duke's camp has been suddenly raised," joyfully wrote Astorre Manfredi to the Signory of Venice, "owing to the bad weather, and Faenza is saved as it were by a divine miracle."[1]

The besieging army was disbanded and ordered into winter quarters. Cæsar himself went to Cesena, Paolo Orsini to Imola, and the remaining leaders and men-at-arms were sent to Rimini, Pesaro and Fano in order to relieve Forlì. "Guidarello Guidarelli," writes the Podestà of Ravenna, "has been appointed chief of the lodgings and superintended the disposal of the forces in their separate quarters."[2] That he made some attempt to maintain order and protect the defenceless citizens from the depredations of the soldiery is evident from the decree which he issued at Forlì, in which it is expressly stated that the garrison is only to be provided with fuel and lodging by the inhabitants. But this was no easy task, for Borgia's lawless troops were the terror of the whole district. They seized cattle and corn, plundered houses, and put to the sword owners who dared to resist their greed and insolence. Again and again in Sanuto's pages we find reports of their violence and rapacity, and of the Duke's refusal to hear the prayers of the unhappy peasants who came to him for redress. From Pesaro, from Rimini and Forlì, from all parts of the distracted land we hear the same cry. "The Duke's soldiers have no money and do all manner of damage wherever they lodge. These men are given over to the devil and do his work, and the Duke listens to no complaint and does no justice."[3] Meanwhile

[1] "Marino Sanuto Diarii," iii. 1125.

[2] *Ibid.* iii. 1241. [3] *Ibid.* iii. 1064.

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Cæsar himself was spending his brief interval of leisure in feasting and dancing, and in his favourite pastime of patrolling the streets at the head of a troop of masked men-at-arms. In January he was still at Cesena, "giving himself to pleasure, and taking an active part in hunting expeditions and masquerades." In February he rose up suddenly like a lion from his lair and stormed the Rocca of Ressi and took and sacked the prosperous little town of Solarolo near Faenza. Early in March he was back at Imola. There he summoned his chief captains together and held a council of war to decide the fate of Faenza. There were two parties in the camp, Soranzo heard from his trusted knight at Imola. Some of the leaders were in favour of an immediate assault, but the more prudent advised delay until the expected French reinforcements had arrived. "And on Sunday, March 7, they held a *festà* and danced all night, and the Duke danced." Three weeks later letters from Ravenna informed the Signory that Duke Valentino was still at Imola, "taking his pleasures and enjoying himself after his wonted fashion, in the old way."[1] Now and then darker rumours reach our ears. A fair Venetian lady, the wife of the captain of infantry at Cervia, was suddenly carried off to the Rocca of Forlì one night by a Spanish officer acting under the Duke's orders. The injured husband appealed to the Doge for redress, and appeared in the College "very melancholy and almost in tears" to beg for help. Nothing had been heard of his wife for a fortnight, and the most sinister reports were abroad. Great was the indignation aroused on all sides and many the letters that were exchanged on the subject between Ambassadors at Venice and Rome. The Pope himself pronounced the act to be "infamous" and pressed his son for explanations, while he publicly maintained the Duke's innocence. But Cæsar kept silence and the matter was allowed to drop. Only it served to increase the hatred of the people throughout Romagna for their oppressor. "Cesena, Forlì and Imola," we learn, "bitterly resent the wrong that has been done, and impatiently await the Duke's ruin."[2] The star of the

[1] "Marino Sanuto Diarii," iii. 1616. [2] *Ibid.* iii. 1530.

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Borgia, however, was still in the ascendant. All through these months of apparent idleness Cæsar was collecting money and troops, and early in April he once more took the field at the head of a large army supplied with fresh guns and ammunition. This time the doom of Faenza was sealed. On the last day of April the exhausted garrison surrendered, and its brave leader, Astorre Manfredi, was taken prisoner to Rome and strangled by Cæsar's orders in Castell' Sant' Angelo. But we hear no more of Guidarello. He was not present at the last siege of Faenza, and no further letters from his hand reached the Podestà of Ravenna. A dark mystery overshadows the hero's fate. All we know is that he was murdered one night at Imola by an assassin's hand, and fell a victim to some foul conspiracy. This we learn from an elegy composed by a Venetian poet, Bernardino Catti, and published in the following year. "Here," sings the bard, "lies the good knight Guidarello, the glory of warlike Mars and the boast of learned Minerva. Imola, with secret steel, took the life which Ravenna gave to be the pride of Italy." And in another poem we read: "Once Guidarello was the flower of Italy and of the whole world; born and bred on the ancient soil of Ravenna, he fell at Imola, treacherously murdered by the hand of a proud Roman." Dr. Corrado Ricci, the able and learned director of the Uffizi, who has devoted much time and study to the antiquities of Ravenna, is of opinion that Paolo Orsini was the assassin by whose hand Guidarello died.[1] But there can be little doubt that Duke Valentino instigated the crime if he did not actually strike the blow. Up to the close of 1500, the knight of Ravenna, it is plain, had enjoyed Cæsar's confidence and held a high post in his councils. But Guidarello's secret correspondence with the Signory of Venice may well have excited his suspicions, and Valentino was said by those who knew him best never to forgive a wrong, and never to allow an enemy to live. His vengeance was apt to be swift and sudden, and eighteen months later the same fate befell Guidarello's most distinguished colleagues, Paolo Orsini, Vitellozzo, Gravina and

[1] "Italia Artistica: Ravenna," p. 83. "La Statua di Guidarello," p. 21.

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Oliverotto da Fermo, who were treacherously seized and put to death by the Duke's orders—an act described in a famous phrase of Machiavelli as "il bellissimo inganno di Sinigaglia" (the magnificent deceit of Sinigaglia).

So the good knight Guidarello came to his end, and Ravenna wept bitterly over "the flower which had been plucked before its time" and lamented her warrior's untimely end. His body was brought home to his native city, and buried in the church of S. Francesco, a sanctuary for which he cherished especial devotion. By his will, he left a sum of six hundred ducats for the decoration of the chapel and altar of Archbishop Liberius, whose ashes rest in this ancient basilica. But these last wishes were never obeyed, and after the death of his widow, twenty years later, the Franciscan friars obtained the Pope's leave to divert to their own uses the money which he had bequeathed.

Meanwhile Guidarello's remains were laid in an early Christian sarcophagus, and by his wife's pious care the tomb was enriched with his armorial bearings and adorned with an effigy of the dead knight in armour. Some Ravennese writers have described this statue as the work of a local sculptor, but there seems no reason to dispute the old tradition which assigns it to the Venetian, Tullio Lombardi. Not only does the marble bear a close relation to this gifted sculptor's other works in Padua and Venice, but the tradition is confirmed by a contemporary chronicle—preserved in the library of S. Apollinare di Classe—where the writer expressly states that this admirable statue was the work of Pietro Lombardi's son. The artists of this family, to whom we owe the finest Renaissance sculpture in Venice, were often employed in Ravenna. Pietro himself executed the bas-reliefs on the columns in the Forum and the delicate ornament of the pillars which support the chapel of the crucifix in S. Francesco. His son Tullio, there can be little doubt, was the sculptor chosen by Benedetta to carve the effigy of her dead lord. Unfortunately his statue was not long allowed to remain in its place. After the death of Benedetta in 1520, this tomb, which may still be seen on the left of the door in S. Francesco, became the

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property of her kinsman, Bartolemmeo del Sale, who substituted his own armorial bearings for those of Guidarello on the sarcophagus and removed the warrior's effigy to the chapel without the walls, known as the Capella Braccioforte. The name of Braccioforte, however, does not, as we read in some modern guide-books, owe its derivation to Guidarello's strong arm, but to a miracle wrought in early Christian times, according to a legend recorded by Agnellus in the ninth century. Here Tullio Lombardi's statue remained for the next two hundred years with a Latin epitaph, commemorating the splendour of the hero's acts and the glory of his name, inscribed on the wall above. At length, some thirty or forty years ago, the statue was removed to the Accademia, where it still remains, the one supremely beautiful thing there.

Throughout the greater part of the fifteenth century the Christian traditions of mediæval ages still influenced the form of sepulchral monuments, and found expression in the statues of angels watching by the dead man's bier, and in the bas-reliefs of the Annunciation and the Resurrection that were carved on altar-tombs. But by the close of the century a change of style became evident, and the increasing realism of the age made itself felt in this branch of monumental art. To represent the dead as nearly as possible as they appeared in their last sleep, clad in the robes or armour in which they were carried to their burial, became the sculptor's aim, the object upon which his highest skill was lavished. Then Lodovico Sforza, in his grief and remorse at his wife's death, bade Il Gobbo carve the fair face and form of the young duchess wearing the rich brocades and jewels in which she had been borne to her last resting-place. Then Amadeo's skilful hand designed the marble effigy of the dead girl Medea, in the Colleoni Chapel at Bergamo, with the short locks curling over her innocent brow, and the string of pearls at her throat. Then, too, Agostino Busti represented the youthful victor of Ravenna, Gaston de Foix, lying on a mortuary couch in full armour, clasping his sword to his heart, as he died on the battlefield which he had won for France.

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The Head of the Effigy

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The same spirit moved the Venetian sculptor when he carved this figure of Guidarello in his last sleep. He may have been present when the warrior's corpse was brought home from Imola amid the lamentations of the people and the tears of Benedetta. This at least is the impression that we receive from his work. The good knight lies on a richly draped bier, clad in a complete suit of armour, with his helmet on his brow and the collar of knighthood on his neck. The coat of mail is adorned with lion heads, and his hands, in their steel gauntlets, are folded over the long sword which reaches down to his feet. Only the vizor of his helmet is raised, and the dead warrior's face is exposed to sight, as if it were but yesterday that the fatal blow had fallen and put an end to his life. The head has dropped a little on one side; the eyes are closed and the lips parted with an expression of momentary pain, as if the bitterness of death had not quite passed away. "I have never seen so marvellous a work of art!" exclaimed the historian of Florence, Gino Capponi, when he stood before this tomb at Ravenna. "The expression of the face gives the effect of a violent end with a truth and reality that are sublime beyond words. It is the very life of death."[1] And so much did the Florentine patriot admire Tullio's statue, that he kept a cast of Guidarello's head in his study to his dying day.

Capponi's words express what we all feel when we look on this masterpiece of Renaissance sculpture. Were it not for this effigy, Guidarello's name would be unknown to-day, and his great deeds would have been forgotten long ago. Even Sanuto's chronicles and the Venetian poet's elegies could hardly have saved the hero's fame from oblivion. But the love of Benedetta and the skill of Lombardi's chisel have combined to keep his memory green, and to make his name immortal.

Tout passe. L'art robuste
Seul a l'eternité. Le buste
Survit à la cite.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

[1] Marco Tabbarini, "Gino Capponi," p. 233.

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IN THE ASTRAL ARDEN

IT began at the Gaiety. It was Mr. Stead's sober and reasonable laudation of the dramatic work there presented which, inducing me to visit that theatre, caused the bodily presentment of the late Mr. Shakespeare to become evident to my mind. That and the mysterious circumstance of the same Mr. Stead's invisible lady-friend, Julia, whispering a revelation to me on the way home, have produced this prose.

This was the revelation Julia made: In the next existence —in the astral something—'tis not we who live, but the fiction puppets of the human brain. Hence the existence of—Julia!

I certainly was in Craven Street, breathing the ozone of the river Thames, when—I was not in Craven Street, but in—the astral otherwhither.

It was a large and lovely garden, full of light. The sun was shining, not intolerably, as it has done in England a few times, but naturally, in golden streaks, like stage moonlight, only more beautiful. Birds were singing. The call of the cuckoo, the pipe of the robin, the rich, full-throated songs of other birds, whose names I do not exactly remember, made a banquet of music like unto I know not what. There was a golden gateway on the O. P. side. At the right centre was a silver fountain with real water, which looked well, but would have been better filtered. Flowers grew plentifully in the grass: and there were trees. But I am tired of describing.

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Presently I heard high-pitched voices, and then, hurrying close behind the noise they were making, two entered. I knew them at once; the elder, who might have been forty, though perhaps he was but thirty, was dressed in sables. He was fat and scant of breath. Ungartered stockings hung untidily about his ankles. On his chin was a straw-coloured beard, which looked artificial: but he continually plucked at it without pulling it off. He was unpleasantly restless; evidently avoiding any possibility of studied posing. His mouth was full of smiles.

His companion was the most melancholy creature I have seen since I last saw a Tariff Reformer [or Free Trader, as the reader wills] heckled. His long plain face was an unhumorous caricature. A sword at his waist was perpetually getting between his knees. He wore a crown too large for him, and, oh, it was so heavy! "Uneasy lies the head, *etcetera*," was his perpetual plaint. He was an over-conscientious man. The wearing of the crown was a self-imposed punishment. He had stolen it from the bedside of his father.

"Come, Hal," said Hamlet jollily, "cheer up! Be your Gadshill self again!"

"Hamlet, I have my father much offended—and I do wish you would not call me Hal"—he burst out, petulantly. "I have forgotten Gadshill. Since then I've been King of England and made love in French. It isn't respectful of you."

"Respectful of me! Aren't I royal, too?"

"An alien immigrant!"

"Now look here, Harry, be reasonable! Remember—this isn't England. This is—well, *you* know!"

"Wherever I am is England. I am England. I made England. Have you forgotten the impassioned speeches I delivered in France—before Harfleur?"

"Not one whit, Henry, I remember them only too well. When you and John of Gaunt meet, it's nothing but a competition in rant and cant, pose and prose, until I feel my own dead self reviving, and yearn to express my newly re-born melancholy in soliloquy. But, soul prophetic! here comes

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that mountain of fustian—that too too solid flesh—Falstaff—I'm off! Mercutio and I are going to practise fencing. Mercutio talks of the 'immortal passado' and the 'punto reverso,' and everything else the copy-book teaches; but when it comes to the crossing of the foils, methinks this royal Dane knows a trick or two! I cannot stand fat Jack!"

Hamlet hurried away, adjusting the stocking of his right leg as he went. King Henry breathed an uncharitable sigh of sincere relief.

He turned to look very severely at the new arrivals. Who would not know them instantly? Falstaff, the prince of impudent and astute rascality, whose mere appearance roused kind ridicule and laughter, and Bardolph of the blazing nose.

"Ah, Hal, I've decided to forgive ye," said Sir John in the inimitable twang of the Elizabethan cockney, "though the way you treated me broke my heart and caused me to die—'off.' I wish the hot Douglas had killed me at Shrewsbury, I do!—I do! I might then have died with some fine phrase, such as 'The rest is silence,' on my lips, instead of going out like a ninny babbling incoherently of green fields from the Psalms! Well, I forgive ye!"

"Sir John! Graceless misleader of youth on earth, you retain your effrontery here! And you, *you* presume to instruct the youthful idea on the virtue and necessity of temperance!"

"I do, Hal, I do—and here," pointing to Bardolph, "is my horrid example. In the old life I loved sack—ah, the intolerable deal I drank of it: but here 'tis poundsworths of bread that I consume, to but one half-pennyworth of sack. Nay—not a half-pennyworth! Not one drop of the pestilent fluid now enters my mouth. I drink water from the purling streams and fountains, and this—Bardolph whom I dismissed from my service, I then thought for ever—this is my horrid example."

"Yes, *I* got the sack!" growled Bardolph, who forthwith burst into a *basso-profundo* bellow of laughter.

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The King glared at him, then glanced inquiringly at Falstaff.

"His own, original, only joke! A pun!" was explained.

"He *is* a horrid example," murmured Henry.

"The best in Arden. I wanted ancient Pistol to be his brother—they were always a pair. But I cannot get the phrase-maker away from the leek-beds; he eats leeks raw ravenously, while Hugh Evans and Fluellen sit beside and teach him the elements of Welsh."

"Pshaw!"

"Yes, and St. Bernard, too. The three of them have joined the Shaw Society, and are studying his plays because they think him the re-incarnation of our Master."

"To think we should have so many cranks!"

"Steady, Hal, steady! Remember, I'm a crank too against the liquor; and you're a crank for making windy speeches. By the by, you go quite against the rule here in repeating the characteristics of the earlier existence! There you made speeches, and then—the curtain fell. Here you orate—and there is no curtain!"

"Sir John! I have been enduring your impertinences to-day simply because I wished—as your King and master of manners—to draw your attention to what I consider a grave discrepancy in your good behavionr, and to ask you to mend it. In everything but one thing you are different from your earthly self. You are now a psalm-singer, a pragmatical superior person, an intolerant temperance lecturer; but—woman still makes a fool of you!"

"Hal, Hal!"

"Your Majesty! please! I've learnt that there is now on earth such a thing as *lèse majesté*. There shall be *lèse majesté* here! I am "Hal" no more to any one—not even to Katharine. But to leave better persons and return to fat you. On earth there were Mistresses Ford, Page, Quickly, and, faugh!—Tearsheet! Here those—even including the last—on the whole endurable dames are ignored, snubbed, cut dead; while

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you are perpetually running, puffing and panting, after Lady Macbeth!"

"She's a dream, Hal! A joyful vision! Ah, Hal, to hear her laugh——"

"I prefer not to. I avoid her, and that living advertisement of mountain dew, her bare-kneed husband—the insufferable prig!"

"He is a prig, Hal—your Majesty! And his passion for the fluid food of inebriation makes me more than ever wish to be a good example to his ladyship."

"A good example!—you!"

"A good example—I!—and she! You have no idea what a pattern that woman is! Soft-hearted, retiring, nervously scrupulous; her one fault want of ambition. All she seems to care to do is sit at home, write tracts for the social betterment of Nick Bottom, Flute, Quince and Company, talk nursery, and hear me rehearse my water-built oratory! But why do you frown, my liege? Why do you frown? Bardolph, lean against the gateway and rest your face. Why do you frown, Henry: my king and bully boy?"

"More in sorrow than in anger do I frown. Oh, Falstaff. Falstaff! If only you would give up admiring married ladies what a pattern—what a pink of copy-book perfection—you would truly be! I would call you friend once more."

"Would you, Hal, would you? My heart yearns for you, my lad of gold, my prince of choice companions. Would you, perhaps, take the chair at one of my meetings?"

"Aye, and speak! I believe politics would suit me. I can see myself addressing a meeting on Army Reform, telling in my own blank verse how English soldiers fought in the brave old days. Ah, we were wonderful! Without a War Office we won Agincourt. With a War Office what might we not have won! But while you are tangled with that Scots woman, Falstaff, there can be no favour shown you by Harry!"

"I cannot give her up, Hal! Her influence is so good. Her great heart and her little white hand——"

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"That's it! the hand. Do you not know why she is beyond the pale? Do you not see why well-mannered princesses cannot forgive her, nor receive her at their garden-parties and at-homes? What did she call the spot?"

"The spot? what spot? I know she was a Woman with something of a Past, and prefer to be on that subject as innocently ignorant as a Judge—don't you remember?—oh dear! —how Gascoyne when trying us asked what a 'lidy' was?"

"Don't bluff, Sir John. You know the spot—the speech —the adjective, I mean!"

"Not I, forsooth, good youth!"

"Not you, forsooth! Sir John, I blush for you. To think you can look Harry of England in the face, and pretend you do not know every word of the Master's writings. Baconian!"

"Hal, when necessary I blush naturally. The bloom on my cheeks in these superlative days is not like the colour in Bardolph's nose, immortal and immovable. When Mrs. Grundy calls for it I blush the fleeting flush of innocence and goodness. And now, in all the fulness of my ingenuousness, I look you, Harry of England, straight between the eyes, and assure you I have no idea whatsoever of the nature of the adjective in question. Was it—was it very bad?"

"Princes only whisper it. Were I—Harry the Fifth of England—to utter it aloud, the leaves of the trees about us would put on autumn tints and think it time to fall. No lady who is a lady ever says it. Ariel is said to have done so the other day when Timon in a fit of his tantrums tore her flying-machine—but Ariel is no lady. It was——" and tip-toeing he whispered a word in Falstaff's ear.

"Lady Macbeth said that?"

"She did."

"My heart is broken! Bardolph, if you have tears prepare to shed them now! Old Jack is touched in the spot—the place where he feels it most. My heart is pierced—as with a bare bodkin. Oh, woman, woman—what mummies you make of us men! Henceforth, nothing shall keep me from the Cause.

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John Falstaff tears from his remembrance the kisses and the sighs—*Amo* is torn from his heart's vocabulary—and raises anew the banner of water! Hal, forgive me; in the emotion of the moment I was nearly delivering to-night's oration. Bardolph, about-turn! We will go back to the 'Wilfrid Lawson!' My loving liege, farewell!"

Bardolph saluted, turned with comparatively military precision and marched through the gateway. The King, straightening his crown, and holding his sword so that he should not stumble over it, strode in the opposite direction. Falstaff alone remained, a troubled expression on his jolly countenance. He sighed, and with heavy hand beat himself on the chest—somewhere near where the heart of man should be.

"The adjective!" he murmured, "*the* adjective! Oh, dearest love!"

Just then there was a soft whistle from a bush behind him. It was not a bird's call, but emanated from human lips. No bird could whistle that way—for a melody came from the bush, a melody which was a popular quotation.

"Oh, Harriet, I am waiting!"

Falstaff's eyes flashed with new humour, the trouble in his face faded. "Now then, Ophelia, no jokes! Where are you?" he demanded.

The bush parted, and out crawled a maiden widely smiling, a huge bunch of wild flowers under her arm.

"I heard you, Jack, every word I heard. I was on a new botanical ramble—see the flowers? I'm gathering them as specimens for the course on Botany which starts to-night in Bedlam—when I found a lovely specimen of *ranunculus Polonii* behind that thicket. I crept for it. No sooner was I there than Hamlet—that enormity!—how glad I am I never married him!—ran in talking loudly with the prim egotistical speech-making King. I couldn't resist listening to them. Then you and Bardolph came—and I had to smother my laughter! It was hard work not to—ha, ha, ha! Excuse me! so Lady Macbeth used the adjective, did she? And moral

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Jack Falstaff is shocked, he is—and gives her up! Poor lone lady! 'Oh, dearest love.' No more will the good and slender Knight help her unravel wool, quote Mrs. Grundy, and be a shining example, a ponderous pattern, to her! Oh, Jack. 'Tis a good story to tell the next meeting of our Shakespeare Women's League!"

"No, Ophelia, you won't do that!"

"Won't? You wait!"

"Ophelia! You wouldn't be so cruel as treat your loving Jack Falstaff so!"

"But, Johnnie, it would appeal to them so strongly."

"No, little Ophelia, no! Be mum, be absolutely, positively mum—without any ambiguous giving-out; and—I'll marry you!"

"Marry me? Make me Lady Falstaff?"

"I will, Ophelia."

"And let Papa live with us!"

"Oh—but I will—if you won't tell. On second thoughts I think I rather enjoy listening to Polonius's moral maxims."

"Then seal the title with a loving kiss."

I felt a poke in the side. Is that Julia? I thought. It was not: it wore a helmet. But in the moment of waking—as I returned from the astral state to the Thames Embankment—I realised this further revelation: It is Julia who writes Mr. Stead's dramatic criticisms! That is why they are so unprejudiced.

C. E. Lawrence.

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IMPERIAL CONSOLIDATION BY TELEGRAPHY

IF it has accomplished nothing else so far, the fiscal controversy has at any rate set thinking from an Imperial standpoint a large proportion of our people throughout the Empire.[1] But individual thinking, without interchange of thought, will avail nothing; and interchange of thought effected through the mail is of but little use—it is altogether too slow in these days of rapid movement and rapid action.

The suggested Imperial Intelligence Department should do much towards furthering this highly desirable tendency, but its scope is at present strictly limited for want of the proper machinery for carrying out a really useful programme. It may be doubted, indeed, whether Imperial Unity will advance any further until the entire Empire is brought into closer communication by means of the Press as well as individually—until, indeed, we know and understand each other. In the present day, constant misrepresentations take place in one corner of the Empire or another, owing to a lack of systematic, accurate and full telegraphic, reports (condensed afterwards where desirable) of important speeches made in

[1] The term, "Little Englander," although of earlier origin, came first into common use, I believe, in connection with the South African War controversy. Surely it is equally applicable to all those who approach our present subject merely from a United Kingdom aspect. I do not suppose that any real statesman does, whichever side he ultimately takes.

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other portions of the Empire. Friendly advances are frequently brought to a standstill owing to misunderstandings due to an indirect, and, at the best, a costly cable service. It is, therefore, on political, as well as on strategic grounds, of the utmost importance, at the present moment, that all the outlying portions of the Empire should be brought into direct telegraphic communication free from the prospects of interruption or "eaves-dropping" by outsiders.

Our initial effort in this direction has not, of course, achieved this end; and even so far as its scope allowed, the present state of things in connection with our Pacific cable can scarcely be termed satisfactory. The cable itself, from Vancouver to Australasia, is certainly "All-British," being, indeed, under joint control of the Home and Colonial Governments concerned; but the connecting links on this side are by means of submarine cables and land-wires, open to interruption or confiscation in the event of war, and the terminal rates in Australia are out of all proportion to what they should be. The present writer drew attention to these facts in the course of an address to the London Chamber of Commerce as far back as December 1902, as well as in the *Quarterly Review* of the following April, and again, in evidence before the Cable Communications Committee in the same year.

It has, however, always been urged in the above communications that the "All-British" Pacific line was only justified (*a*) as a political and strategic necessity, and (*b*) because the cable companies would not undertake it themselves. Thus, whilst strongly advocating this route being rendered strictly and invulnerably "All-British" the whole way from the home country to Australasia, and whilst also advocating all necessary extensions, such as will produce a complete connecting link betwixt the various important units of the Empire, the present writer considers that the entire system should be solely regarded as a political-*cum*-strategic requirement, whilst always viewing with disfavour any proposal which would involve absorption by the State of the existing English cable properties. Such

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a measure, indeed, would almost certainly prove to be a false step politically. The cable companies—the nature of whose business is essentially different to that of our Inland Telegraphs—have to act somewhat in the position of diplomats in regard to their cables landing on foreign territory; and if once our Government took over all the cables belonging to English companies, a deadlock would be likely to ensue in regard to further English cable-developments with foreign countries. Let us remember, too, that the principle involved would be the same as that of municipal trading. Submarine telegraphy is still a somewhat speculative business, involving risks (quite foreign to inland telegraphy) such as the State should avoid undertaking at the expense of the British taxpayer, quite as much as certain municipal corporations should avoid the doubtful commercial enterprises which they are anxious to carry out at the expense of the ratepayer. But there is another objection to such a step—viz., that the cable companies know their business better than any government could for some time. The Pacific Cable has been administered on entirely different lines to those adopted by the companies. This disregard for precedent can scarcely be said to have justified itself, so far, from an economic standpoint, or in any other way.[1]

Turning to the advantages that might accrue from competition, or expropriation of the cable companies' business by the State, it may be quite true that no such return would be looked for as that which is expected by shareholders in the form of more or less large dividends; and either step would permit of, or effect, substantial reduction in the rates. It should always be remembered, however, that the shareholders in the cable companies—in bearing the heat and burden of the day, so to speak—risked their capital at a time when

[1] The administrators themselves started with a previous experience such as was peculiarly foreign to the business of submarine telegraphy—as foreign, indeed, as the difference between the business of steam laundries and the latter. Why this was so is, perhaps, best known to those who made the preliminary arrangements.

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submarine telegraphy was a distinctly hazardous business. The protection of vested interests should, indeed, always be an accepted principle in this country, for England's pre-eminent greatness—what is left of it—is largely due to private enterprise. If that were ever to receive a really serious check, it would, assuredly, be an evil day for this country. We have, unfortunately, no *bushido* here to fall back upon, being a highly individualistic people both by temperament and by tradition. Most of us agree in considering the rates to certain places higher than they now should be; but that does not, in the writer's opinion, justify Government competition at the expense of the British taxpayer even as much as it might justify State Railways. The Government of the time, when granting subsidies, or landing rights, should have made stipulations for a reduction of rates on a sliding scale; but, because they failed to do so, affords no sufficient reason for enforcing such abatements by means of competition on State-trading principles. The writer is, indeed, all in favour of healthy and justifiable competition between different representatives of private enterprise on equal terms, but entirely opposed to the State undertaking work which has formed a suitable subject for private enterprise from the very start.

But while contending that it would be unwise—as well as unfair—for the Government to step in as general traders in the matter of submarine telegraphy, it is greatly hoped that the cable companies will see their way to lowering their tariffs, and that no agreements will be entered into by the State in future without such being provided for on a sliding scale. The writer ventures to think that, in many instances, the reduction of rates would, in the long run, be found advantageous to the cable companies as well as to their customers, the general public. Is it not possible—will not the cable companies endeavour—to establish such a tariff as will popularise the use of the cable, and thus draw more attention to its Imperial importance? An Inter-Imperial understanding and closer contact with our Colonial cousins

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will be difficult to attain officially unless backed up by personal interest. In the present circumstances, no one ever dreams of communicating to another across the high seas on a purely private matter, unless it be of the greatest urgency. On the other hand—for the purposes of Imperial consolidation and colonisation—we ought to achieve that state of things by which one member of a family in England can communicate with another in an outlying portion of the Empire as readily as could be effected if they were both in the Mother Country. The main objection to a reduction of rates on the part of the cable companies is—I believe admittedly—that it involves the laying of more cables to meet the increase of traffic that would thereby ensue. But surely that objection can be overcome, even though implying temporary expenditure, where both large reserve funds are at hand and big dividends paid. Moreover, is there not such a thing as meeting a demand a little in advance—sometimes even creating it by means of supply—in order to forestall competition?

To return to the main purpose of this article, though unfavourable to the State taking over the existing cable service as a commercial business, the writer considers there are overwhelming arguments in favour of a single trunk-system of cables all connecting up the more important points of the British Empire under direct control (by ownership) of the State. The All-British Pacific Cable was but the first step in this project for girdling the entire Empire. Amongst several others associated with Submarine Telegraphy, the present writer had the opportunity of giving evidence, and reporting in favour of such a project; but all honour is due to Sir Sandford Fleming, K.C.M.G., the veteran railway engineer and statesman, for unremittingly—even at the age of 78—urging the desirability of active steps being taken in this direction. A cable system of this character—owned or controlled by the State—would, *inter alia*, be free from all possible objections on the score of foreign shareholders.

But in the writer's opinion—for the reasons already stated

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—this All-Red line should be reserved for Government service and news purposes, including, of course, its special mission for the navy. In other words, such a service should not be contemplated as a commercial concern to compete with, or absorb, vested interests.

A cable system of this character should be regarded as a political and strategic necessity of the age, in the same way that we regard our navy—or, indeed, our army, or any of the necessary services and expenses of the nation for which "safeguard" is our only return in times of peace, but which we could not do without as a provision for war and, therefore, also as a provision for peace. Let us not forget, too, that whereas one first-class battleship eats into about a million sterling, all told, an Atlantic cable only costs about half a million; and in certain circumstances, if the battleship cannot be called to the point required for want of telegraphic facilities, the million spent on her might as well be at the bottom of the sea.

If Imperial consolidation is to get beyond the talking stage, further alternative means of communication, on different routes, between important Imperial centres will become every day more and more essential to meet the contingency of war, as well as for the purpose of identifying the British and Colonial communities. As the result of the London Traffic Commission's report, we are at present contemplating the question of establishing certain avenues through the heart of London, and it is estimated that two of these highly desirable avenues—with their accompanying subways, railways and tramways—would involve some twenty-four millions sterling. The result would certainly be pleasant—from the point of view of personal comfort—for we should thus secure more elbow-room in the greatest city of the Empire—aye of the world; but surely the Imperial mind should recognise that these costly avenues (with a total length of nine miles) must not interfere with the prospects of completing our Imperial telegraphic chain running into several thousand miles at a tithe of the above cost.

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To effectively "girdle the Empire" under this scheme would be of immense advantage to the cause of a truly national and imperial policy—partly through the establishment of a sure service of rapid and secret communication between the various governments concerned, but also through that of a systematic and more or less continuous service of news, freely transmitted under proper restrictions, to every newspaper published in any portion of the British Empire.

It will be apparent that, even thus, the cable companies will suffer by being deprived of the Government and Press work; but, no doubt, means would be found of compensating them for that drawback. This is a case of "Where there's a will, there's a way."

It is to be hoped that this project will develop a little faster than some government movements. The report of the recent Pacific-Cable Conference was issued with quite unusual promptitude; so perhaps that may augur well. We have, on the other hand, a good recent example of the time it takes for Government to come to an active decision in such matters, in the negotiations for a proposed German cable to land on the shores of Queensland; for it appears that the subject was first brought up *five years ago*, and only within the last few weeks has the Australian Commonwealth refused, for Imperial reasons, to allow the landing of the cable on their territory—and then only acting on the strength of a strong message from the Colonial Office!

Close details have been studiously avoided in this article, but it is thought that the views expressed may be of some interest in connection wtih the forthcoming Colonial Conference.

CHARLES BRIGHT.

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BY AN IRISH STREAM

ONE of the driest seasons on record was the one now gone and unregretted by the angler in Ireland. We had cast our lines and lures on various waters with results of the lowest average in our own experience. Late in the autumn a change came in the weather which gave promise of better things, and we started for a pleasant angling resort known to us for years, not many miles from the Atlantic seaboard. Here the fish run fresh and strong, and when a "take" is on that "take" is good. The morning after our arrival Dan intruded on our meditations over a fly-book and first pipe with, "It rained in the night, sir, and there's a bit of a breeze from the south." The news of the death of your worst enemy, a sudden rise in your latest investment, even a letter announcing acceptance of your first article, hardly give the same keen delight as the news of a spate in the river and a ripple in your favourite salmon pool. Hope in the heart, the smell of the heath's bloom in the air, and the fresh morning breeze on the cheek, make life worth living to the angler, that is if the angler is allowed an opinion on the immortal problem.

A walk of half a mile led to the river; the path lay over a rugged descent of the spurs of low hills forming the southern rampart to the valley through which the river wound its tortuous way to the lake and thence to the sea. Mountain masses bounded the valley on all sides, their heather-clad slopes now steeped in purple and their jagged ridge tops of granite and quartz glistening in the morning sun. Thick woods covered the strath to the east which provide good sport

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in winter, when angling gives place to shooting in this old-world quarter until the early spring run of fish calls forth the rod and line again.

The Huntsman's Pool looked well: the river, somewhat flooded after the rain, came foaming down at the head, tearing over the dark masses of rock that lay strewn in volcanic confusion over the sharply inclined bed of the rapid stretch. Legend tells of a mighty red deer, monarch of its herd, that, hunted by an ancient Irish chief and his hounds, jumped the river at this spot, thirty yards wide at the least! He escaped, as he deserved to do, and a bedded rock in the river bank with the print of his hoofs attest the truth of the legend, while the name "huntsman's pool" speaks to the fate of his pursuer in attempting the flying leap of the great antlered stag.

Dan is critical of the city-dressed fly. He would not be a true gillie if he wasn't. There was too little or too much stuff in the body, more yellow and less grey in the wing, too much claret and not enough blue, too short a tippet and not enough silver, or he preferred the Shannon type of hook. Familiar with all this we listened with the patience begotten from experience to the caustic comments on the fly-dressers' art of our valued Dan. "We'll try the lemon-grey," he remarked at last, "the water ought to suit it." The beneficence of Providence in suiting the water to the fly and not the fly to the water was not lost upon us, as we cast according to Dan's injunction "under the holly-bush and beside the black rock," the latter now covered by the river. A dozen yards below a roll in the water betrayed the presence of a salmon. "That's a takin' fish by the show of his back," said Dan, "another cast under his nose now and you ought to be into him. I saw two passin' under the bridge this morning before breakfast when they lay for a while in the shadow, and if there's any luck in creation, sir, ye ought to get the two." A run of the line, a plunge, a jump in the air, and whirr went the reel, sweeter music to the ear than the strain of an Eolian harp, or the melody of "the song the sirens sang," to adapt

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an illustration of Lamb's. Fifty yards of line out as the fish went in a splendid run up stream. "Mind the tree, sir, and give him the butt," cried Dan, as the fish made, as if knowing our danger, towards the head of the pool over which a fallen tree had made a treacherous trap for tangling a line. The necessary pressure and a slight roll in of the line, and the captive turned, with a clean jump in wild anger, and then ran across the river to escape, if possible, from the strain and choking sensation of his jaws. A sudden double towards our own bank and a cry from Dan, "Back, sir, and reel up for the devil's own," and the slacking of the line was quickly saved. "Take him aisy now, sir," said Dan, "the spunk is out of him." But the "spunk" was by no means out of him. and it took some fifteen or twenty minutes more before Dan, superintended by a new arrival on the scene, gaffed the captured fish. "Nineteen pounds and a half," he said, as he scaled the salmon; "I thought he'd do the twenty when I saw him taking his mornin' doze under the bridge," he continued, with an air of oracular disappointment. "The exercise he took in the last half-hour," said Thady Byrne, the newcomer, "knocked the other half-pound out of him, Dan. Yer just as right as if ye had put the scale under him then," he continued, "and it does credit to yer incriminative judgment, Dan, and I wouldn't like to be sellin' oats or hay to ye by bulk and you to be judge and jury of the weight, without a friend to add a few pounds to whatever ye'd make it, by way of being on the safe side of the bargain with ye, Dan." Too much occupied the latter made no reply, but with line adjusted he produced his pipe and said, "We'll give the pool a rest now, sir, and if there's any compensation for labour and trouble in this world it is in tobacco." A gentle hint not lost on us, for Dan knew of odd pieces of plug we carried for the purpose of easing the wheels of intercourse and smoothing the ruffles and disappointments incidental to those who have to deal with weather, water and fish, all three of which are more erratic than perfect, and, from the gillie's point of view, the angling visitor is too often the same.

"Thady is a great believer in the fairies, sir," said Dan,

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and, turning to him, asked, "Have you seen anything lately, Thady?" "Nothing worse than yourself," retorted Thady, "and sure God knows you're ugly and bad enough to frighten the devil himself if he had the good luck to meet you on a dark night. Sure his honour believes in the fairies, and knows more about them (and the saints come betune him and them in harm!) than any man or woman in the seven parishes. Didn't he send me a grand book about them, and a bottle too to cure the rheumatics I got last winter was a twelvemonth, when I was led the devil's own dance by the fairy piper round Knocksheenbhin until cockcrow one night as I was comin' home from the fair of Cultra. I have the twisted jint since, sir, and may I never dance another step but the queen of the fairies and myself waltzed the sod to the tune of Tatther Jack Walsh in a style that would shake the stones out of a church steeple." "Did you ever meet them nearer home, Thady?" I asked. "No, yer honour, but me uncle did, who lived in the little house beyant I own now under Lisgaunmore." The rath in question was a fine example of the many thousands which dot the hills and plains of Ireland. It had a double rampart and deep fosse, the ramparts magnificently clad with high furze bushes, which are a shower of golden glory when in full bloom. "Tell me how that was, Thady;" and we lit fresh pipes and gave the salmon, which we fully believed lay in the pool, a further spell of rest. "Well, yer honour," began Thady, "me uncle was a grate hand at settin' bones, doctorin' horses, and had wonderful cures for cuts and the bites of mad dogs, which were handed down in the family for generations. One night, as he was asleep in bed, a thunderin' knock came to the dure, and a voice said, 'Get up, Owen Rhu Byrne, you're wanted.' Me uncle was a foxy little man with a hooked nose, and it was only his own relatives that called him 'rhu.' 'There's somethin' the matter, Biddy,' he said, as he dressed himsel' and got ready. When he wint to the dure there was a splindid carridge and a pair o' horses as black as Culdheen bog of a winter's night. They tied a hankercher over his eyes, and he got into the carridge, which druv at a tarin'

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rate, and afther a long time they came gallopin' up a hill. Me uncle was a brave man, but, not knowin' where he was, he crossed himsel' and said a bit o' a prayer to the Virgin and St. Joseph, and the carridge druv into a grate passage, and he stepped out into a grand hall. They took off the hankercher from his eyes, and he saw the place all lit up, and hundhreds of quare little people dressed in green and goold and little red caps, walkin' up and down, and he knew sum o' thim who had died as childhren years before. He thin knew he was among the 'good people,' and he was brought into a grand room full of goold and silver things, and at last they tuk him to a bed where the king lay with a broken shin-bone, which he got in a hurlin' match, as me uncle knew by the look ov it. He set the bone, dressed and bandidged the leg without a word. and was handed a heavy purse for his throuble. All kinds o' mate and dhrink were offered him in the next room, but Owen Rhu knew too much to tuch thim. As he came out they blinded him again, but the tail of one eye was uncovered, and he saw that he was outside his own 'forth' by the little thorn bush that grew in the middle. As he got back to his own dure afther a terrible hard dhrive, the little coachman said to him, 'Tell no one where ye have been or what ye have seen, or it will be the worse for ye.' Well, next mornin' his wife was at him to tell her where he was the night before, he was so silent in himself. Me uncle tried to put her off, but what won't the persuadin' tung of a woman do? So Owen up and tould her all about it. 'Get me the purse down, dear,' says she, 'and let us count the money.' He took the purse out o' the thatch, and all at onst he said, 'Begorra, it's very light this mornin', Biddy, but it was heavy enough last night;' and when he emptied it out on the table the sorra thing was in it but dandelions and daisies. 'Oh, ye blessed Omadhaun, ye missed yer futin,' says she; 'why did ye tell me?' just like the aggravatin', tormentin', bully hectorin' way some of them have. 'Well,' says Owen, who was an aisy goin' man, trying to make the best ov it, 'there's no use cryin' over spilt milk,' and out he wint to get clear of the wind ov Biddy's tung, which wint

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like the clapper ov a mill whenever her timper was up. Owen looked up at the 'forth,' and saw the thorn-bush thrown down by a storm that blew in the early mornin'. 'A bad sign,' says he, and sure enough throuble soon followed. A cow died in calf; the mare slipped a foal; the pigs got the measles; and, what with bad crops, by the heel ov the season Owen was nearly beggared. He sould out what he had, and he and Biddy went to America. He settled in New York in the public house way, and there he became a friend ov Boss Croker, a grate man out there, sir, if ye have ever heard tell ov him. Me uncle has done well, and he sends me a few dollars now and then. 'There's bad luck in the forths,' said he in a letther to me not long ago. 'Never stick a spade in Lisgaunmore, Thady, for ye'll have pins and needles in every bit of yer body,' says he, 'and yer jints will be as stiff as a gate post if ye ever stir a sod of it.' But the palace is inside ov it," said Thady convincingly, "if any man has the courage to try."

"Now for the pool," said Dan, "and we'll try the claret and blue, as the light is strong." The breeze ruffled the surface of the river, playing the fly as no manipulation of the rod and line can do. Casting again to Dan's instruction. we beat the pool through its whole length without success. Coming to the head of it again and beneath the rapid a fish rose; and then a rush, a lightning flash of silver in the air, and the line swept from the reel with a speed and pressure that tested the tackle to the utmost, and then a downward pull showed a sulking fish. Reeling in to play him with what we believe in —a short line—we gave him the "butt" with Dan's approving nod, and another ascending rush was the result. "Head him from the rock," cried Thady, "and may the curse of Crummle be on him if he gits ye behind it." Too late, he had rounded the rock, and the strain on the line was felt against its jagged edge. There was no dislodging him from our side of the river, and a short time of the struggle of the strong fish would inevitably sever the tackle. "Wade, sir," said Dan, "and I'll give you a hand." Playing out the line with care, we approached

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the head of the pool, avoiding the branches of the fallen tree, and took to the ford. Well over ankles and soon well over knees, assisted by Dan, we safely accomplished the somewhat difficult passage, and soon eased the line from the edges of the sunken rock. The rest had given the fish a good breathing space, and another magnificent rush brought him to the bottom of the pool. Another sulk; the same tactics were repeated, and he soon showed signs of yielding to the treatment of rod and line. To Thady, who followed, Dan willingly gave the gaff, and he deftly used the instrument, and the fish soon lay on the grassy bank. "Twenty-one pounds as I'm a livin' sinner," cried Thady; "and Holy St. Pether, who was a fisherman himself I'm tould, couldn't have played him betther."

Several good white trout rewarded our efforts in the upper stretch of the river, and as we strolled homeward in the evening, I asked Dan had he any objection to explore the rath next morning. "None whatever," said he, "and I don't mind sharin' in the bad luck." I was wakened by him at dawn, and, armed with a small crowbar and spade, we walked to Lisgaunmore. A white mist lay on the river and the grass was covered with dew, glittering like pearls in the early morning light. A few trials with the crowbar near the centre of the rath and we struck a flagstone; skinning the sod, we reached it at a depth of a couple of feet and soon had it lifted, revealing a low passage, Lighting a candle we entered, and found the usual set of chambers connected by low narrow passages, built of microlithic field-stones and roofed with large flags. A small hole in the rampart where the end chamber had fallen in admitted fresh air. The whole was of the usual type of souterrain with which we were familiar, and such only were the palace of the fairies and the underground passages extending for miles to some other rath or castle, with which the Irish peasant throughout the length and breadth of the land associates the myths and legends of bygone days.

"Lemon Grey."

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THE HISTORY OF CRETAN DISCONTENT

PREOCCUPIED as she is with the fortunes of her largest unit, Europe has little attention to spare her smallest; but one of these is making frantic efforts to arrest her distracted ear. The rebellious plaint of Crete is one which she has heard so often for the space of three generations that it irritates and wearies her, and, grown to a certain degree callous, she treats it, like the idle gods, as a tale of little meaning. None the less it is an "ancient tale of wrong," which does not become any less well founded as it becomes more ancient; and it has a serious meaning not always understood for lack of acquaintance with the historical background of it.

It is disappointing, to say the very least, to hear in the summer of 1905 that the British troops, which were sent to Crete in 1897 to inaugurate a new era, and remained after 1898 with the enthusiastic approval of the newly liberated islanders to support their first steps in national life, are being employed in repressing something very like a general insurrection. They have had to be reinforced; there have been conflicts; and our men have been hit by Cretan bullets. All of which untoward facts are put down by most people to the account of Cretan original sin. As is proverbially said in the Levant, ἡ Κρήτη κρητίζει, Crete is behaving after her kind. Five years is her normal interval between revolutions. The islanders, it is said, have been from all time false and graceless. There is no contenting them. They have

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been granted all, and more than all, they deserve by the beneficence of the Powers, but it is useless to expect them to say thank you and behave nicely for kindness. Now they need, and are to get, a taste of the rod.

What the Cretans have or have not deserved would be a contentious question, whereon we are not going to enter. What they want is open to no doubt. But the fact that what they want now they have always wanted, and never, in spite of much encouragement, received, is less well understood, and perhaps, if better understood, would modify the general attitude towards their plaint. This is not to say that it would lead to the granting of their request. Ministers of Foreign Affairs and Chanceries must weigh the diplomatic difficulties, insuperable or not, which are raised by their request, and decide the question how far the fate of Crete can be separated from that of the Ottoman Empire as a whole without making international trouble of far more importance than the discontent of one Mediterranean island. Merely observing that the word "impossible," so common on diplomatic lips, is not really found in the diplomatic dictionary any more than in the Napoleonic, we will address ourselves to the task of showing that, from the Cretan side, the present plaint proceeds neither from ingratitude nor unreason. It was inevitable that it should be raised anew after 1898, and inevitable that it should lead to trouble by 1905. The Powers have done much for Crete; but they have always done so much less than they ought, and might reasonably have been expected, to have done, that they cannot be surprised if, human nature in the mass being what it is, they receive less gratitude from the islanders for those things they have done than objurgation for the things they have left undone. They have been concerned in the fate of Crete for the last eighty years. The island's tale of wrong is, indeed, more ancient than that; but up to the opening of the nineteenth century its grievance was solely against its actual invaders. The Concert of Europe did not come into the matter before the war of Greek Independence.

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When the Christian population of the Morea rose against the Turks in 1821, the Cretan Christians, being three-fourths of the inhabitants of the island, rose with them. They had precisely the same reasons for rising; they began and carried out their revolt in precisely the same way, in the same spirit, and with the same general idea; they identified their cause completely with that of the mainland, acted in concert with the insurgents of the Morea and Archipelago, and proposed, if successful, to maintain for ever the same community with them, which they had already proclaimed. They quickly made their pretension at least as good as did the Peloponnesians. By the end of the year no Moslems remained in any part of the interior; the fortified coast towns were alone holding out, like Patras and Nauplia in the Morea; and the Christians had established an independent provisional government, which was supreme over nine-tenths of the island. Nor did they, from the beginning to the end of the War of Greek Independence, make a general submission. The Sultan, unable after two years to recover any of his lost ground, called in his Viceroy of Egypt, promising him the Candiote pashalik *de jure* if by his own efforts he could get possession of it *de facto*. In this Mahmud II. anticipated by just two years the arrangement of despair which he would make with the same Viceroy about the Morea. The history of the Egyptian effort in Crete also anticipated very exactly the history of the Egyptian effort on the mainland. Mehemet Ali's troops overran the island again and again, but it always rose behind them. The insurgent government never abjured its functions, and when Codrington persuaded and Maison forced the Egyptians to leave the Morea in 1828, the interior of Crete was still in full rebellion, and the Viceroy, failing in the following January to revictual the towns, in face of the Greek fleet, offered to return his unacquired acquisition to his suzerain. In 1829, when the Powers, who had long ago recognised the insurgent Greeks as belligerents, occupied themselves with the consummation of Greek hopes, the Cretan Christians were successful belligerents

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on precisely the same footing as the Moreotes and with precisely the same object in view. They were one in the tradition of eight years and the hope of all time to come with that new Hellenic nation, whose actual and future existence had been explicitly recognised by the concert of the Greater Powers—Russia, France and Great Britain.

Naturally they expected that in the final settlement there would be but one Hellas containing themselves. The demand made to Europe by the Greek Assembly, over which Capodistria was lately come to preside, included Crete, with the same assurance as the Morea. There were admitted doubts about the northern limit of the free state to be, but none about the southern. Nevertheless, to the surprise of almost every one and the consternation of all Greece, the Protecting Powers barred Crete from the first as they also barred Samos, and resolutely refused to listen to the outcry which was raised on all sides. So loud was that outcry that it affected all the future fortunes of Greece by depriving it of the leadership of the future King of the Belgians. Leopold of Saxe-Coburg was so strongly impressed by the injustice of the exclusion of Crete from the principate offered to him by the Powers, and so convinced that this injustice would sow a seed of bitter trouble, that, in replying to Lord Aberdeen, he made the redressing of the wrong a condition of his acceptance. For which act of presumption, as the British Minister affected to regard it, the prince remained unrepentant enough to insist in a second letter that Greece could not be satisfactorily pacified if Crete were not set free. By strong pressure Leopold was induced presently to give way so far as to stipulate only for the "amelioration" of the lot of the two islands, but he returned finally to his first thoughts, after learning through Capodistria the real state of public opinion in Greece; and, deaf to Lord Aberdeen's protest that he had accepted the Greek throne without Crete, definitely refused it in May 1830, because the Powers were still obdurate on the disputed point. His refusal cost Greece two more years of

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internal disturbance, the life of Capodistria, who alone could have guided a young king, and the selection by the Powers of the weak and foolish son of the King of Bavaria to occupy the throne.

Why the Powers, or rather two out of the three "Protectors," with the strong approval of Austria, guided by Metternich, were obdurate on the subject of Crete is well known. The island was sacrificed simply and solely to the Russophobes in the British Cabinet. Ever since Wellington had "gone back on" Navarino, declaring Codrington's victory an "untoward event" and an outrage on our "ancient ally," British policy had been guided by the Austrian Chancellor's fear of Russia, or rather of the reigning Czar. Then and there, our "money was put on the wrong horse" as a Tory Prime Minister would one day confess; and when compelled by the inexorable logic of facts to end the long anarchy of the Levant by creating an autonomous Greek state, the action of the British Cabinet was influenced entirely by two principles. First, the Ottoman Empire must not be diminished by a foot of land that could be saved to it; second, if a new Christian state, Orthodox and therefore presumably of Russian sympathies, must come into being on the flank of Turkey, it should not be increased by a foot of land that could be denied to it. The attitude which Lord Aberdeen took up towards Greece was equally ungenerous and unforeseeing. Believing that a kingdom which included Crete and Samos would threaten danger to Europe, he tried to pare it down to the straitest limits consistent with present peace in the Levant. It is an ignominious story of diplomatic pettifogging. The Russophobes were forced from one point to another. First, they had to give up all idea of an indemnity for the beaten Turk; secondly, the original limitation of the new state to the Morea and the coastal islands was stretched, by the bold action of Church in Central Greece, first to the line from Lamia to the mouth of the Aspro, and finally to that from Arta to Volo; thirdly, and with great difficulty, the provision as to Ottoman suzeranity was with-

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drawn. After two years of bartering the Greeks, deprived of Capodistria, were fain to take what they could get, and, alas! threw up the game without stipulating on behalf of their brothers-in-arms of Crete and Samos for more than "political amelioration." So in defiance of all international justice and contrary to obvious political expediency Samos and Crete were left outside the pale.

As soon as the Hellenic kingdom was an established fact a sensible "amelioration" was offered to Samos, and accepted after protest. Samos was then, except for a few officials, almost as purely Greek an island as now. It was, moreover, comparatively small, and closely hemmed in by coast and islands which remained in Ottoman power. There was little risk in granting it a large enough measure of autonomy to satisfy a population not very vigorous or warlike, which had been softened, like the Chiotes, by the privileges the island had long enjoyed as a private fief of the house of Othman. The case of Crete was less easy. There was still a considerable Moslem population in the island, holding the chief towns, and that population, despite its religion, was of Greek origin and speech, and rooted to the soil. The chief difficulty, in fact, which has always complicated any attempt to introduce autonomy into Crete, confronted the Powers in 1832. Moreover there was Mehemet Ali of Cairo to be considered as well as his suzerain in Constantinople; for Crete had once more been offered to the former and partially reoccupied by him in 1830. Lastly, the size of the island and its important geographical position in the Eastern Mediterranean made the Powers unwilling to grant it so complete and final an autonomy as Samos. The result was that nothing was offered to the Cretans after their ten years' struggle but a few minor privileges under an inadequate guarantee—so inadequate that in practice they can hardly be said to have ameliorated the lot of the islanders at all. At best they amounted to little more than an amnesty and a return to the *status quo ante bellum*. The Cretans can hardly be said

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to have accepted them, but they acquiesced in them as a condition of continued existence, and never ceased to urge their claim to share in the full freedom of the Hellenic kingdom. Within ten years a part of the population was in arms again, and this time the insurgents refused a further measure of autonomy for fear it might delay indefinitely the realisation of their true desire. They preferred to lay down their arms in 1841 and remain as before.

Those arms rusted for a quarter of a century. Encouraged by the vague promises and assurances of the consuls, the Cretan Christians waited and hoped. They saw at Sebastopol France and Great Britain extinguish their last hope of help from the Czar; and having already watched the failure of an insurrection in Northern Greece, they received with an indifference, which from their point of view was deserved, Abdul Mejid's *firman* of 1856 in favour of his *rayahs* and the famous *Hatti Humayûn*. Fnally, they heard that the Seven Islands, which had taken no part in the War of Independence, sacrificed nothing and suffered nothing, had been united to the Hellenic kingdom at their own request, in order to increase the popularity of the new king chosen by the Powers. Then they rose, and began, in 1866, the greatest of all Cretan insurrections. In the course of that three years' war the islanders showed a determination, a devotion and an indifference to suffering and terrorism which redeem many sordid episodes of their modern history; and not only those qualities, but also an ability in guerilla fighting which at one time brought the Turks so low that the Porte, by the mouth of Ali Pasha, the Grand Vizier, offered Samian autonomy to the island if it would abjure its demand for union with Greece. It should not be forgotten now that the Cretans deliberately refused that offer, and declared that, as in 1821, they had risen for Union not for Home Rule. Doubtless they had good reason to suspect the Turk's good faith, knowing well what the devil will promise when sick. But, whether or no, the fact remains that they flatly refused then the concession for which Europe thinks they ought to be humbly grateful now.

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The huge armies which the Powers allowed Ali Pasha to throw into Crete, wore down its resistance by 1869, and, to quiet public outcry in Europe, a measure of much modified autonomy was presently promulgated; but, once again, for want of other guarantee than the diplomatic assurances of the Porte, it resulted in no beneficent change. Thereafter, up to their final rising *en masse* in 1897, the islanders never ceased to agitate and disturb the peace. Theirs was always the old cry, Union and nothing less than Union. Discouraged by the Congress of Constantinople, they rose sporadically during the Russo-Turkish War in the hope of being regarded as belligerents at its close: but the Congress of Berlin once more offered them certain domestic privileges only. This time, and for the first time, the Cretans formally accepted the offer without further protest, and expressed their gratitude, the fact being that, in common with the rest of the world, they believed the Sick Man to be nearing his last agony. Like the rest of the world, they had yet to appreciate the vitality of Turkey and the ability and determination of its new ruler. They soon realised their mistake, and, after 1883, repeatedly formulated the old demand for Union; but the mistake was to bear fruit later on. It supplied the representatives of our Foreign Office with one-half their justification when they declared in both Houses that the claim for Union and nothing less made by the leaders of the final revolution was a new demand, inconsistent with formal engagements entered into between the Powers and the Cretans themselves.

This brings us to the last stage—those events in Cretan history which the short memory of the general public alone recalls. The other half of the justification for the statements made by Lord Salisbury and Mr. Curzon in 1897 was supplied by the prelude of the final rising. The agitators and insurgents of 1895 and the following year accepted the internal privileges offered by the Porte and the Powers in what was known as the Pact of Halepa, without any express reservation in favour of union. We know now that their object in signing the Pact at all

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was solely to gain time, the better to complete their organisation and to make that arrangement with Greece which would be carried out by Vassos' invasion in the beginning of the following year. The general insurrection of 1897 swept the Pact into oblivion, together with all that led up to and conditioned it. But on what happened when that insurrection had closed in liberation, and the Cretans knew that the Ottoman power had departed never to return, it is necessary to say a few words; for the fact that the Cretan Christians, in their hour of triumph, accepted Home Rule of the Samian type, accepted, in fact, what they had rejected more than thirty years before, and drew up a Constitution as for an autonomous hereditary principate, has been taken to justify the subsequent attitude of the Powers towards their larger demand, and has done more than anything else to create a general disbelief in the urgency, the unanimity, and even the genuineness of that demand.

First, as to the attitude of the insurgents while still in the field and uncertain of the intentions of the Powers. They made the demand for Union at the very outset, and it was to deprecate that demand that the Secretary and Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs rose, as has been said, in our two Houses. They proceeded to circulate their claim in Europe by means of a manifesto signed by twenty Cretan Deputies, who spoke of Union and nothing short of Union. Early in the summer of 1897 the present writer had an interview with the insurgent leaders on Akrotiri, near Canea, and found them still of one mind on this subject, despite the miserable disasters which had meanwhile befallen the Greek forces on the mainland. "If our Mother," said they, "has fallen into poverty and disrepute, are we to desert her?" Nearly a year later, when autonomy had been decided upon by the Powers, the same language was held at Arkhanes, the headquarters of the insurgent provisional government in the Candia province. There had been, and was to be, some difference of opinion as to the details of the union. Many Cretans looked forward to a sort of insular Home Rule

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under the Hellenic crown, and deprecated so unconditional a Union as would involve the island in the European control lately imposed on a part of the Greek finances, and in the financial obligations of Greece. But the warmest partisans of Crete for the Cretans never for a moment confounded municipal with political independence. Crete, however much ruled by herself, was to be an integral part of the Hellenic kingdom.

Now for the ultimate acceptance of the principate at the end of that year, 1898, and for the Constitution of 1899. To understand that neither one nor the other implied in Cretan eyes any retractation of the original demand for Union, but rather that both were believed by all to involve the speedy realisation thereof, it is only necessary to recall who was the Prince designated, and under what circumstances he came to the island. All further declarations for Union seemed superfluous when the second son of the King of Greece landed on the mandate of Europe and with the forced acquiescence of Turkey, to take supreme control of Crete. This could only lead, after the briefest interval, to the establishment of that Home Rule under the Greek crown to which the wisest heads in the island looked forward. For what other conceivable reason, it was asked, did the Powers send to Ottoman soil a Greek Prince, who had lately been a belligerent against Turkey and shared in the ignominious defeat she had inflicted? Thus the Cretans interpreted Prince George's mission; and they saw a confirmation of their belief in the immediate abolition, not only of Ottoman control, but of all outward and visible sign of Ottoman suzerainty. There was no question of tribute, and none of any Ottoman representative resident in the island. The Turkish flag vanished, and the Powers suffered its provisional successor to show, as to three quarters, the Greek colours, and as to one, a star on a red ground, which was promptly and without protest perverted into a star of Bethlehem. They also suffered their High Commissioner to be designated by the first Constituent Assembly, Heredi-

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tary Prince of Crete; and, indeed, it is more than doubtful if the majority of the islanders was aware at that epoch that technically he had ever held any other position since his arrival. Presently the Cretans saw postage stamps and coins appear with his image and superscription, and all seemed well.

That was in 1899. The first disturbance of the dream followed a proposal to effect certain harbour improvements at Retimo and Candia, and pay therefor by a surtax on imports. The Consuls were bidden to remind the Cretans that they were precluded from increasing their port-dues by the general engagements of the Ottoman Empire. The full awakening resulted from Prince George's circular tour of the European Courts. He was told everywhere that no further change would be made in the political status of the island during the term of his commission; and presently he was constrained to accept a prolongation of that term with no better prospect. From that moment the present trouble began to brew. The grumbling and complaints which reached the ears of Europe during the years 1900 to 1904 were ostensibly directed against internal abuses—first the absorption of public money by officials, the grievance of the Have-nots against the Haves; then the starving of Public Works; finally the arbitrary administration of the Prince himself. But what Europe failed or refused to understand was that this grumbling was a symptom of a general discontent, proceeding, not from the particular abuses, but from the discouragement and disappointment of the political hopes formed at the Prince's landing. The mood of Crete was that of a woman crossed. She found one grievance after another, but was not to be comforted by redress: redress made even one grievance more. She wanted Union with the obstinacy and the blind obsession of a lover, and, failing that, was to be contented with nothing else.

This is neither to deny the existence of those particular abuses nor to suggest that there was no real occasion for the particular complaints that were made; but it is to say that

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certain of the abuses, for instance the arbitrary action of the central government, and almost all the disposition of the Cretans to be quick in finding fault, proceeded from the delay in satisfying the hopes which the advent of Prince George had encouraged. Those hopes have been imbibed by two generations with their mother's milk. After immense efforts and sacrifices they seemed on the brink of fulfilment in 1899. Six years later the islanders found Europe not only making no visible effort to realise them, but repudiating their ideal, and continually fixing her attention elsewhere. They are as deaf to argument and reason as any lover, and not less hasty and reckless of consequences. What wonder that the antecedents, character and particular ambitions of the leaders of the present revolt, "men of Therissos," weigh nothing in the balance against the fact that they are in arms for the Union? What wonder no offer of financial and administrative amelioration, made by the Powers, has led to those arms being laid aside?

D. G. Hogarth.

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WORKMEN'S TRAINS

IT is a reasonable assumption that in the next Session of Parliament some attempt will be made to give legislative effect to the recommendations made by the Select Committee appointed to inquire into and report on the working and administration of the Cheap Trains Act, 1883; and, although I do not propose to enter upon a detailed criticism of these recommendations, there are, nevertheless, certain facts and economic considerations bearing on the general subject which I should like to put forward before any such legislative action assumes definite form.

Much misconception exists, for instance, in regard to the circumstances under which "cheap trains" were first run, and, also, as to the remission of passenger duty by the Act of 1883, which is erroneously supposed to have started, and been the foundation of, the cheap trains movement.

Legislative provision for cheap fares for the poorer class of railway travellers really dates back, not simply to 1883, but to 1844. In this earlier year an Act of Parliament was passed which required every railway company to run, each day, at least one train the whole distance of the line, and stopping at every station, the fare charged to third-class passengers not to exceed one penny per mile. In return for so doing the companies were not to pay on the third-class fares by such "Parliamentary" trains (as they came to be called) the five per cent. duty which an Act passed in 1842 had imposed on the fares paid by all passengers on a railway. Thus the first series of

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"cheap trains" was really started by the Act of 1844, to which was given the same title of "Cheap Trains Act" that was subsequently borne by the Act of 1883.

But, with the improvement of railway services, and the more frequent running of express trains, a serious anomaly arose. The railway companies which gave to third-class passengers the advantage of travelling express were penalised by being required to pay the 5 per cent. duty on the fares received from such passengers, an express not being a "cheap train" "within the meaning of the Act," inasmuch as it did not stop at every station. Much litigation followed in the years 1874, 1876, and 1880; but the law courts upheld the view that no train was a "cheap train," entitling the railway company to exemption from the 5 per cent. duty on third-class fares, unless it fulfilled the requirements of the Act of 1844 by stopping at every station.

The position brought about in regard to the imposition of the tax was so absurd that it could not possibly be maintained by any reasonable Government, and the Cheap Trains Act of 1883 was introduced mainly for the purpose of getting rid of the anomaly in question. But the Act did not abolish the tax altogether. In regard to third-class travellers it relieved the companies of the duty so long as the fares charged did not exceed 1*d.* per mile, no matter whether the trains were fast or slow. On fares over 1*d.* per mile on urban railways the companies were to pay only 2 per cent. instead of 5. On the other hand, it was also enacted that if at any time the Board of Trade had reason to believe that a due and sufficient proportion of the accommodation was not available for passengers at fares not exceeding 1*d.* per mile, or that "proper and sufficient workmen's trains" were not provided, then the Board should have power to inquire, and refer the matter to the decision of the Railway Commissioners, any company neglecting to comply with an order made under the Act in respect to such trains to be liable to pay the same amount of passenger duty as would be payable if the duty had not been varied. The

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companies were further required to convey at reduced fares officers or men in the army, navy, reserve, auxiliary, and police forces, and their wives, widows, and children, when entitled to be carried at the public expense, together with their luggage, stores, arms, ammunition, and necessaries; though if the companies failed to carry out an order under the Act by the Railway Commissioners, and were called upon to pay the duty in full, they could charge for the forces and their baggage, &c., the ordinary rates.

Considerable discussion has arisen as to whether or not this Act of 1883 represented a "bargain" between the Government and the railway companies. The leaders of the movement for the extension of workmen's trains affirm that it did, but there is ample evidence to show that it was not so regarded at the time. Assuming, however, for the sake of argument, that a "bargain" did enter into the question, there is the further point—"What benefit have the railway companies derived from it?" On the one hand it is declared they have gained huge sums, and this fact, or alleged fact, is held to justify the demand that they should run more and still more workmen's trains. On the other hand the railway companies say that, when the duty was enforced under the Act of 1842, they added the amount thereof to the fares paid by the passengers, thus becoming simply tax-gatherers for the Government; and when the tax was repealed in respect to third-class fares not exceeding 1*d.* the mile they reduced the fares to 1*d.* the mile, the difference between the fares at that sum and the amount previously paid going into the pockets of the public. There was still, it is admitted, a certain pecuniary advantage to the companies, representing (say) about one-half of the duty saved; but, against this there was the obligation, first, to run workmen's trains at fares so low as to yield little if any profit; and, secondly, to carry the forces, their wives, children and impedimenta at rates which represented a distinct loss of revenue; while the increase in the suburban traffic, due in a large measure to the running of the said workmen's trains, has, in the case of

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some companies, necessitated extremely costly enlargements of stations, widenings of line, alterations of rolling stock, &c. Still another set-off claimed is the fact that when a new suburb of working-class dwellings springs up, as the result of running workmen's trains to a particular district, it is the railway company who have created the place upon whom falls the chief burden of the local taxation.

Another important factor in the general situation—though a factor that is generally omitted from consideration—is to be found in the special obligations under which certain companies have been placed by Parliament, irrespective, altogether, of the Cheap Trains Act of 1883. Much, indeed, of the discontent that has arisen is due to the fact that some of the railway companies, which are under no statutory obligations beyond those of the Act in question, have made what are regarded as less generous concessions to workmen than those granted by other companies under altogether exceptional conditions. The most fertile source of complaint is the fact that railways in general have not followed the example set by the Great Eastern in carrying workmen for distances up to eleven miles or so for twopence the return ticket; but those persons who feel strongly on the subject of this particular grievance may not be aware of the circumstances under which the said twopenny fares were originally conceded.

For the history of the fares in question one must go back to the year 1864, or nineteen years before the Cheap Trains Act of 1883 came into operation. The Great Eastern Railway Company promoted in the Session of that year a Bill authorising them to construct Liverpool Street Station, and such construction involved the taking down of many working-class tenements. The Great Eastern thus came under the ordinary legal obligation on railway companies, in these circumstances, to re-house the ejected people within one mile of the spot from which they were being expelled. This obligation has been a serious one for various companies, who have found themselves forced to construct fresh dwellings of such a type that the low

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rents fixed by the Home Office have left them wholly unremunerative; while the dwellings themselves have been so far superior to the previous slums that the people ejected from the latter have refused to go into them, and the new dwellings have been tenanted instead by artisans, clerks, and others who had been in no way concerned in the cleared area. It further happened that in 1864 the Great Eastern Railway Company could not raise the necessary capital for re-housing purposes, and Parliament accordingly compromised the matter by saying—"If you do not re-house these people you must carry them out to Edmonton and Walthamstow for a 2*d.* return fare." To this the company agreed.

It was under these altogether exceptional conditions—which obviously had nothing whatever to do with any repeal of the passenger duty—that the Great Eastern Railway Company were required to convey workmen between the stations in question at 2*d.* return fares, and it was this special enactment of 1864, in regard to a particular company, rather than the Cheap Trains Act of 1883, that really started the Workmen's Trains movement, the argument raised, and still persisted in, being that because the Great Eastern carried workmen eleven miles for 2*d.* return, therefore other companies (which may themselves have fully met their obligations with regard to re-housing) should do the same.

Of late years, various of these other companies, and especially "tube" companies, have also come under special statutory obligations in regard to workmen's trains. The promoters of Bills for new railways find, in effect, the intimation given to them: "Workmen's trains on such and such conditions, or your Bill shall not pass;" and considerations of prudence suggest the acceptance of what are regarded as unreasonable requirements rather than the running of any risk of seeing the desired measure rejected. Once again the exceptionally favourable terms for workmen secured under these conditions are held up against the older companies as a reproach.

The abuse to which the issue of workmen's tickets has been

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subjected is a matter on which there is much that could be said; but on this point it may suffice to quote the following from the evidence of Mr. Philip Burtt, deputy general manager of the North Eastern Railway Company:

> Prior to 1898 we used to issue workmen's tickets in batches of six, but without any distinction of days. If they were not used in one week they could then be used in subsequent weeks, and practically there was no attempt to restrict the use to *bonâ-fide* workmen. The result of this, what I call rather, want of system was that nearly everybody travelling between Newcastle and Tynemouth travelled with workmen's tickets during the prescribed hours, and the company found their revenue from the ordinary tickets being prejudicially affected. It was quite a common practice for persons travelling in the district to equip themselves with scores of workmen's tickets, and I remember myself finding over one hundred on one man. The tickets were distributed haphazard. It was quite a common thing for pleasure parties to travel with these tickets. On one occasion we had to put on a special train for footballers to attend a football match; they practically all had workmen's tickets. In many cases ladies and gentlemen in evening dress, clergymen, doctors, and professional men, and ladies and gentlemen travelling to dinner-parties used them regularly in the district.

The complaints commonly made against railways in respect to workmen's trains refer mainly to (1) the times of departure; (2) overcrowding; and (3) fares.

On the first of these points it is regarded as unjust to compel people to travel to town earlier than their work requires, and it is asked that workmen's trains should run later than at present. But the carrying out of this proposal would make confusion worse confounded in regard to early morning travel. A large proportion of those who now go early would naturally start later, overlapping the people who already pretty well fill the later trains, while not only would most of these individuals also want to travel with workmen's tickets, but the people now arriving in town after 8, 8.30, or 9 in the morning (assuming one of these times to be fixed on for the extension) would start earlier, so as to pay only workmen's fares. Under these conditions it would scarcely be possible on most of the London lines to work the

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morning traffic at all, and, even if this could be done, the financial loss to the railway companies would be most serious.

As regards complaints of overcrowding of workmen's trains, the explanation given by Mr. Gooday, General Manager of the Great Eastern Railway, is that the people will wait for the last train by which they can travel for a certain fare. "We have," he said in his evidence, "put on a train within three minutes of the last train, and the last train is crowded while the train three minutes before is practically empty." He told, also, how he had seen the front carriages of a workmen's train overcrowded while those in the rear were empty, the reason being that people preferred to stand in the front, so that they could get sooner through the barrier at Liverpool Street, rather than sit at the back, and be the last to leave the station.

On the subject of fares, London County Council advocates have recommended a scale under which workmen would pay 2*d.* up to 10 miles (return), 3*d.* for from 10 to 15 miles, and 4*d.* for from 15 to 20 miles. Demands of this type are based on the contention (1) that the railway companies are making a good profit out of workmen's trains; and (2) that the workmen cannot afford to pay more. The first of these contentions meets with an emphatic denial from the railway managers. The second gives rise to various considerations which are deserving of investigation.

It is an axiom in the economic world that the rates of wages paid to different classes of workpeople should depend—among other considerations—on (1) rent, and (2) cost of transport between home and place of employment. This principle is well shown by the fact that trade union rates of wages are based on higher scales in London than in the country. Factories and workshops established in the metropolis in years gone by gathered colonies of workers around them, and, as the demand for house accommodation increased, rents went up, and wages rose more or less in proportion. Had these conditions been allowed to follow a normal course, rents and

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wages would alike have risen so high that the occupiers of the aforesaid factories and workshops would have found it impossible to remain in the crowded districts of London, and been forced to adopt the policy that would absolutely have been the best for them to pursue, from the point of view of every one concerned—that is to say, they would have gone into the country, and set up their works afresh, taking the toilers with them. But, just as this stage was likely to be reached, Parliament was induced by various well-meaning people to take a course of action that afforded relief to the employers at the expense of the railways, checked the removal of old-established factories into the country, and (in the first instance) solved the "increased rent—increased wage" problem by compelling the railways to run workmen's trains at abnormally low fares, so that the toilers could live in the suburbs, but still work in London.

Employers thus had an excuse for not further increasing wages, and even to-day the cry that "workmen cannot afford to pay more than twopence a day for travelling expenses" is generally followed by the contention, not that employers should give a slightly higher rate of wages, but that railway companies should regard twopence a day as the recognised amount a workman should pay, for practically any distance, trains being also run to suit his convenience, irrespective of that of other travellers. Certain it is that many of the companies or firms by whom the workpeople are employed get much bigger profits out of their businesses than the railway companies are able to make, and why they should expect the latter to enable them to keep their wages lists down is by no means clear. Alternatively, if those of the said employers who occupy factories and workshops in London cannot, or will not, pay a better wage, and cannot, or will not, remove into the country, could they not, in the interests of their workers, and to meet the exigencies of the general situation, follow the example of factory-owners in the North of England, and start work at an earlier hour?

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Another class of people who have profited from workmen's trains at the expense of the railway companies is represented by the landowners and landlords in new suburbs. At first, no doubt, the workers who went out of London to live benefited financially by the cheaper accommodation, combined with the low fares. But every fresh advantage conceded by the railways has taken more and more people into the new working-class districts, where the speculators who put up miles of houses (so that these "suburbs" are themselves rapidly approaching the condition of congested areas) have of late years been exploiting the artisan residents for all they can get out of them. Rents in these suburbs have increased to such an extent that any gain on the railway fare is swallowed up by the landlords, and it is doubtful if—from a monetary standpoint—the workers are now better off than when they lived in London. Railway guards, signalmen and others have themselves asked the railway companies for increases of wages because the workmen's trains have caused rents to go up to so high a figure. Rents are raised, in fact, with each fresh concession made by the railways.

In 1899 the London, Tilbury and Southend Railway Company began to carry workmen from Plaistow and East Ham to London at 2*d.* return, instead of 3*d.* The rents in those places were at once raised 6*d.* a week, so that the landlords gained by the exact sum the railway company had conceded to their working-class patrons. Then, in April 1899, the Railway Commissioners imposed on the Great Eastern Railway Company the obligation of running two threepenny trains from Edmonton, arriving in London between 7.30 and 8 A.M., to suit the convenience of workers who could not, or did not want to, pay fourpence for a return ticket enabling them to travel between those hours. To meet this obligation the railway company had to provide two fresh trains of third-class carriages, and these trains, as it happened, could be used only for the one trip each day, standing on the sidings, and representing so much capital lying idle, for the remainder of

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the twenty-four hours. Still, the concession enabled the people who had been coming to London by the earlier twopenny trains (and arriving too soon for their work) to travel half an hour later at a cost of only another penny per day, instead of another twopence. So it made Edmonton a more desirable place to live in, from the point of view of the worker, and the landlords showed their appreciation of the situation by at once raising the rents 1*s.* the week.

Two questions that arise from a review of the facts and considerations here presented are: (1) Has the general policy of running workmen's trains achieved the success, and brought to the working classes themselves the benefits, originally anticipated? (2) Would it be fair, or desirable, to play still further into the hands of employers, landowners and landlords by imposing additional burdensome obligations on the railways under the delusion that the latter have reaped substantial advantages from a partial remission of passenger duty, of which, as already shown, a large proportion went direct into the pockets of the passengers themselves, while the balance has not in any way compensated for those additional facilities which have already been conceded? Connected with these questions of principle are the various matters of fact as to whether or not it is physically possible to run more trains on certain lines at stated hours; whether the safety of the travelling public might not be endangered by risky experiments in this direction; and whether it would be wise to encourage the increase of workmen's trains to such an extent that a London railway terminus would become—to repeat a phrase used by the General Manager of the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway before the Select Committee—"An Elysium for workmen, and a Hades for the rest of the community."

EDWIN A. PRATT.

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ON THE LINE

NEITHER the title nor the outward appearance of **The Lure of the Labrador Wild** (By Dillon Wallace, Hodder & Stoughton, 7*s.* 6*d.*) does justice to the power and fascination of the book. It is the record of an expedition into an unknown land, which ended tragically. It tells the story of three men penetrating into Labrador, losing their way, struggling on doggedly under every hardship until it was too late to hope; then returning as best they could to "humanity's reach," one—Hubbard, the leader of the expedition—to die on the way; the second—Wallace, the author of the book—to be rescued only just in time. It is seldom we read a volume so full of unconscious irony as this, which preaches a pitiless sermon on the smallness and weakness of man among the mountains. The third of the explorers was a Canadian half-breed, George Elson, who combined the way-lore and fatalism of the Indian with the grit and pluck of the Anglo-Saxon. Had the two Americans followed the advice of their servant-comrade, they might have escaped the fate that beset them, but, unfortunately, they did not.

They landed in Labrador early in the summer of 1903, and with the least possible delay penetrated to the interior. All that human fore-knowledge could do in the way of preparing plans and equipment was done; but Nature is still beyond propitiation, and during that season her mood was unusually harsh. Game was scarce, the weather was very bad; conse-

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quently, there were expensive — nay, fatal — delays. Unfortunately the explorers had to trust to native information for their course — their only map being inaccurate — and lack of precision in the information supplied led them astray almost at the beginning. Their aim was early in the summer to reach the Post of the Hudson's Bay Company, situated at the mouth of the North-west River, to ascend that river to Lake Michikamau, and then, from the northern end of the lake, to beat across the country to the George River. The first necessity was to find and journey up the Nascaupee River, which flowed into the Grand Lake. They reached the lake, but by a fatal miscalculation missed the Nascaupee, and found instead a river, the Susan, which led them to a stony valley, which, from the hardships they encountered and their ultimate experience, was not misnamed by Wallace the Valley of the Shadow of Death. However, strong in the erroneous faith that they were travelling aright, they struggled along, portaging the canoe over the rocky ground, still looking ahead for Lake Michikamau; buoying up their hopes in the brave man's way, and gaining inspiration from Mr. Kipling's poetry and the Bible. They suffered from hunger and hard travel; but not until from the heights of a mountain they saw Michikamau in the distance, very far beyond, did they realise the hopelessness of their quest. Reluctantly they turned back. "Michikamau or bust!" had been their war-cry. Michikamau it was not to be. Could they avoid the contrary fate they were pledged to meet? They made a brave struggle for it, retracing their footsteps along the dreadful passage. Starved, ragged, weary almost to death, still they haled along. They came to a river which they had not journeyed along earlier, and considered whether they should go by canoe down that instead of returning through the dreaded Susan Valley. There was a long discussion over the question, continued to the next day, when George Elson said quietly:

"I had a dream about that last night, fellus."

We urged him to tell us what it was.

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"It was a strange dream," he repeated, and hesitated. Then: "Well, I dreamed the Lord stood before me very beautiful and bright, and He had a mighty kind look on His face, and He said to me: 'George, don't leave this river—just stick to it, and it will take you out to Grand Lake, where you will find Blake's cache with lots of grub, and then you'll be all right and safe. I can't spare you any more fish, George, and if you leave this river you won't get any more. Just stick to this river, and I'll take you out safe.'

"The Lord was all smiling and bright," continued George, "and He looked at me very pleasant. Then He went away, and I dreamed we went right down the river, and came out in Grand Lake, near where we had left it comin' up, and we found Blake there, and he fed us and gave us all the grub we wanted, and we had a fine time."

As ultimate investigation proved, there was truth in the dream of the half-breed. Had Hubbard and Wallace accepted the wisdom which the Indian part of his being gave them, they might have escaped. As it was, they returned to the Susan Valley, and found it the Valley of Death.

This is in many ways an unusual and remarkable book. It will not be forgotten by those who read it: for the story its author tells with so much power, pathos, and graphic simplicity is one that must appeal to man's humanity. Here is a tale of pioneers braving Nature and perishing. That is—as Kipling reminds us—not seldom the fate of pioneers. But these men who failed will not be all forgotten. They succeeded in breaking open the door of the land of "bared boughs and grieving winds" for others in the future to pass through.

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BEAUJEU

CHAPTER XXXIII

A GENTLEMAN WITH TIDINGS FROM THE KING

MY lord had little pleasure of his drive in the dark. To hold in his arms a body cold and still, a body that swayed helpless with every jerk of the coach, to kiss a chill cheek sometimes, was scarce the victor's pleasure he had worked for. The curst wench would not even struggle, would not give him even the joy of conquering her writhing limbs again. When they stopped to change the horses she made no motion nor sound. When they came to his house at Grateley in the bitter cold of the early morn she let him lift her from the coach and bear her in and set her down in an upper room.

"Zounds, you might be a corpse!" cried my lord angrily.

Rose lifted her face to his. Great dark eyes gazed at him deep-sunk below her white brow. The dainty curves of her cheeks were gone: he saw them haggard and dull and damp, and she stooped in her chair, and the graceful form was shapeless. Such was the creature he had won for his desires.

My lord turned away with a muttered oath and went out.

The same French valet that had beguiled her brought her a tray of meat and wine, and putting it down with a flourish and a bow saw her dull eyes gazing at him, and started and stammered something, and fled.

She tasted nothing, she sat still, leaning forward, her hands

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on her knees, gazing at nothing, while the morning light broke pale through the misty air. There were no thoughts, no fancies to torture her, for her mind was numb. And at last, when the sun was high and bright above the plain, her weariness brought her sleep.

Twilight was falling when my lord's hand on her shoulder woke her. She started up. "You?" she cried, flushing, and then, "Ah, yes, yes," in a low, piteous voice, and sank down again.

"Art rested, child?" says my lord tenderly, and bent to kiss her. She shuddered and shrank away. Now she could feel, and she started up and faced him.

"You dare, my lord?" she cried.

My lord chuckled. "Faith, child, 'tis a thought late to talk of daring," says he, and moved to take her.

She put her hand on his arm: "I am in your power, my lord," she said coldly. "If it pleases you to know that—that ——" she choked a sob—"and to know that I pray God for death," she cried loud—"then—then, my lord, you have that pleasure."

My lord flushed, but, "Rose, why will you take me so?" he said, not ungently. "I mean you well, but you make me mad with your taunts. And have I given up nought for you? At this hour I should be with the King. He had summoned me, and but that I cared for you more than honour I'd be with him now. Child, I've cast my very honour away for you —is it like that I do not love you?"

"Your honour!" said Rose, in a low, scornful voice, and her pale lip curled: an instant her dark eyes flashed.

My lord's arm gripped hard on her waist, but he bit his lip, and after a moment, "Ay, you can sneer at me," he said, "but what would your Beaujeu have done for you? Not that, nor the least part of it?"

"Oh, indeed you are right," cried Rose, and a little colour came to her dull cheek; "M. de Beaujeu had some care for his honour."

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"Had he ever a care for you?" cried Sherborne, flushing darker. "And, egad, his honour—a traitor, a liar, a nameless——"

"Need you make yourself fouler yet?" Rose cried. She drew herself up and looked down proudly at his glaring eyes: "Sure you take a strange way to commend yourself, my lord—to show yourself in all your vileness, to tell me you have no honour left."

A light kindled in Sherborne's eyes, his hand clenched and unclenched. Then he sprang upon her and tore open her dress and buried his face in her bosom. She let him do his will, her cheeks were dull white again, she was limp in his grasp. "And this is love, my lord!" she said very quietly.

His arms fell away from her, and he started back. She reeled a moment, catching at her dress, then drew herself up unblushing and with one hand hiding her bosom, "Before God, my lord, I had rather be myself, even myself, than you—you!" she cried.

My lord scowled at the ground: he was trembling a little, then: "Bah, we will see that, mistress!" he cried hoarsely, and moved towards her. And she waited him very still.

But his bloodshot eyes met her proud scorn, and he checked, and, "Ah, Rose!" he cried, and flung out his hands to her.

There was loud tapping at the door, and "Pardon, milor, pardon," and the head of the French valet appeared. "Gentleman say 'e 'ave tiding from ze King."

"From the King?" cried Sherborne, turning.

"Milor," says the valet, bowing and held open the door. My lord gave one backward glance at the girl's proud eyes, and turned with a groan and hurried out.

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CHAPTER XXXIV

MR. HEALY WEARS A WHITE FLOWER

Mistress Nancy Leigh and Mr. Healy met in the narrow wainscoted passage. With an air of great awe Mistress Leigh shrank away into a recess and drew her skirts tight about her and made room for him to pass.

"Sure, you have a most delectable grace," says Mr. Healy, smiling down at her.

Mistress Leigh's eyes were modestly downcast before his magnificence. "Sir, sir, I doubt I detain you," says she in a still small voice; and she remained fixed in the narrow recess, but let her skirts fall to hide the golden broidery on her slim ankles.

"'Tis purely scandalous in you, indeed," says Mr. Healy, and composed himself against the opposite wall to look at her, for the light was falling glorious through the dark golden hair to the cream-white of her neck, and a dimple was trying to come in her cheek.

"I do trust, sir, I am not in your way," she murmured.

"Will you tell me now, am I like a mouse?" Mr. Healy inquired gravely. Her bright eyes were lifted to his. "'Tis yourself is so like a kitten," Mr. Healy explained.

Mistress Leigh came out of her corner to curtsey. "La, sir, you are too kind!" she cried. "And how soon shall I be a cat?"

"My dear," says Mr. Healy, approaching her, "I think you will be a kitten still when you are a grandmother." The dainty colour in her cheeks darkened a little, and she drew away. Mr. Healy put forth his long arm and surrounded her. "Sure you have run away often enough," says he with decision.

She leant back against his arm. "La, sir, could I dare impede your magnificence?" she cried, looking up at him, and the dimple would not be denied.

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"You have led my magnificence a dainty dance, indeed. Have you a reason for it at all—Kit?" Mr. Healy drew her closer, and looked down into her eyes.

"Sir," says she demurely, "I love my own name."

"Nancy," says Mr. Healy, and appeared to think about it. "Nancy—sure 'tis as daintily naughty as yourself. Now why do you run away continuous, Nancy?" He paused for a reply.

Nancy hung her head. "I think Mr. Healy is the dullest man in all the world," says Nancy.

"Sure, Nancy dear, but you'll let him look at you, for 'tis the daintiest sweet face in all the world that you have and——," she lifted her dimpling blushing face, and Mr. Healy concluded with kisses.

Then there broke upon them Beaujeu's voice. "Healy! Healy! Here, for God's sake!" and there was something wild in his cry.

"Nancy, dear," says Mr. Healy, "I had better find him than he us," and kissed her again and departed, crying, "Wait me now!"

For on M. de Beaujeu there had broken a woman, red-faced and distraught, crying: "Mossoo, mossoo, is my mistress here? Your man he says she be not."

Beaujeu stared at her a moment and knew her for Rose's maid. "Here? How could she be?" he cried.

"There was a Frenchy man come to her last night, did tell as how you was wounded and was crying for her and did take her away in a coach."

"Where was she then?" cried Beaujeu.

"She was biding in ferryman's cottage by Isleworth. And have she never come here, then?" the elderly maid sobbed. "Dear heart, dear heart!—and I never did like they Frenchies."

Beaujeu sprang up and rang the bell. "What hour was this? What like was the coach?" he said sharply.

"Sunset time he come," the maid sobbed. "My lord

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Sherborne had been with her the night before and she did pack him out in a stamping rage indeed. Ah, mossoo, do 'e think then ——"

"Healy! Healy! Here, for God's sake!" cried Beaujeu. And as Dubois came in answer to the bell, "A horse, at once!" and he moved to his pistols.

Mr. Healy came in and stared at the sobbing woman.

"That scoundrel Sherborne has dared kidnap Mistress Charlbury," growled Beaujeu, busy over his pistols. "I must go. Healy——"

"But the work here?" cried Mr. Healy.

"Curse the work!" growled Beaujeu.

"Eh, and the King and the Prince?"

"Curse the King and the Prince!"

Mr. Healy looked at him a moment smiling, then sprang to the door: "Two horses, Dubois!" he cried.

Beaujeu looked up from his pistols. "You?" he asked.

"She may well need the pair of us."

"Thank you," said Beaujeu.

Mr. Healy ran upstairs to Mistress Leigh: "I will have to be going," says he.

She gazed a moment wide-eyed, then drew away frowning. "Oh, you want no more of me now," says she with some scorn.

"My dear," said Mr. Healy, taking her hand, "There is a very noble lady lying in the power of a nasty knave. 'Tis not you will blame me for riding to free her."

The girl turned away from him: "I—I doubt you will often find me hateful, Mr. Healy," she said unsteadily. Mr. Healy caught her in his arms and held her a moment, then kissed her hand and hurried off to his boots. As he tramped downstairs again, a white gillyflower, the last of the year, fluttered past his eyes. He caught it, and looking up saw Nancy smile from the shadow, and he kissed her flower and set it in his breast.

Beaujeu was ready and Dubois ran up to announce the

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horses. Beaujeu laid his hand a moment on the sobbing woman's arm. "Try to be calm," he said, "rest here: we go to save her," and he strode out.

But Mr. Healy took Dubois by the button: "Dubois, my friend," says he, "while I am gone, let no man pass the door-posts unless you know him—and if you do, doubt him like the devil."

As they turned the steep corner into the Strand, four men, who appeared to be drunk, lurched into Beaujeu's horse, and one swearing caught at the bridle and there rose the cry, "Lug out, boys!" and the lurching gentlemen reached like one man for their swords.

But M. de Beaujeu was in a hurry. He gave his horse the spur and brought his whip handle crashing down on the wrist at his bridle. So the horse plunged forward, and Captain Hagan was overturned in the kennel, and thus failed of his contract. He arose with a bloody wrist, and very foul, and thereafter his friends found him morose. Captain Hagan had been touched in his honour.

It was Mr. Healy who came clattering to the door of my lord Sherborne's town house and demanded my lord in the name of the King. But all the windows were shuttered and dark, and Mr. Healy must needs believe the porter, who swore that my lord had gone to Grateley.

Galloping westward they took post-horses at Staines, and there heard of a coach that had passed in the night. A guinea to an ostler at Bagshot brought them news of it again, and as they walked their horses up the steep hill to the heath: "We'll be with her by sundown, Beaujeu," says Mr. Healy, glancing at the grim, set face.

Beaujeu gave a short, sharp laugh: "By sundown!" he said scornfully.

Soon they were up on the level track, bare and dark through the heath. Then down for miles they sped, and on through the bronzed bracken of the flats. In Basingstoke Mr. Healy, boasting himself a King's courier, was most urgent to know where

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the King's army lay. "Odso, master, ye'll find the whole at Andover," it was told him.

And Mr. Healy, springing dust-begrimed on a fresh horse, chuckled, "Sure now I'll be careful to do that." Round the hill's shoulder, above the silver line of the river, they spurred their reeking horses into Whitchurch, and took fresh beasts at the "White Hart." Delicately now, sparing the horses with all skill since they must bear them to the end, they rode up hill and down under a glory of dying leaf, lemon yellow and crimson and brown. The sun was drawing to the west when they came out on Andover Down, and the two peered keenly through the gathering haze. From afar came flashes of scarlet and steel. The little town was alive with troopers. Off to the right, down hill by a bridle track, went Beaujeu. Under the hedges they skirted round Andover town, and cautiously, fifty yards apart, came out again to the high road on the crest of the hill beyond.

Then the humour of things overcame Mr. Healy, and he laughed aloud: "Sure 'tis a Julius Cæsar of a general there," says he. "Devil a picket and devil an outpost at all! Oh, the kind soul!" But Beaujeu hunched his shoulders and said nothing. For Rose had been in Sherborne's power a night and a day.

In the last pale light of a November sun they spurred on that infinite straight white road. The lean horses were going heavily after ups and downs a score, and M. de Beaujeu's had stumbled more than once before high above them on the right the rose-red walls of my lord Sherborne's house broke glimmering through sparse golden leaves. Then a sound came down wind to Mr. Healy's quick ear, and he turned peering. There was a party galloping at them across the short turf on the left, a party that gained on them fast, and a "Halte là!" was borne to their ears, and swords waved pale at them. Mr. Healy, holding the pace, still gazed. "A quartette of the Blues," says he at last, and turned and sat down in his saddle.

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"They ride three yards to our two," says Beaujeu, and began to pluck at a pistol.

"Just that," Mr. Healy agreed calmly. "'Tis purely inconvenient. Well, we will be getting over the breast of this hill, my dear; and when we have dropped out of their sight you will get on my horse and incline to your right—and God speed you!"

"Your horse?" says Beaujeu, staring.

"She has less yearnings to progress on her nose," Mr. Healy explained.

"But you, man?" cried Beaujeu.

"Since the two of us cannot get to the lady you had best be the one," says Mr. Healy, and another shout of "Halt!" came clearer.

"Can I leave you to them?" cried Beaujeu, with a jerk of his head backward.

"I am a man, and she is none," says Mr. Healy: they were in a dip of the land, and he reined up sharply and sprang down. "Come on now!" he cried, as Beaujeu stared at him, "Will you leave her to hell?" Beaujeu sprang down and up again in an instant, gripped at Healy's hand, and was off at a gallop on the better horse. He thundered down to the bottom of the dip, and far out of sight of pursuit lifted his horse to the palings. Then even from Mr. Healy he vanished as he turned craftily and used the waves of the park to hide him.

Mr. Healy and his white gillyflower were left to meet four angry troopers coming over the crest of the hill to take him in the name of the King.

And so in Grateley Manor, as my lord Sherborne came hastily down the wide stairway he saw a figure white with dust standing in the gloom of the hall. "You come from the King, sirrah?" cried my lord. "What is your errand?"

At a bound the tall figure sprang upon him, a fierce gripe caught his throat, a pistol-barrel was pressed to his head, and "This, my lord!" Beaujeu said sharply. "Take me now to Mistress Charlbury or I shoot you here!" And as Sherborne

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strove against him, "Be still, my lord!" he hissed, and the barrel pressed closer.

Sherborne's hands fell. He grinned in the dark. "So murder is one of your trades?" he said thickly through the choking gripe.

"I am not very patient, my lord," says Beaujeu. "I desire Mistress Charlbury at once."

"But not she you," Sherborne gurgled. "She——"

"One lie suffices. No more words." The pistol always touching my lord was moved swiftly to the back of his neck. "No sound, no flight, or you die. Take me to her," and the gripe was moved from throat to collar. "Walk!" cried Beaujeu. My lord turned without a word, and led on down the hall through the gloom.

CHAPTER XXXV

MY LORD SHERBORNE MAKES AN END

My Lord Sherborne tripped, stumbled, and fell forward, dragging Beaujeu after him to the ground. "O'Gorman!" my lord yelled. "Norris! Rutter!" And then Beaujeu's pistol flashed and cracked above him. Beaujeu sprang up and tossed the empty pistol clattering down, and flung back his cloak and snatched out his rapier. For oaths resounded, and my lord's men came at a run. But my lord groaned from the ground.

Beaujeu sprang to the stairway, and "Rose!" he shouted, full-voiced. "Rose! Answer me! Rose!" and breathing short he drew his second pistol in his left hand. Mr. Rutter's rapier was darting at him out of the gloom ere he heard a faint answering cry from above. Beaujeu fired into the breadth of Mr. Rutter, and hurled the pistol at his face and turned and darted up. Mr. Rutter flung up his arms and fell thudding on his back.

"Rose!" Beaujeu shouted again in the corridor.

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"Here! Here!" she cried, and beat upon the panels of the locked door.

At a run Beaujeu hurled himself against it, and the lock was rent rasping, and he reeled into the room. Rose was dashed behind the door against the wall. He sprang to her, and, with the rapier held on guard across the doorway, caught her in his left arm. "Hurt, child?" he gasped.

"No! no!" and she clung to him and laughed happily. "Quite, quite safe! Ah, but——"

But Beaujeu sprang away from her no whit too soon, and lunged at a venturous gentleman who was coming in. The fellow sprang back against the wainscot of the corridor, and even so was pinked. He gurgled and reeled sideways, and his fellows were heard to check and slide along the floor. And Beaujeu laughed loud in the darkness, and "Another, gentlemen, another!" he cried. For as he stood shielded in the doorway none could assail him, save from his front, and his long arm, as he knew, and they by proof, reached easily to the farther wall. My lord Sherborne's army appeared to mislike the position. They remained out of sight muttering. An unsteady step approached. My lord Sherborne's voice rose in hoarse rage. "Pox on't! Why do you wait? Do you fear one man? Oh, curse you for cowards! Give me a sword!"

"Easy, now, easy, my lord——" it was Mr. O'Gorman. "Sure, you have had enough of him already——" and he lowered his voice muttering swiftly. Others joined in, and for a long while Beaujeu stood idle on guard in the dark, straining his ears vainly. At last:

"As you will, as you will," he heard my lord growl. "Only make an end."

Hurried footsteps sounded in the corridor, and Rose stole up to Beaujeu and laid a trembling hand on his arm. "Back, child, back to the window!" he whispered. "Watch there!"

But the footsteps came again after a while, and now a dim light shone past the doorway. "I'll thank you for that!"

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cried Beaujeu with a laugh, and there were long mutterings yet again.

The light grew brighter a little. Holding wooden chairs before them like bucklers, Mr. Norris and Mr. O'Gorman edged along the wainscot. Then with a yell they ran together upon Beaujeu's point. But Beaujeu sprang aside and shortened his sword and stabbed Mr. Norris swiftly under the arm, who went crashing down with his chair as two more swordsmen broke in on Beaujeu, and my lord came shuffling with two lanthorns to light the fray. The two lunged fiercely in the flickering yellow light, and Beaujeu must needs break ground again and flap his cloak in their faces. While they fought stamping about the fallen chair and the dead, Mr. O'Gorman had cast his own chair away and drew near slyly, cocking a pistol. Rose ran upon him with a cry and caught his arm. Swearing, he turned upon her, and at that my lord flung away his lanthorns and sprang to them. All was dark suddenly, but the pistol flashed red and roared and a body fell with a thud.

"Holy Virgin, 'tis himself!" gasped Mr. O'Gorman.

"Odso, have ye shot my lord?" cried Beaujeu's foes, and their blades met his no longer, and he heard them jump back. But Mr. O'Gorman yelled an oath and ran empty handed on Beaujeu, who heard him, and moving to one side drove out his fist through the dark. Mr. O'Gorman crashed down against the door and lay clucking. Beaujeu kicked him out to the corridor, and, breathing hard, stood again on guard.

"Art hurt, Rose?" he panted.

"No, no indeed, but my lord——" the girl gasped.

"Give him water," said M. de Beaujeu. He heard Rose murmur softly:

"My lord, my lord——" and then give a cry and sob.

"Give him water," said Beaujeu again.

But my lord had no mouth.

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CHAPTER XXXVI

MR. HEALY DESERTS A CONVERSATION

Four angry troopers of the Blues came over the crest of the hill and saw a dusty gentleman trudging on leading an unwilling steed.

"'Od rot ye! Halte là!" cried their corporal.

Mr. Healy turned and smiled upon them and waited: "Can you lend me a horse now?" says he.

At which the corporal became profane, and reining up close on Mr. Healy's toes, "And where in hell is the knave that was with you?" he cried.

"'The knave that was with me?'" Mr. Healy repeated in pure amazement—then laughed. "Sure, 'tis early hours to be seeing double."

"Rot your bones, there was two of you," growled the corporal.

"There is myself and my horse—sure now if you look at the beast like that he will fall down," says Mr. Healy.

"Stick me!" growled the corporal and scratched his head, and the troopers stood in their stirrups to peer all ways through the gathering gloom. But Beaujeu was not the man to be needlessly visible, and never a sound of him came over the turf. So they sat down again and stared at one another and gaped. "Look 'e," says the corporal, "I take you for a dirty Oranger."

Mr. Healy laughed. "Faith, you are a wit," says he. "Will you tell me now am I going to Winterslow?"

"And what a pox have you to do at Winterslow?"

"'Tis a bit of a message from the King to Colonel Salkeld."

The corporal laughed hoarsely. "You'll tell that to my lord Feversham, my bully."

"'Twill be purely joyous for me. But I have told him once to-day, my dear."

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"What?" roared the corporal. "And Feversham sent you to Winterslow?"

"He did that."

"Why, stick me, the Orangers are at Winterslow!"

"Oh dear, oh dear!" says Mr. Healy. "But faith, now, you are bubbling me!"

"Rot me if I am. We saw Klopstock's horse ride in at noon."

"Klopstock?" cried Mr. Healy: and then swiftly added, "'Tis a jewel of a name indeed! And where will I find Salkeld then? Oh dear, oh dear! I'll have to be getting back to Andover."

"Odso, you will, my bully," growled the corporal, frowning at him. "Stick me if I like your tale. Up with you now."

"Mount, is it? No thank you, my dear. I am not wanting to break my nose."

"Gadsbud, what ails you with the brute? He was carrying you well enough when I saw you."

"Sure 'twas when you saw two of me, that," Mr. Healy remarked. "Why, my dear, there is a stone in his off fore and the Bucephalus is lame to boot."

"Fetch the stone out then, curse you."

"I have broke all my fingers already. Egad, do you think I would be walking for my health?"

"Oh, rot you for a bumpkin," growled the corporal, and swung down. "Let me see it now." As he stooped to the leg, Mr. Healy craftily twitched the nostril of the steed, who reared indignant and came down on the corporal's toe. Whence a dance and much profanity. "Here, you, Bowdon, come hold the brute," cried the corporal at last. "Stand off, you lean put."

Mr. Healy obediently retired as trooper Bowdon approached. Mr. Healy retired slowly, talking fast: "Be easy now! 'Tis Beelzebub's own temper he has. Oh dear, oh dear, be easy or he'll stamp on you both. Sure now—— good luck to you." He had sprung at one bound on the corporal's horse, he

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snatched the bridle of Bowdon's, dashed in his spurs and went galloping off with the pair.

There were yells and oaths behind and the two mounted men started after him. Mr. Healy found his stirrups and began to unbuckle the strap that held the musket bucket. In a moment musket and all crashed down behind him and his horse sprang forward more lightly.

So Mr. Healy and his white flower deserted the conversation. Mr. Healy thundered on through the twilight over that lean country and the lusty troopers spurred after him in vain. Mr. Healy was thinking hard, but he rode like M. Duval. The burdened troopers were out of sight and hearing when a "Halt, thou!" rang out from the gloom in a German voice.

"Quarter guard!" roared Mr. Healy in German, reining up violently.

The guard started up out of the ground, and Mr. Healy dismounting cried: "Colonel Klopstock?"

"Colonel Klopstock commands," says the sergeant.

"Take me to him, my friend."

"So!" says the sergeant, something surprised, "You ask for what you would get without asking, sir. Files!" and between two pair of troopers Mr. Healy was ushered into the kitchen of Winterslow inn. Colonel Klopstock was aiding and abetting a buxom maid to butter eggs: he turned and his long red face was dark in the firelight when Mr. Healy remarked blandly from the gloom:

"Klopstock, my dear, do you know Jim Healy yet?"

Colonel Klopstock, his loose belt jingling, sprang to him and dragged him forward into the firelight, stared at him a moment and straightway embraced him.

"Aw, dear," says the buxom maid, and giggled.

"I have little time for it indeed," says Mr. Healy extricating himself. "Do you recall Beaujeu, Klopstock?"

"Thunder of heaven! Will I forget ——?"

"Well, my dear, he is being murdered a four mile away. Will you give me a troop now?"

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Colonel Klopstock jumped to the door: "Trumpet of the first troop!" he roared. "First troop saddle!" A trumpet blared, the turf boomed with hurrying feet and hoofs and: "A troop was enough for you?" says Klopstock turning to Mr. Healy.

Healy nodded: "Ay, but I am tied to seconds now."

"My troops turn out in three minutes," says Klopstock simply, and walked out with him to the street. "I move to support you, if you choose, my dear."

"I'll not need you, indeed," says Mr. Healy.

"So. God be with you. They are there!" he took Mr. Healy with him to the ranks. "Franz, dismount. Healy, a horse for you. Captain Hegel, you act under this officer's orders. March." The old soldier watched them clatter off, and "So," says he again philosophically. "There was not enough eggs for two," and walked back to eat them.

CHAPTER XXXVII

IN DEATH

In the bloody doorway M. de Beaujeu still stood on guard. Away in the dark corridor the two that alone were left to meet him muttered together, and behind him a sob broke ever and again from Rose. But he dared not go to her, and he waited, tortured by her pain, every sense and muscle strained to meet those foes in the dark. At last Mr. O'Gorman began to draw himself along the ground, like a creeping thing, gasping, and he came to his friends, and the mutterings grew louder. "God blast me to hell, if I leave him now," he heard Mr. O'Gorman growl.

"Then meet him yourself, Pat! My lord is gone, and there is half of us down, and we be no match for the devil."

"Nor I've no quarrel with him, neither. My lord is on his back——"

"Rot ye, do I not know it?" yelled Mr. O'Gorman.

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"Ye should!" and strife began in the corridor, when there was a great shout.

"Orange! Orange!" and the clatter and clank of steel and the three bullies scurried together past Beaujeu's door and down the back stair. Mr. Healy's voice was uplifted over the thud of many boots. "Beaujeu! Beaujeu!"

"Here!" cried Beaujeu amazed. "Here!" and Mr. Healy running hotfoot stumbled over the bodies into his arms.

"My dear, is she safe?" Healy panted.

"Safe," said Beaujeu very quietly, holding him.

"God would be thinking of her," said Mr. Healy in a moment. Then turned and cried in German, "Bring lights, lads!"

"Not yet," said Beaujeu quickly, and turned and said, "Rose!" She ran to him through the dark, and dropping his wet sword he lifted her and carried her out over the dead. He bore her away down the corridor, and tried a door on the farther side, and passed on to a moonlit room, and shut the door on the turmoil and the noise. Then he set her down, but he held her to his breast, and she clung to him, laughing and sobbing wildly.

At last she grew calmer a little, and "Art safe now, love!" he whispered in her ear, "safe!"

"Yes, yes!" she cried, and clung the closer—then sobbed again.

"Love, dear love, try to forget."

There was much noise without, the sound of dragged bodies and hoarse laughter. "What are they doing?" she cried, lifting her head, and he saw her wan, worn face. "Dear—go—go—see they do not dishonour my lord. 'Twas for me he died."

And Beaujeu, gazing down into the wet, dark eyes, said slowly, "I think he was glad, love. I go," and gently he set her in a chair and went out.

Klopstock's Horse were arranging the dead in a line, mirth-

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fully, and flickering candle-light fell on the blood and the grinning faces. Mr. Healy turned. "Sure, Saul has slain his thousands," says he, with a chuckle and a jerk of his head.

"My lord died to save her," said Beaujeu simply, and Mr. Healy gaped. Beaujeu laid his kerchief over that ghastly wound in the jaw, and looked down at the dead man's eyes. They were wide open and fearless. "Help me, Healy," said Beaujeu, and the two bore my lord Sherborne away and laid him upon a bed. Beaujeu went out, and Mr. Healy brought candles and set them at head and foot and drew his sword to salute the dead.

Rose came softly in with one hand in Beaujeu's, the other clasped to her breast. And while Mr. Healy stood, with his long sword agleam, the girl knelt by the bedside and kissed the damp forehead and laid her hands upon my lord's dead eyes. She knelt, and her bosom was white where the torn dress fell away.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

CONCERNING DUTY AND M. DE BENTINCK

In the mellow light of a November afternoon they came over the gaunt downs with the troopers clattering in escort. The warm wind met them from the west, and a dainty light tinge of colour stole to Rose's pale cheeks. She felt Beaujeu's eyes upon her, and turned and smiled to him: "'Tis like summer again."

"Summer at last," said Beaujeu softly, and she blushed and made no answer.

Beyond Winterslow Mr. Healy shouted an order in German and touched his hat to Captain Hegel, who rode out to the flank, and half the troops wheeled away, a medley of lemon yellow, and dark blue, and steel, all flashing and shimmering in the sunshine. Then as they halted in line on the grey green turf the Captain spake, and the long swords flashed out in salute while Beaujeu and his lady rode by.

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Beaujeu, touching his hat, leant over to her, and "'Tis for you, dear."

"For me?" she flushed dark as she turned on him wide-eyed.

"The first time," says Beaujeu, smiling at her, "not the last," and again she made no answer. Looking straight before her, she rode down that long line of steel, and she bit her lip and her brow was furrowed. But M. de Beaujeu was very well content. Such honour was proper for the lady of his love.

Indeed, he was happier than for many a day. It was pleasant to think that he had saved her—*pardieu* 'twas the first fair service he had ever done her—but 'twas good to have done something, at least. And now he had her safe by his side, and he would never let her go. Now he was riding triumphant to the Prince, to the army whom he had brought, whose way he had made easy. M. de Beaujeu had achieved. M. de Beaujeu rode with his love to be glorified.

But his love had no word for him. His love gazed wide-eyed into the golden west, and her fair face was very calm.

Past the outposts and over the bright river and into a street thronged with soldiers, through bear-skins, buff coats, and blue and gleaming cuirasses, they rode to an inn. Mr. Healy was waiting at the door and ushered them in, and departed to announce to the Prince M. de Beaujeu.

In a little parlour, fragrant with lavender and thyme that overhung the street, the two were left alone. Beaujeu smiled at her and said softly, "Rose!" and took her to his breast.

She did not deny him, she was very still in his arms; but she did not answer his kisses, and the eyes that sought his were sad and dark.

He made her sit beside him in the window. His arm was about her still, and, "We'll not part again, dear heart," he whispered low in her ear. "Wilt not deny me now?"

But her sad eyes gazed steadfast into his. "You forget," she said gently. "You know——"

"Ah, do you still doubt?" cried Beaujeu. "Child, when

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you fled because I did not come, when you wrote that letter, you were unjust! Ay."—as she started—"God knows you might well think me so base! Dear heart, I was not—that. I never meant to fail you—never a moment dreamed you less than my queen. Dear, what man is there in all the world but would hold me unworthy, not you? Rose, Rose, will you ever wrong yourself so?"

"Truly, truly did you not—not think it best?" she cried, and she was blushing, and tears were bright in her eyes.

"I was coming to you that morning when a fool must needs speak foully of Nell d'Abernon—my cousin, child, you remember? Well, I could not but challenge him, and the fool made me meet him at once. But for that fight I'ld have been with you at noon." She gazed at him unanswering. "Before God, 'tis true, Rose!" he cried, flushing. "Should I lie to you?"

"Dear, I did not doubt," she said quickly, and laid her hand on his. "'Twas like you." Beaujeu shrugged his shoulders. "And yet—and yet I am right, you know," she murmured piteously.

"Oh love, love——" He gathered her in his arms.

But a hurried step sounded on the stairs, and a man broke into the room without knocking, a lean fellow with a sallow bony face.

"M. de Beaujeu!" he cried. Beaujeu had started up, and stood before Rose.

"M. de Bentinck!" says Beaujeu.

"Oh, send your wench away," said Bentinck sharply.

"If M. de Bentinck cannot speak as a gentleman I will desire his Highness to use other messengers."

"Do you talk of his Highness's affairs in the stews?" snarled Bentinck.

M. de Beaujeu, who was very white, approached him: "You will ask pardon of this lady and of me, M. de Bentinck," he remarked coldly. "Or you convey to his Highness my regret that I serve him no longer."

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"What?" cried Bentinck, drawing back.

"I never repeat myself," Beaujeu observed, and as Bentinck waited, glaring and biting his lip, "I assure you, you will speak or you will go," Beaujeu informed him.

So M. de Bentinck, Dutch aristocrat, bowed himself, and, "Madame, I regret——" he growled, and glared at Beaujeu, who waited, "M. de Beaujeu, your servant."

"*Bien*," says Beaujeu, and turned to Rose, who sat very still and pale. "Mistress Charlbury, M. de Bentinck prays your leave to withdraw."

Rose bent her head, and the two men went out. When they were in another room, "I shall remember this, Beaujeu," Bentinck cried.

"It should be gratifying," Beaujeu sneered.

"I have to tell you that his Highness is displeased with you," says Bentinck, with satisfaction.

Beaujeu stared a moment, then: "His Highness is too exacting," he sneered.

"I shall report that," cried Bentinck.

"Certainly you will report that," said Beaujeu swiftly. "I, and I alone, have made this chance for his Highness—I have brought him the friends without whom he was weak as Monmouth—I have wrought for him success. But he is pleased to be displeased. *Bien*, inform him that I consider him too exacting." He spoke with careless scorn, and Bentinck cried anxiously:

"What does that mean?"

Beaujeu shrugged his shoulders. "What his Highness pleases," said he.

"Do you desert us now?" cried Bentinck.

Beaujeu's lips curled in a sneering smile: he allowed Bentinck to look at it for a moment: "M. de Bentinck," says he amiably, "when you want help it is wise to ask politely."

Bentinck's sallow cheeks darkened. "You will confess that His Highness has cause of complaint?" he said more mildly.

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"Believe me, I confess nothing."

"You promised to stay in London, to keep the town in hand, and you come here riding after a wench—— "

"M. de Bentinck—when a boor offends me I thrash him."

"Oh, let her be the Virgin Mary then! Still you have failed in your duty—— "

"I take that from his Highness only."

"What else can you say?" cried Bentinck. "There is London left without a man to speak for His Highness—— "

"*Bien*, march on London. Let his Highness speak for himself."

"You allow you have failed us?"

"A trifle." Beaujeu shrugged his shoulders. "I say, monsieur, march at once. You may march over Feversham."

"The King is still at Whitehall," said Bentinck—and as Beaujeu stared: "Ay, monsieur, still! You told us the King would flee. We had counted on that. That was the foundation of all. And he does not flee! Tell me, then, what is to do." M. de Bentinck warmed to his subject. "We march, as you bid us foolishly, and take him. And what then? Shall we hold him captive? There would be a hundred plots in the year to free him. Shall we kill him? You know well that we dare not. These, our so good friends of this present, they would all turn against his Highness, they would all be champions of King James if one sought to cut off his anointed head. We dare not do that, and so we dare nothing. You perceive, monsieur, you have brought us to an *impasse*. His Highness desires to know if you have now any resource."

And Beaujeu stood biting his lip a long while.

Bentinck laughed at him—then watched with a sneer—and at last broke out: "Ay, you boast and bluster, M. de Beaujeu, and this is the end of it all! You have misled us, you have failed us. We stay here like sheep, we can neither move on nor back. And then in your insolence you tell me you have helped his Highness to success! God help him from your help! You—— "

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"In fact you become eloquent," says Beaujeu quietly. "Take this to his Highness from me: I have brought you to Salisbury. By God, I will bring you to Whitehall." And he turned short on his heel and went out, and M. de Bentinck gaped.

But Beaujeu could find Rose nowhere. A maid told him at last that she was gone to her room. He sent a message to beg her see him. She sent a message to beg him excuse her. He wrote her a note insisting that he must see her now, for the Prince bade him go incontinent to London. The note came back with "Dear, good-bye" scrawled upon it in an unsteady hand.

M. de Beaujeu swore and sought Mr. Healy: "Healy, I'll leave Mistress Charlbury to you." Mr. Healy opened his eyes. "The Prince requires me to go to London." Mr. Healy grunted. "Care for her. Bring her to me," said Beaujeu, in a low voice. Mr. Healy took his hand.

"You'll recall myself to Mistress Leigh?" he inquired: then laughed; "'Tis a topsy-turvy world indeed, and each of us wants to be t'other."

CHAPTER XXXIX

M. DE BEAUJEU ACHIEVES SUCCESS

A LONG détour in the night brought M. de Beaujeu safe past Andover and my lord Feversham. But, had he gone straight, there had been little to fear, for my lord's army was vanishing like snow in the sun, and the morning showed him soldiers straggling all across the countryside, begging food at the cottage doors. M. de Beaujeu received an idea.

Night was falling again when he rode slowly into town. He was not ambitious to be seen, and he came by byways through the gloom. The town was still noisy and feebly riotous. In his own hall he was received by three. Dubois, smiling largely, bowed and bowed again, but Rose's maid ran to him crying, "Mossoo, mossoo?"

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Beaujeu took her outstretched hands. "Your lady, I thank God, is safe," he said gravely. "She is coming to town," and the woman gave a cry, and fell to kissing his hands. "I have to thank you that I won to her in time." He saw Nancy standing pale in the flickering light, and came to her. "Mistress Leigh, Mr. Healy begged that I would recall him to you." A dimple trembled in her cheek, and her eyes shone. "Believe me, he deserves your memory well," said Beaujeu softly. "And he too is coming."

"When?" said Nancy.

"I seek to hasten him," said Beaujeu smiling, and bowed and passed to his own room to hasten Mr. Healy.

M. de Beaujeu began to write a most interesting document. It set forth plainly, shortly, in the words of the people, that my lord Feversham had turned his army loose upon the country side. The Papists were marching at their own will, taking toll of what they would. So M. de Beaujeu, telling nothing but the truth. And then came a craftier sentence: sure, this wrong was grievous for good Protestants to hear, but what had they not to fear when thousands of armed Papists were let loose to work their own will?

M. de Beaujeu sent it off to Wharton's news-writer with the message, "Let it work!" and went with a good conscience to bed.

So by the next night the wild rumour had set the town aflame. Good honest citizens had heard much, and believed more. Now, behold, 'twas an army of wild Irish marching, murdering and ravaging through the land, and no man's strong-box, nor life, nor wife, nor child, was safe. Pursy householders girded themselves and walked the streets in ranks with ancient broadswords, howling "No Popery!" till they had no voices. They marched to Whitehall, and yelled "Lilliburlero" to serenade their King; they burnt a waxen Pope and a waxen devil before his windows. They exceeded even the anticipations of M. de Beaujeu.

There was little sleep in London that night, and the morn-

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ing found the mobile still afoot in the streets. M. de Beaujeu, eating his breakfast to the sound of the roar in the Strand, smiled to himself. It was now time to appear. M. de Beaujeu demanded his coach.

Slowly he progressed westward through the noisy crowd. Greasy faces were thrust in at the window, and "Hey for the Orange!" or "Hell for Feversham!" howled at him. To both sentiments M. de Beaujeu touched his hat. So he came at last to Sam's, the Tory coffee house. M. de Beaujeu desired to show himself to the friends of the King.

There were not many of them in Sam's (nor, indeed, in any place else at the end of that November), and what there were looked askance at M. de Beaujeu, a wolf in the fold. M. de Beaujeu, who desired merely to be looked at, sat down and lit a pipe. After a while a graceful back and two admirable legs caught his eye; they turned, and M. de Beaujeu surveyed the Roman beauty, the kindly sneer, of my lord Halifax. My lord Halifax raised his eyebrows and in a moment approached.

"Faith, M. de Beaujeu, you amaze me," says he in French.

"Without intention, my lord." Beaujeu shrugged his shoulders. "Pray, why does my humble presence amaze you?"

"It is in fact your presence that amazes."

"Oh, oh, I understand. Yes, my lord, my friends have all run off to save their country. But you see I have no country to save, and I stay in town."

My lord's grey eyes appeared amused. "*Pardieu*, monsieur, you have a sufficient courage. But since you are here you might let us sleep o' nights."

"I shall be charmed to ease your conscience."

"Do you know, I doubt my conscience is as good as your own," says Halifax, smiling. "No, monsieur, 'tis the physical turmoil that keeps me awake. You might let your mobile know that they need not howl the night long."

M. de Beaujeu opened his eyes very wide: "*Corbleu*, do I guide the rabble?" he cried. "My lord——"

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Halifax flung up his hands, laughing: "Monsieur Innocent, Monsieur New-born-babe—this becomes a little tedious. In great seriousness—before the mobile gets out of hand and rabbles us all, pray calm them. Let them know these romances of Papists and murder and rape are—romances."

Beaujeu shook his head. "I do not understand. Why I? Faith, my lord, it is for your King to act, to speak. If his people are unjust—*bien*, let him tell them so."

"*Pardieu*, but who would believe him?"

Beaujeu gazed steadily into my lord's eyes and spoke very slowly: "My lord, if his Majesty has so comported himself that there is no longer a man to believe his word—whose is the blame?"

Halifax stared back at him a moment. Then, bowing, left him.

M. de Beaujeu sought his coach and therein fell to smiling. Slowly through a thicker crowd he was borne along the Strand. Above the steep turn to his house the horses were stopped an instant: then, as they began to slide down over the pebbles, two men lounged out of the court on the left. The one was sallow and lean and tall, the other rubicund and fat, and one hustled the other back to the shadow of the court again while M. de Beaujeu alighted. "'Od rot me! 'Tis himself," muttered Captain Hagan to Mr. O'Gorman, and he rubbed his big hands together. But Mr. O'Gorman grew purple and swore. He was not pleased with M. de Beaujeu.

But soon another gentleman came down the street, and my lord Halifax was announced to M. de Beaujeu, who came in upon my lord with every feature striving to express amazement.

My lord Halifax rose laughing, "Pray do not affect surprise, monsieur," says he in English. "I think you guess my errand. Let us not waste time. I come from the King. You can speak for the Prince. Then——"

"Eh, pardon. You do me too much honour. Moreover, the Prince of Orange, as one tells me, is in England—doubtless to speak for himself."

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"How well you speak English!" says Halifax artlessly, and then laughed. "Monsieur (since you choose to be monsieur), I speak to you as gentleman to gentleman—I wish only to end this unhappy turmoil. In fine, I ask you—what is your purpose?"

Beaujeu shook his head. "My lord, I do not understand one word."

Halifax shrugged his shoulders. "You hate the King?" he asked bluntly.

But Beaujeu's eyes were cold and his voice passionless as he said, "I know no cause that you have to love him, my lord."

"The King is vastly afraid," Halifax remarked. Beaujeu shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands. "Ah, but what has he to fear?" says Halifax. "Will you answer that?"

"I answer, my lord, I answer," says Beaujeu in a low voice, frowning—"three years of murder, three years of broken faith are not to be wiped out by a month of folly." He paused while Halifax watched him closely. "And that I would say to his face as I say it to you," cried Beaujeu.

Halifax stared at his flashing eyes: "And what does that mean?" he inquired.

"It means, my lord, justice."

"What! Would you kill him?"

"Ah, you know then what justice demands?"

"You dare not."

"Confess, my lord, we have dared a little, my friends and I."

"Why, 'twould raise the country!"

"I had thought the country was raised already—in another cause."

"Ay, but the King's murder would turn all men against you."

"*Bien, bien,* it is possible. But at least the King would be dead."

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And my lord Halifax gazing found the grim face harder than the words. My lord appeared puzzled and ill-pleased. At last he rose. "Monsieur—the King insisted that I should bring you to him," he said in a formal tone.

"If I go, my lord, I go in your care," says Beaujeu carelessly.

Halifax bowed, and as they moved together to the door he looked curiously at the immobile hawk face: "Beaujeu," says he, "I have wondered sometimes—what is your quarrel with the King?"

Beaujeu turned to him: the grim face was outlined sharp against the light. "Believe me, I have one," said he.

The roar of the mobile in the Strand came to them as Beaujeu opened the door. "I do not admire your friends," says Halifax with a shrug.

"Shall we take oars, my lord?" Beaujeu suggested, and Halifax nodded and they went in again. The door was shut, and at the sound of it Captain Hagan's sallow face started out of a doorway. "Burn him! Bubbled again!" says Captain Hagan. For Beaujeu and Halifax passed through the house to the river stairs and called a wherry, and therein were rowed to Whitehall.

They were brought to King James's cabinet, and again Beaujeu beheld the long sallow face of Majesty. It was grown darker and the nostrils twitched and the mouth. "Well, my lord, well?" the King cried in his high peevish voice.

Halifax bowed. "I bring M. de Beaujeu according to your Majesty's command. Monsieur is in the counsels of the Prince."

The King flung round on Beaujeu: "Ay, sirrah, ay," he cried. "And you said you were loyal. You lied to me! You——"

"I give no account to your Majesty of my words, or my deeds," said Beaujeu coldly.

"But you are a traitor!" cried the King shrilly, and grew swarthier yet. "You are foresworn, fellow! You——"

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Beaujeu turned away from Majesty with a shrug of his shoulders. "There is no profit in this, Halifax," he remarked, and moved to the door.

"Wait! wait! Can you not wait a moment? Mary! Is no one to heed me?" His voice broke and the heavy underlip lolled down. Beaujeu waited.

"Your Majesty desires to ask something of me?" he inquired.

"Well, fellow, and if I do? Are you to break in upon me? Are you to cut off my words? Know your position!" Beaujeu smiled. "Now, fellow, what is your master's intent?"

"I conceive it has become clear."

"Does he seek my realm?" cried the King. "He does seek my realm? You know that he does. I gave him my daughter to wife and he seeks my realm. He——"

"Your Majesty then knows his intent."

"I thank you for that, fellow," Majesty was indignant. "Do you boast of his villany to my face?"

My lord Halifax deemed it time for a word of sanity. "His Majesty would ask whether the Prince of Orange would consent to treat," he explained: and the eyes of Majesty turning on Beaujeu expanded.

But Beaujeu laughed. "Treat? For what? How does one treat with him who already possesses, my lord?" The King gasped and stammered.

"Already?" Halifax put up his eyebrows. "You are hasty. We are not yet all in your power."

"Are you not? *Bien*, who lives will see," and there was a sneer on his lip as he turned and his cold eyes sought the King.

The King paled. "What? what?" he gasped, and wrung his hands. "Our Lady of Loretto!" he muttered to himself. Then, "Will he take my life also?" he cried.

"I know not why your Majesty should expect mercy from others," said Beaujeu coldly.

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"Bah, this is child's talk, Beaujeu," cried Halifax.

"You think so?" said Beaujeu, and laughed.

The King eyed him sideways like a frightened beast and his mouth opened and shut as he drew his breath. There was silence awhile in the little room, and from the street below came the roar of "Lilliburlero." The mobile were a-singing to their King.

Beaujeu went to the window and opened it, and the roar came clear.

> The English confusion to Popery drink—
> Lilli burlero bullen a la!

"Is that child's talk?" said Beaujeu pointing out. Majesty came delicately and peered. Full across the wide road to the Cockpit the crowd was stretched. Naked swords and long heavy cudgels were brandished aloft, and on the points of them, spots of bright colour in the gloom, oranges.

> And I no longer in England will stay—
> Lilli burlero bullen a la—
> For by God, they will hang us out of the way.

The King started back and retreated to a corner.

"Why do they hate me so, why do they hate me so?" he muttered, wringing his hands.

Beaujeu shut the window on the chorus, and turned to him with a sneer. "Your Majesty is pleased to forget your Bloody Assize."

"They were rebels," cried the King.

"These are rebels. The sons, sir, of men that you hanged. These—conquer." He turned on his heel and went out.

The King stared after him a moment, then hid his face in his hands and muttered "Deus, Deus meus, ut quid dereliquisti me?"

My lord Halifax allowed himself a smile; the cry of Calvary appeared to him inappropriate. Then: "Sure, your Majesty will not heed these threats. How can they dare harm you?

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If 'tis attempted all parties will rally about you. Nay, face it out. Dare the Prince to his worst."

"I thank you for that, my lord Halifax," cried the King, starting up. "You would have me stay to be murdered."

"Faith, sir, the Prince has much more to fear from your staying than you. He dare not hold you prisoner, he dare not——"

"He dares all things," cried the King. "He is an infidel. He is possessed of a devil. Shall I wait to be destroyed? Nay, my lord, I have been too rash already, too venturous."

"I implore your Majesty to stay," cried Halifax.

"What, my lord?" Majesty's heavy brows came down. "You, too, are in league with the heretic? You would compass my death. Go, my lord, go! I wish you joy of your new master. Serve him as you have served me!" Majesty laughed at his jest.

My lord Halifax had drawn himself up haughtily, and looked down at the King, and the sneer deepened on his lip. "Sir, you forget your dignity," he said coldly, and bowed.

"One word, my lord," cried the King, and Halifax waited. "'Had Zimri peace—' ask yourself that my lord, 'had Zimri peace —'" and Majesty nodded wisely and frowned.

My lord Halifax, who alone had stood by him when the Whigs were triumphing, whom he had cast off in the years of his power, who alone, again, stood by him now that his power was gone—my lord Halifax allowed himself another smile ere he went out.

In the courtyard he found Beaujeu lounging, who turned at the sound of his footsteps, and waited for him. "You knew your man, Beaujeu," said Halifax with some scorn, and Beaujeu smiled. "Will you wait a little? I think we shall see something." So they paced together up and down the courtyard while the darkness gathered and the mobile still howled. "What will your King be like?" said Halifax.

"He is at least neither fool nor coward."

"I was wondering if he is grateful," said Halifax smiling;

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and Beaujeu, who intended that his King should be grateful, smiled also.

Through the night, over the heaving dark water, a barge gay with bright colour and gilded carving came to the Palace stairs. Across the courtyard came a little company all muffled from knee to chin. In the midst was the King, hurrying in quick short steps with downcast head. The two tall gentlemen, watching curiously, lifted their hats as he passed. But he saw nothing, and stumbled down the steps, and catching at the outstretched hands was dragged into the barge. His servants sprang aboard. Slowly the great hull swung out on the ebb-tide and vanished into the dark.

M. de Beaujeu was back again in a foul little room, saw again a yellow haggard face—then the yells of a crowd rang again in his ears. In a moment my lord Halifax turned to him smiling: "Is revenge sweet?" Halifax asked.

And M. de Beaujeu smiled back.

(*To be continued*)

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

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THE SEAMY SIDE OF THE ALLIANCE

ENGLAND and Japan have realised the dream of Alexander—the marriage of the East and the West. No event recorded in English history is fraught with graver consequences to the Anglo-Saxon race and to humanity at large than the alliance of England and Japan. Europe, at the instance of Germany, has begun to look on England, the former champion of freedom, as a bad European; and, indeed, the definite contract entered into between King Edward VII. and the Mikado to call on each other's fleets and troops to come to the assistance of either in case of attack by a third Power is partial justification for the charge. Even a dozen years ago it was unthinkable that England could foresake her "splendid isolation" to ally herself with a Buddhist Power against Christendom. To-day an arrangement exists by which Japanese troops may be sent to the Khyber, Candahar, Cabul, or the Persian Gulf if Russia seeks atonement for defeat in China by treading in the footsteps of former invaders of India. This treaty is approved by all sections of the people, and the Liberal Party, by the mouths of Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey, have given their blessing to the diplomacy of Lord Lansdowne in the matter of the Japanese Alliance. Parliament was not even consulted on the subject. Vast and far-reaching obligations have been silently placed upon the

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shoulders of the people of these islands without any discussion in the House of Commons and very little in the Press. It is taken for granted that owing to the physical weakness of our urban population, their distaste for soldiering, and the confusion of our military arrangements, alliance with the brown conquerors of the Russians is, in the language of the omnibus or the Stock Exchange, "good business" for England.

But the Japanese Alliance, although indubitably convenient for the moment, is subject to drawbacks, and these items on the other side of the account are worth consideration.

First and foremost Japan is under no illusion as to the advantages of the English alliance. According to certain Japanese authorities, who are too courteous to publish their real opinions, the alliance with Japan and the new *ententes* with France are signs that the tough old John Bull spirit has departed, and that our nation is suffering from relaxed fibres. Diplomatic skill of the highest order is not only consistent with military ineptitude, but the protective cunning developed by danger applies to degenerating as well as to developing States.

Japanese who have studied the actual condition of the English nation, and who know it as an analytical chemist knows the properties of oxygen gas, are aware that the English character, as revealed by Parliamentary discussion, the Press and society, has undergone change during the last dozen years —a change that is not for the better. Stalwart and solid, slow and steadfast, trusty and resolute, were epithets commonly used of the English character by its friends and its enemies in the last century. English phlegm has been succeeded by national neurasthenia. Waves of impulse pass over the nation, deflect policy, and cause contradictory and dramatic changes of mood of a kind previously strange in our national history. Only three years ago our relations with France were strained. The language of the music-halls and of the patriotic Press expressed the national dislike for our neighbours across the Channel. At that time the policy and purposes of Germany were as well known to our leaders as they are to-day; but governed by

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their irrational antipathies to Frenchmen they refused to listen to warnings of German designs and ignored the evidence of Teuton ambitions to occupy the seat of England at the banquet of international life. We paid heavy indemnity to Germany in respect of the *Bundesrath* and the *Herzog* during the Boer War, although both vessels were known to be full of contraband up to the hatches. Shouting the language of patriotism in the streets and on the platforms of political meetings, and singing patriotic songs in the music-halls, the public quietly acquiesced in the humiliation accomplished by Russia when she ordered H.M.S. *Iphigenia* out of Port Arthur as a policeman orders an organ-grinder to move on. The language of patriotism, like the language of religion, is sometimes a cloak to hardness of heart and contempt of the word and commandment that enjoins strenuous exertion and personal sacrifice. The lesson of the Boer War, bitter and humiliating as it was, awoke the patriotism only of a few, but their voices are those crying in the wilderness, and our War Office is as unready for war as when England was, in truth, an Island Power. From the time England became a Continental Power, with frontiers marching with those of Russia and of France, we have shirked the sacrifices necessary to enable us to discharge our Imperial trust. Japan notes the fact. The Prime Minister said at Berwick that upon the might of Britain the right of Britain depends. All the same, the security of the Indian frontier depends on a force which does not exist, and which we have taken no steps to provide.

Under these circumstances friendship with France, the ally of Russia, is regarded by the public as a piece of heaven-born statesmanship. Having fought with France twenty-four times and refusing to lay to heart the lessons she has learned in the school of bitter experience, we eagerly avail ourselves of M. Delcassé's consummate diplomatic skill in paving the way for the *entente*, and fold the France we had flouted ecstatically in our arms. The luncheon in Westminster Hall may have been a sign of good feeling, but effusiveness was not lacking.

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The Westminster Hall luncheon was the act of the representatives of a people desirous of maintaining a prosperous Empire with the minimum of work, the maximum of sport, and of escaping compulsory military obligations altogether. Friendship with France and alliance with Japan are precisely the policy for an empire bent on ease and amusements without paying the price asked for its retention.

The Puritan spirit that is the strongest strand in the rope of our complex national life does not concern itself with the Japanese Alliance, racial rivalries, or ethnological problems it has created. The Puritan spirit no longer thinks of Empire or of duty to the State. It is busy with passive resistance. Various causes have led to the recent change in the English character. The first is the new and incalculable influence of Americans upon the ruling classes, the legislature, the organs of public opinion, the Court, and the democratic outlook on life generally. Intermarriage with wealthy American families and the cumulative effect of American immigration and sojourners in this country have Americanised thought and created a new point of view in which cash and sport are more prominent features than patriotism and principle. Men under sixty may recall the tone prevalent in English society forty years ago on the outbreak of the Civil War. At that time no more effective gibe could be cast by a statesman at a political opponent than to charge him with "Americanising our institutions." Mr. Lowe, afterwards Lord Sherbrooke, employed this American bogey with tremendous effect in his memorable anti-reform speeches in 1866–67. In the mid-Victorian era American manners and American ways of thought were regarded by a caste, in which every one was prejudiced, as synonymous with vulgarity. After forty years what a change; Americans are supreme in society, in diplomacy, in finance, in India, and at Court! Americans occupy the town mansions and the historic country seats of the great families. They have not only impregnated the dukeries with Transatlantic hustle and vigour, but American beauty and American dollars

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have given a deteriorated House of Lords a new lease of life. Their virtues, their generosity, their abilities, and their energy have brought them what they deserved—partnership in the government of England.

American influence on English nerves is one cause of the change in the national character. English history shows clearly that in bygone times of crisis and difficulty neither aristocracy, nor the command of capital, but the Puritan conscience was the chief strength of Britain. Protestantism has its unlovely side, but the manses of Ulster and of Scotland, and the Bible readers and Sunday Schools of England, have been the true Imperial factors in times of storm. With American wealth came not only the Higher Criticism, but Yankee irreverence. In Transatlantic wit the largest ingredient is irreverence, and American wit has accordingly contributed to the decay of respect for things sacred or ancestral. Society has lost its courtliness. Fine manners became bad form. In the United States there are few ideals but money, so the worship of wealth soon replaced the earlier cults of Englishmen.

As reverence for age, rank, and knowledge disappeared the decay of faith during the last twelve years advanced with even more rapid strides. Clergy of all creeds incline more and more to resort to the arena of politics to recover the influence they have lost in the domain of faith.

The decay of faith in religion or in country is a new element in public life. A hundred years ago statesmen, high officials, and men of station constantly referred to their belief in a Supreme Being. In the Royal Navy the Providence of God was officially recognised, and even to this day grace before meat is the rule at the wardroom mess. To-day unbelief is no barrier to high place, God is unfashionable, and one Cabinet Minister at least was wont to spell His name with a little "g." The inability of the comfortable classes to maintain their old faith in revealed religion has naturally been followed by the working classes, who, as M. Jaurès says, having forgotten

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la vieille chanson that has lulled them for so long, are now resolved to claim their seat at the banquet of life whoever suffers and whoever is deprived of enjoyments.

To the decay of faith and American influence must be added the sudden ascendency of the Jewish race. While England owes much to the Children of the Dispersion their influence on national life and character tends to the materialisation of the people. Their singular faculty for managing and amassing money, for bending to their own ends the political and social conditions in which they live, combined with racial exclusiveness and cosmopolitan detachment, have successfully obscured the gradual but now predominant influence exercised by the Jews. Few students of contemporary history can avoid the conclusion that while our national sacrifices in the Great Boer War have enriched the Hebrews of Europe they have done less than was expected to throw open a new field of enterprise and employment to the taxpayers of the United Kingdom.

However undesigned this may be, it is unfortunate that the pre-eminence of vast wealth should be assigned to a cosmopolitan class who have not seen fit, until Russia was defeated, to shut the money-markets of the world to the persecutors of their co-religionists. It would be unreasonable to expect that the British should receive from the bankers of the world more delicate consideration than that given by them to persecuted Israel. The glamour of vast possessions, the finest houses, the most costly feasts, the most sumptuous conditions of life are the temptations by which Hebrew plutocracy has encouraged the turning of the British character from the stern ideals of Puritanism to starting-price tips and the ballot.

Rome, though debased by materialism, lorded it over the world by the efficiency and numbers of her legions. Britain, the weakest of the six great military Powers, sustains her Empire in the hemispheres by means of ironclads and a diplomacy which, if not matchless, has proved for a decade a

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working substitute for military preparations based on universal service. The means by which our statesmen have prevented the oft-prophesied collapse of the house of cards was by skilful manipulation of the Balance of Power, a plan which worked well from 1688, until the Balance of Power was no longer contained within the European perimeter. The addition of Siberia, Japan, Australia, Canada, China, and the United States of America as terms of the equation have obliterated the old religious and racial lines of demarcation. Although we would not employ Goorka or Sikh—and still less the Basutos—against the Boer, we have now sought an alliance with Asiatics against a Christian European Power, and in the event of a Russian attack upon India, *vid* Persia, expect the Japanese, notwithstanding Mr. Balfour's admirable doctrine as to British self-defence, to supply the military reserve which we require, but do not possess or even propose to create. The guiding principle which brought England through the wars of the Spanish Succession, the Seven Years' Wars, and the Napoleonic struggle "in 1800 and war time," when applied to Indian problems through Asiatic allies may produce different results from those which formerly followed co-operation with neighbouring nations.

Let us remember that the relations between our Australian fellow subjects and our allies are not only strained, but the military and naval impotence of the Commonwealth is such that, but for its right of asylum in the Empire, the temptation to occupy Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide would be irresistible to the captors of Port Arthur. According to Major-General Hutton, the late Federal Commandant, "a force capable of taking the field does not at present exist in Australia." Lieutenant-Colonel J. C. Neild, Senator of the Commonwealth, writes (*Times*, September 7, 1905) that the people of Australia are living in a "fool's paradise." When Major-General Hutton quitted Australia he handed over to his successor at the end of 1904 a force of 18,000 troops, a reduction of 8000 in three years, "the department necessary

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for a mobile army having yet to be created." The Australian public, though as defenceless as the Koreans, refuse to contribute to the cost of the British Navy, beyond a mere trifle which does not meet half the cost of the useless squadron maintained by British taxpayers in Australian waters; the Commonwealth Ministry and public alike appear to be insensible to their impotence and ignorant of their indelible obligations to the British taxpayers who pay the interest on the debt incurred in the wars that made Australia British, and foot the bill every year for the Navy which keeps it so.

Canada, which does not contribute to the cost of the British Navy, has rivalled the Commonwealth in her cavalier treatment of our Asiatic allies, but since Canada to-day is practically a separate, though friendly, nation, with all the elements of prosperous nationhood, except the means of effective defence by sea and land, her antipathy to the Japanese is unlikely to do more than widen the breach between the Dominion and the Mother Country by strengthening the tie uniting it with the United States of America. To incur indelible obligations to Japan would seem incompatible with closer relations between the Mother Country and the manual labourers of Australia who are supreme in the political affairs of the Commonwealth, or with the Canadian farmers, who rightly determine that Canada is a white man's country. Is there, however, a reasonable prospect that England will incur serious obligations to Japan for services rendered? The answer to this conundrum rests with Russia and Germany.

Had Russia avoided defeat at the hands of despised Asiatics it is probable that the maintenance of her foothold on the Pacific would have absorbed her energies for years to come. The Peace of Portsmouth compels Russia to decide forthwith between the pursuit of her dream of a Far Eastern Empire and the devotion of her energies in another field. The secular policy of Russia, whether under Tsardom or a Constitution, is prescribed by inexorable forces beyond the control of statesmanship. As in the days of Peter the Great, to reach warm

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water is the winning-post of the race for the great Russian people. Bottled in the Bosphorus, headed off in the Persian Gulf, and ejected from Port Arthur, 130,000,000 of Russians are frozen in during four months in every year, although free access to the ocean is essential in these days of progress and of trade to the development of a Power of the first or even the second rank.

The question that Russian patriots will ask themselves is: What is the line of least resistance? Although the great Siberian Railway now ends in a *cul-de-sac*, Russian territory is intact on the Continent and Russian resources are not materially injured by the war. The lives she has lost in the Manchurian campaign do not count in the march of time; the natural increase of one year in the population will make good the waste. In a few months or years from the present time, under reasonably good management of public affairs, the ill-effects of the war will have disappeared, and the glacier-like approach of Russia to the sea will be resumed then if not now. In which quarter of the world will the volcanic forces of Russia find the thinnest crust and the easiest vent? Russia, unlike England, cannot be destroyed by a blow at the heart, because the strength of Russia lies, not in the great cities, but in myriads of brown villages that stretch from the German frontier to the frozen surf of the Pacific.

Regenerated or bureaucratic Russia will seek an outlet to the sea, and the line of least resistance in her quest is presented by the British Empire. To reach Port Arthur would require not merely a new army but a new people, educated, abstemious, and patriotic. Two generations hence Russia may renew the struggle with Japan, but the conditions of peace at Portsmouth are durable, for they accord with natural justice and common sense.

The case of England is different. Spirit and pluck no longer suffice for success in modern warfare. Pluck and the spirit of sport abound, but of serious and universal preparation for war there is none. If the Grand Ducal party in

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Russia, with the support of the war party in Germany, should decide that the line of least resistance is through Constantinople, the Persian Gulf, or Afghanistan, or all three, Britain will be on her mettle. According to the best military authorities about twelve years will be required from the time when Britain begins in earnest the work of reorganising her army. Five years have been lost, and if the indubitable strength of Russia should be organised by German brains, as the resources of China are evoked and arrayed by Japanese instructors, it might go hard with England but for the Japanese alliance. We cannot expect French or American troops to fight for the retention of India under the British flag. We do not possess the troops ourselves to withstand a combined German and Russian attack, or even an attack by Russia single-handed, and therefore our dependence upon Japan is complete — a sinister comment upon the Prime Minister's declaration as to the sufficiency of British might. Our treaty with Japan is dangerous, because it is an opiate that lulls to sleep a people that should be up and doing.

The Japanese Treaty, moreover, enables the Mikado to call upon the British fleet for use in the Far East—a departure from established practice without a parallel in history. The Japanese Treaty, while barring the way to an understanding with regenerated Russia, not only prevents the federation of the British Empire, but hastens the establishment of the Australian Republic under the suzerainty of the United States, which is the ideal of many Australian working men. For these reasons I hold that the Japanese Treaty of Alliance is an instrument showing, not wisdom but cunning; not strength but decadence; and that the appearance of Japanese troops in the Hooghly is more likely to break than consolidate the British Empire.

"COLONIENSIS."

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THE WORLD-INFLUENCE OF BRITAIN AND JAPAN

THE pen, through the Anglo-Japanese Agreement, has forged the mightiest weapon of war which the world has ever known. It has ranged together, in concert of action, irresistible powers of sea and land. The greatest and most powerful navy, with an attendant host of transports, brings the whole earth within the reach of the strongest and most efficient army. Two little islands, set half the world apart to east and west against the coasts of the largest continent, have stretched a link of steel across it, which not only secures their common interests against the menace of a common danger, but, at the same time, safeguards the peace of nations for the benefit of all humanity.

The Anglo-Japanese Agreement, as an instrument of force, is completely efficacious and far-reaching in its effects. The "white peril" passes for ever from Japan. The Empires of Europe can no more confront her from neighbouring ice-free coasts, nor spread, in peril to the world's peace, across the huge helpless continent of China to the south. The fleets of Europe can no more challenge her predominant power in her home seas. But while Japan herself becomes inaccessible to the armies of Europe, and while Britain shields her from the ships of the world—by the grace of Britain as warden of the ocean—all Europe and all the world lie open to attack by the ships and armies of Japan. Though the guns of Kiao-Chau

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and Vladivostock no longer menace Nippon, both Kiel and St. Petersburg are now within the range of Japanese artillery. Never before in history has power so tremendous passed in gift from one nation to another. Japan participates with Britain in the most precious heritage of all her history—her lordship of the seas. She has been dowered by Britain with the fruits of centuries of her genius and sacrifice, and enjoys equally with her the power Nelson bequeathed her at Trafalgar. Henceforth Japan also becomes invulnerable against attack and ubiquitous for the purposes of attack. And although, as regards all other nations, the force which accrues to Japan through this treaty constitutes nothing less than a revolution in world-power, to Britain it affords a compensation of inestimable value. For Britain is no longer wholly invulnerable against attack, and though still ubiquitous as regards attack, she fails, at the present time, in the power of attack. Moreover, her vital problems of offence and defence are no longer confined to British coasts and to the continent of Europe. During the past century the life of Britain has merged in an empire comprising one quarter of the earth. The coasts of Britain encircle the world, and in every part of it she may receive a dangerous, perhaps a mortal wound. Happily, her great imperial frontiers are the oceans, thus sea-power renders her still secure, except along two great land frontiers in America and Asia. Of these, the Canadian frontier is not adjacent to that of a great military power, nor is it a factor of danger or weakness in practical politics at the present time. The Indian frontier, on the other hand, is both a danger and a weakness. For against the military might of a Russian advance upon India, the right arm of Britain and her chief source of strength—sea-power—is of little avail, and, at the same time, she fails in military strength. Consequently at one point where she lies open to attack in a vital part, Britain is weakest in the power of defence. It is in respect of this fatal weakness, however, that the Japanese Alliance lends invaluable strength. The enemies

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of Britain, owing to her overwhelming strength at sea, are powerless to attack her territories or her commerce elsewhere upon the globe. Yet, should they attempt—alone or by an alliance—to attack Britain in her one vulnerable part—through India—they immediately bring into the field against them another great world-power; they double her strength; they reinforce and make her strong in the one part where she was weak.

But the Anglo-Japanese Agreement is incidentally, not primarily, an instrument of force. It is truly a factor of peace. In regard to its effects upon world-polity, its true importance and value lies in the possibility of agreement and mutual understanding—through a more perfect balance of power—between human forces, the rivalry and conflict of which constitute both a peril to peace and civilisation, and a hindrance to the progress of mankind. Moreover, the efficacy of this agreement as an instrument of peace equals its efficacy as an instrument of force. For it cuts at the cancer which is the cause of all peril and political unrest in Asia—as elsewhere. This peril is involved in the existence of rich and fertile lands that lie defenceless in the hands of weak, decadent peoples, and attract strong, strenuous races to conquer and despoil them as surely as a magnet attracts steel. To guarantee the peace of Asia this treaty has substituted for the weakness of Persia, Central Asia, and the Chinese Empire the strength of Britain and Japan. It applies to Asia the same political principle which secures the peace of Europe, through the strength of the powers in consensus of agreement, with respect to the weakness of Turkey. Yet though the cancer of rivalry and unrest in Asia is for the moment arrested, the mischief is not cured. Britain and Japan are not alone the arbiters of Asia. The third, and—in the future—perhaps the greatest of all Asiatic Powers, confronts them across the path of its ambitions and its destiny. It lies with Russia to decide whether the Anglo-Japanese Agreement shall secure the peace of Asia or plunge it—at some future time—into a terrible war.

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Before it can be clearly understood what factors lie in the balance to incline the future policy of Russia towards peace or war, it is necessary to consider that policy which, in the past, has already brought her into conflict with Japan in the eastern confines of Asia, and which, if persisted in, will surely bring her into conflict with Britain in the far south of that continent. The need of the Russian Empire for access to the ice-free oceans of the world is primarily the determining factor of Russian Imperial policy. Apart from the strategic importance and the power attaching to ice-free harbours, they are vitally necessary for the economic development and the future prosperity and wealth of all Russia. For the port of commerce is a mouth through which a nation nourishes itself. But whereas the strong nations of Europe stand between Russia and the nearer western seas, only the weak peoples of Asia are scattered between her and the far more distant oceans of the east and south. Consequently the tide of Slav expansion has set naturally towards the sea—in the line of least resistance—across Asia. And it is the pressure of this Russian advance southward against the line of the fortieth degree of latitude—across Asia—which to-day menaces the world's tranquillity; while the flanks of this latitudinal line of advance threaten both Britain and Japan, and has drawn these far distant peoples together in the Anglo-Japanese Alliance of Defence.

This curious fact regarding latitude 40 becomes clear if its line is followed across Asia. In the past—both in Europe and Asia—latitude 40 was the world's great line of power. At the present day, latitude 40 is the world's great danger line. To the west it cuts Portugal and Spain, Morocco lying to the south of it. It passes through the homeland of the Roman Empire, and cuts the modern frontiers of Greece and Turkey. Emerging from these spheres of historical glory, it enters the spheres of a remoter greatness, which are now the great danger zones of modern world-polity. It cuts the Dardanelles, leaving Constantinople to the north of it, and passes across Asia Minor to touch the frontiers of Russia and Persia, south of

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the Caucasus. Crossing the Caspian it traverses the Central Asian States, passing north of Afghanistan by Bokhara and Samarkand, and then runs in a northward curve through Eastern Turkestan between Mongolia and Thibet into China. It touches Pekin, crosses Manchuria between Mukden and the Liao Tung Peninsula, cuts Northern Korea, and passes across the Sea of Japan dividing the main islands of Japan to the south of Hirosaki. As regards Asia, at any rate, there is hardly a Power of the past, and there is no great Power nor vital problem of the present, which is not bound upon this strange and fateful girdle of the world. And, with respect to the subject under consideration, the whole of the Anglo-Japanese Agreement is written along the Asiatic section of this line. To the south of it, upon the west, lie Arabia, Persia, and their home seas, together with Afghanistan, in which Great Britain, under Article IV., claims "special interests"—as they all, comparatively speaking, concern the security of India and lie in the strategic proximity to its frontier. Westwards, the line rises across the outer wards of the Chinese Empire—Eastern Turkestan, Mongolia, and Thibet—all of which have lately been spheres of Russian trespass or political intrigue, and which now lie covered by the second clause of the preamble to the treaty regarding the "independence and integrity of the Chinese Empire." And finally, to eastward—Korea, Manchuria, the Gulf of Pechili, the Yellow Sea, and the Sea of Japan—all lie to either side of this latitudinal line, and constitute the region in which the "territorial rights and special interests" of Japan are safeguarded by the preamble and Article III. of this far-reaching and powerful political instrument.

This immense line, extending across over seventy degrees of longitude, represents the front of the Russian advance in Asia. To that advance, together with the whole policy of Russian expansion and the principles which inspire it, the Anglo-Japanese Alliance has administered a check. As regards Central Asia, in the middle of the line, this check cannot be

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said to stultify any great national sacrifice of blood or treasure on the part of Russia. Here she may abandon her advance without any great surrender of either sacrifice or desire. But it is altogether different with the flanks of the line of advance. Russia did not span Asia—across illimitable snows—with the Siberian railway to connect her empire with the ice-pack in Vladivostock harbour. She has not brought her railways southwards towards India, across the waterless steppes, to stare at the Himalayan snows. She has not pushed another railway out to the Persian frontier to make Julfa the limit of her march across rich and fertile lands towards the tropic seas. Russia, during the long and arduous marches of her quest of ocean, has conceived a far greater and more wonderful ambition, which has inspired the ultimate intention of her Imperial policy. Her great strategic railway systems in Asia—east and south—are the huge arms of Russia stretched out to grasp not only the prize of ocean, but with it the mightiest of world-empires. The direction of these outstretched arms indicates the desires and intentions of her policy. This policy threatens the very existence of Britain and Japan as Asiatic Powers. And with Japan subjugated and Britain expelled from Asia, Russia would dominate it as its sole mistress. The vastest and richest continent of the world would then become a province of her gigantic empire. The efforts of Russia towards the consummation of this great conception of her ultimate destiny have been commensurate with its glory and ambition. In stretching out her menacing arms to enfold Asia from east to west, she has striven tremendously and sacrificed infinitely—seemingly in vain. For now her Island Rivals have interposed a wall of steel between her hands and all they sought to grasp. And though, undoubtedly, the final issues between these peoples lie with their future generations, an anxious and immediate question now arises:—will Russia surrender her sacrifices and arrest her advance towards the Indian and Pacific Oceans, and her campaigns against the other Asiatic Powers; or will she seek some

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opportunity for pressing that advance in the face of the concentrated force which now opposes it?

It is clear that for a considerable time, owing to the financial and physical drain of the late war, as well as the grave domestic problems which beset her immediate future, Russia cannot hope to confront the Asiatic Alliance alone. Under these circumstances two courses lie open to her: First, to counterbalance the force which opposes her with force that shall free her for further efforts in pursuance of her objects and desires; and, secondly, to join her outstretched arms, in peace and amity, with her great Asiatic neighbours to use them henceforth for barter—not for battle—and, with them, to help in shutting the doors of Asia against all plunderers and disturbers of peace. As to the first of these alternatives—that of counteracting force, with force—its possibility wholly depends upon the existence of another Power which might be able and willing to throw its weight, together with Russia, into the scales against Great Britain and Japan. This, again, depends upon another Power being so circumstanced, at the present time, that compensative advantages might accrue to it through the disturbance of the world's peace by a frightful and stupendous war with both Britain and Japan. There is only one Power in the world so circumstanced—namely, Germany. In the same way that a national necessity primarily inspires the Imperial policy of Russia, so national necessities also inspire and shape the Imperial policy of modern Germany. Germany has been born to national unity of existence too late. She has contracted world-relations at a time when the condition of survival in the human struggle for existence is rapidly passing from success in international conflicts to success in inter-racial conflicts—or conflicts between nations federated in groups—just as long ago the human life-struggle passed from inter-tribal to international conflicts. In every age only men federated into the greater groups acquire power and survive. Therefore, at the present time, the first conditions of success and ultimate survival for a nation are, first, the acquisition

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of world-power; and, secondly, race-federation. Accordingly the main principles of German policy are, first, territorial expansion in any part of the world where it may still be possible; and, secondly, the pan-German policy in Europe as regards federation with the Austrian branch of the Teutonic race. In regard to world-expansion, however, all the lands suitable for white settlement and the rearing of daughter nations are already occupied by strong nations. Therefore, in respect of these lands—to save the absorption of her surplus population by young alien nations—Germany can only expand territorially at the expense of strong peoples. This contingency is clearly within the purview of her world-policy. Germany is developing a strength in sea-power entirely disproportionate to her interests in oversea territories or in commerce, the protection of which is its legitimate object. The avowed object of this accession of force is the ability to challenge, at some future time, the supremacy of the greatest naval Power in the world. Therefore, one shaft in the German quiver is reserved for Britain. On the other hand, Germany cannot expand territorially by the conquest of weak peoples, because the weak peoples in every continent of the world, except in Asia, have already been dispossessed and subjugated by other strong nations. Being late, Germany has had to be content with the crumbs that have fallen from the table of the Imperial feast of other nations. In Africa a meagre few have fallen, constituting that German territory which is now a human shambles. At the present time it is the Continent of Asia, in China, which affords Germany her only hope of realising the national necessities of world-expansion and world-power through a dominion resembling those of Britain and Russia. Accordingly she instituted a bold and energetic policy in pursuance of her object. Kiao-Chau became the seedling of the roof-tree of a German Asiatic Empire in the Shan Tung Peninsula—and perhaps further. But this adventure could only hope to succeed at the cost of the national existence of Japan. Thus a shaft of the German quiver is aimed at Japan

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no less directly than was the Russian arrow of Port Arthur. While, with characteristic skill, Germany played Britain off against the possibility of Russian opposition or encroachment in regard to her own sphere for the spoliation of China—through the Anglo-German Agreement concerning the integrity of China—she, at the same time, encouraged, counselled, and then aided Russia to make war upon Japan, not only to set aside the very principle of her agreement with Britain, but to vanquish and destroy the only Power which could efficiently assert that principle. In the late war, in which the issues were the dismemberment of China and the existence of Japan, Russia fought Japan for Germany no less than for herself. Germany no less than Russia hoped for and stood to benefit by the destruction of Japan. For both nations an empire was at stake. The victory of Japan is equally a death-blow to the hopes and ambitions of Germany as well as of Russia. But the blow has fallen with heavier and more bitter force upon Germany. It is true that no great sacrifice of hers has been stultified. For her, however, as in the case of Russia, there are no other spheres of rich illimitable territory only awaiting her population and her energies to add to her national greatness through power and economic wealth. For her there is no comfort and compensation in peace and friendship with the powerful alliance which guarantees the existing frontier lines of Asia. For Germany, there is only the bitterness of lost desire and the tragedy of want in things essential for her national survival and success. The Anglo-Japanese Treaty has closed the world's last free postern-gate of empire against her. Asia is henceforth to be inviolate. The "mailed fist" is commanded to withdraw. Kiao-Chau becomes a meaningless possession—the grave of a still-born empire—a fortress floating in the air.

At first sight, then, both the interests and the policy of Russia and of Germany—in regard to China—seem to be coincident. The national necessities of both countries inspire them with an Imperial policy which demands territorial

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expansion—along the line of least resistance—in the only sphere where world-expansion was, till now, most easily possible. Both countries are baulked of their ambitions and deprived of certain necessities essential to their national development by Britain and Japan. Because, just those things which—in Asia—are in the interests of Russia and Germany, are prejudicial to the interests of Britain and Japan. Therefore, as the latter Powers have united their strength in defence of their common interests, it seems natural that Russia and Germany should make common cause against them with respect to their mutual desires and ambitions. Happily for mankind, such a combination is not a probable contingency of practical politics under the present conditions of world-polity. It is only necessary to recall—without considering in detail—some of these many factors of world-force that militate against this possibility, to recognise the difficulties which confront the statesmen who attempt its consummation. In the first place, the essential principle of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty is the maintenance of the integrity of China, their adherence to which both Russia and Germany have openly confirmed. Consequently, the only object of a Russo-German alliance against the Island Powers would be that of an unprovoked war, shamelessly prosecuted for objects of self-interest and spoliation, in regard to territories now declared neutral and reserved equally for the commerce of all nations. It is certain that any attempt at annexation or commercial monopoly in regard to these territories would bring the whole civilised world in moral support—and draw the United States of America in active support—to the side of the Powers who maintain, for all nations, the rights of common and of open market with respect to them. Apart from this irresistible and automatic shift in the balance of world-power against a Russo-German policy of adventure in Asia, caused by the reaction of a force of community of interest among the other Powers, there are considerations equally serious and equally important in regard to the balance of power in Europe which militate, no less decidedly, against this combination. It

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is clear that if the first principle of German policy—that of world-expansion—brings her into community of interest with Russia in Asia, the second principle of German policy—that of race-federation—brings her, with regard to the future of Austria-Hungary, into the sharpest possible conflict of interest with Russia in Europe. This fact alone should give pause to the rotation of that kaleidoscope of political opinions in St. Petersburg, which, in the grasp of a nerveless and uncertain hand, spasmodically patterns the destinies of All the Russias. For it is evident that while the Russian dream of empire concerns Asia, and threatens principally two distant and inaccessible Powers, the German dream of empire concerns Europe, and threatens principally her neighbour Russia. The great Pan-German Empire is to cut Europe in twain from north to south, and to bar Russia from all the western world. Eastwards it would fence in the Russian frontier with German bayonets for over a thousand miles. Westwards it would give the keys of both the European sea-gates of Russia—in the Baltic to the north and in the Mediterranean to the south—into the keeping of German naval power. For the Pan-German Empire bases its battle-fleets at Wilhelmshaven and Trieste, at Kiel and Salonika.[1] From north to south German ambition purposes to hold all Europe in the grip of German naval and military power which—again be it remembered—masks and dominates Russia almost across the entire line of her ocean and territorial confines to the west. And between these ambitions which, at present, fill Europe with apprehension and unrest, and the possibility of an active policy towards their realisation, there is now interposed one aged and uncertain life. Is it then to be supposed, that Russian statesmen, however keen

[1] This harbour is an objective of the Pan-German policy of expansion. The published maps of the future "Greater Germany" show Salonika as a German possession. Its tactical value is clear, through the fact that the British naval base of Malta commands the entrance to the Adriatic, thereby considerably lessening the value of Trieste as a naval port. At the present time the seeds of German influence are being assiduously sown through a school in this town, partly subsidised by the German Government.

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the present smart of humiliation, however deep the present disappointment of lost sacrifices and desires, will be found so devoid of perspicuity and sense as to bind Russia to an alliance which would range the world against her, and which, if successful in its object, would, after incredible exertion, place upon the eastern flank of her empire in Asia the same Power which aims at dominating her western flank in Europe?

It is perfectly logical first to argue the incompatibility of a Russo-German combination in regard to the ultimate desires and ambitions of both peoples. That incompatibility is then made even clearer in relation to immediate considerations of world-polity, particularly in regard to the balance of power in Europe. At present it is Russia which grips Germany upon both flanks—through the Franco-Russian Alliance. No wrestler in the grip of his adversary has ever struggled with greater force and intuition than Germany in her recent efforts to disengage or paralyse the left arm of Russia—in her French ally. While Germany encouraged and aided Russia in a struggle that utilised the strength of the right arm of Russia to further her own Imperial aims in the Far East, which would enable her in turn to grip Russia upon both flanks, she utilised the occupation and the fancied exhaustion of that arm as an opportunity to free her own western flank from the possibility of Russian menace. She has used all her cunning and sleight upon that arm of Russia which, despite her efforts ten thousand miles away, still preserved intact her influence in Europe—through the power of France. The incident of Morocco, upon which the German attack, directly upon France and indirectly upon Russia, was based, is fresh in the minds of men. Its developments are current history, a detailed reference to it is, therefore, unnecessary. But it bears directly upon the issue in point—that of the possibility of a Russo-German combination—through results which were certainly unforeseen by those responsible for the German policy with regard to this question. For the whole matter has roused France to feelings of intense resentment and anger against

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Germany, in the face of which a combination between the ally of France and Germany would be hardly politic—or possible. At the same time, this useful incident has thrown a clear light upon the good faith and the steady support given by Britain throughout this crisis directly to France—and indirectly to Russia. And is it to be supposed, when the true measure of this service to their ally, to their alliance, and so to themselves, is realised by Russian statesmen, in the calm of retrospect, that they will find an alliance with the Power which threatened their ally and their interests, as against the Power which served their ally and their interests, either a politic or a possible instrument of national policy? Apart from these considerations altogether, it is certain that such a step taken now, or in the near future, would inevitably result in a disturbance of the balance of power throughout the world, and necessitate a complete redistribution of international power in Europe, which would reduce Russia and Germany, both in Asia and elsewhere, to a necessary impotence.

A careful consideration of the foregoing facts brings the mind to certain interesting conclusions. In the first place, it is clear that Russia cannot hope to form an alliance against Great Britain and Japan in Asia. In the second place, it is clear that she must, in the future, consider her relations with these Powers, not as a purely Asiatic Power, but as a European power. This last conclusion helps to make clear what is not generally recognised, namely, that—though the scope of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, as an instrument of force, is apparently confined to Asia—Europe with any other part of the world may come within its scope. Therefore, although Britain and Japan reserve their influence and power under this alliance for the settlement of certain political problems in Asia, yet their power and influence, as allies, extends throughout the world and becomes a controlling factor of equipoise in the whole balance of international power. This fact becomes clearer by examples which will illustrate the practical application of this treaty of alliance. For instance,

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if any Power, with or without the help of Russia, attacks Britain or Japan, within certain limits, war is at once carried by these universally mobile powers to the coasts and home-land of that Power, wherever situated. Its colonies, commerce, and communications are attacked throughout the globe with infinite danger and dislocation in regard to the interests and inter-relations of entire mankind. By these acts of war, treaties, declared or secret, might become operative to the peril of a general conflagration, and plunge the whole order of settled civilisation into utter confusion and uncertainty. If, on the other hand, Russia, alone, now presses in unprovoked aggression or attack against Britain or Japan, in Asia, she is at once attacked by both powers in Europe. What then is the position of her ally—France? France has no cause for quarrel with Britain. Her commercial prosperity largely depends upon good relations with Britain. And Russia, her ally, is attacking French interests through the principle of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, which guarantees the security of French territory in Asia—with which France is perfectly satisfied—while the enemies of France are defending that principle in her true interest, against her ally. Apart from the danger of this personal problem between peoples, whose alliance is a main prop of the international structure, what would be the effect of such conditions upon the other nations of Europe? They must either witness the principle of the Franco-Russian Alliance negatived, or, through its operation, risk being drawn into a war which would constitute entire Europe a battle-field. In the first alternative they must, in any case, see serious losses weaken at once the strongest land and the strongest sea-powers of Europe, leaving Germany its sole arbiter and lord. And, in either alternative, they must, throughout the world, experience unrest and doubt through extremely dangerous and rapid changes in the balance of power, at the very pivot of international equilibrium. These consequences, which would involve the peace, the security, and the wealth of all nations, and which would interrupt the progress of humanity in civilisa-

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tion to plunge it into barbarity, horror, and uncertainty, are, by the force of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, to be the results of a future policy of adventure in Asia. In openly asserting this principle of policy, the Island Powers have established a guarantee for the peace of the whole world. Because the helplessness of the peoples inhabiting the vast territories to which it applies, constitutes, at the present time, the greatest danger to the world's peace by tempting the aggression of those Powers which ambition or necessity excites to an extreme policy of expansion. For now the consequences of aggression are sufficiently terrible to give pause to the most needy as well as the most reckless of the modern Adventurers of Empire. Indeed, the whole civilised world would rise in resentment against those who sought, solely in self-interest, to occasion so vast a disturbance of its peace. And it is these very consequences of universal disaster and enmity, which confront Russia in regard to her choice as to whether her future policy in Asia shall continue to be one of aggression, or become one of peace and mutual understanding, in regard to the other great Asiatic Powers.

The former of these alternatives has been already considered; it remains now to consider the latter. It is clear that the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, by placing too high a price on war, has set a premium upon peace in Asia. This fact, however, must be discounted in considering the possibility of a peaceful Russian policy in Asia. Because the question of a permanent understanding with her Asiatic neighbours is for Russia distinctly a matter of self-interest and common sense—not one of surrender or coercion. It has been shown, with regard to an aggressive policy in Asia, that the chief determining factor was the inter-relation of Russia with Germany. On the other hand, the chief determining factor of a policy of peace is the inter-relation of Russia with Britain. But whereas the irreconcilable elements of conflict with which the interests of Russia and Germany are instinct, militate against concerted action by these Powers in a policy of aggression, the

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interests of Russia and Britain discover no such element of conflict which need prevent concerted action by these peoples in a policy of peace. Indeed, the broad foundations of a friendship between Russia and Britain are singularly flawless. At the present time there is no general conflict of material interests between these countries. In particular with regard to those life-necessities of Britain—commerce and sea-power—there is no conflict of interest between her and Russia. As to the future, both these peoples possess ample and widely separate spheres for the development of their resources and power, and for the realisation of their national destiny. The respective territories of Britain and of Russia span every climatic zone, and contain or produce all that is necessary for their sustenance and for their power in wealth and war. The two peoples can, if necessary, become, economically and otherwise, practically independent of each other and of the rest of the world. Nor do the pathways of Destiny lead them to cross or obstruct one another upon the plains of Future Progress. For the destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race lies upon the ocean-continents of the world, while the destiny of Russia embraces her own vast legitimate spheres of Asia. But, here in Asia, the paths of Slav and Saxon destiny converge and give rise—through the need of Russia for access to the ice-free oceans—to a conflict of interest. This issue, however, is concrete and remediable, for it affects neither the destiny nor the general material progress of either people elsewhere upon the globe. The Anglo-Japanese Alliance is a powerful factor towards its settlement. And, further, by the anomalous force of one of the strangest and most interesting facts in contemporary history, this single conflict of interest, between Britain and Russia, is not only minimised, but is, to some extent, actually converted into a community of interest, through the menace of the German Welt-Politik. At the present time certain German ambitions in respect of territory, commerce, and sea-power constitute a distinct menace to the interests of Russia and Britain in those very spheres of south-eastern

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Europe and south-western Asia in which their interests conflict. And this extraneous pressure must inevitably tend to draw Russia and Britain instinctively together in defence of their common interests against a common enemy and intruder.

The exact manner in which both the Anglo-Japanese Alliance and the ambitions of Germany must tend, in future, to modify the relations between Britain and Russia, will be realised best by reference to the great line of Russian advance along latitude 40 degrees. This line, for the purpose of argument, can be divided into four sections. The Far Eastern section, including Manchuria, lies within the sphere of Russo-Japanese policy; the Central Asian section, containing Mongolia, Thibet, Sungaria and Eastern Turkestan, is the less critical sphere of Anglo-Russian policy; while the section running westward to the north of Afghanistan and Persia, is, at present, the more critical sphere of Anglo-Russian policy. The fourth and last section of this line runs through Asia Minor, into what may be termed, politically, the "Chinese quarter" of Europe. That is to say, it contains that cluster of weak or decaying states which lie south of the Transylvanian Alps and the upper Danube, between the Black Sea and the Austrian Empire, and which constitute a permanent danger to the equilibrium of Europe. Now, of these four spheres the last is undoubtedly the most valuable and important in regard to the interests of Russia. In it she can extend her European territory, and, through encroachment upon rich territories in Turkey and Asia Minor, she can obtain maritime provinces, with harbours and a coast line on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean. But, as these developments would greatly disturb the balance of power in Europe, Russia, in this sphere, encounters the resistance of a concert of Powers, the preponderating influence in which is that of Britain. This is because the presence of a Russian fleet based in the Mediterranean would not only completely alter the present conditions of sea-strategy to the prejudice of Britain, but it would cut her direct sea-line of communication with her

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possessions in half a hemisphere, and especially with India, where Russia, alone, is in a position to threaten or attack her. Of the three remaining spheres that of Central Asia is neither valuable nor important to Russia, because its possession would leave her land-locked in the heart of an immense continent. Both the Far Eastern and the Persian spheres, however, give her rich territories and access to the seas, while each of them places her upon the flank of a rival Power. But, so far as Russia and Britain alone are concerned, the Persian sphere is, at present, the more valuable and important to Russia, because it is a close and easy—not a difficult and distant—objective, and because it lies in the line of least resistance to her advance owing to the weakness of Britain in land-power. On the other hand, this Persian sphere is by far the most important to Britain, because, whereas Russian encroachment in the Eurasian sphere would only threaten her communications with India through Russian sea-power, which she could meet with superior force, a Russian advance towards Persia would threaten India itself with Russian military power, to which Britain could only oppose inferior force. The foregoing facts make clear the exact conflict of interest between Britain and Russia in regard to these two spheres. While the Eurasian sphere is the more valuable to Russia, the resistance opposed to her at present in regard to it—of which Britain is the chief factor—is greater. In other words, the Persian sphere, though less valuable, lies in the line of least resistance, and is, therefore, the natural objective of Russian policy—to the danger of Britain. But, when the Anglo-Japanese Alliance and the Pan-German ambitions are considered as new factors of influence upon Anglo-Russian relations, it is seen that the whole situation, in regard to these spheres of policy, is entirely altered. By the force of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, in the first place, the Persian sphere ceases to be the line of least resistance of a Russian advance. For the Alliance now opposes to Russia in this sphere a resisting power at least as great as that which lately overcame her in the Far East, while, in addition,

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any encroachment upon it now involves the danger of a counter-attack upon her in Europe. The Alliance further maintains this identical power of resistance right across the whole front of her advance in Asia. It leaves Russia for ten years no line of least resistance in regard to the three spheres of her policy in Asia. At the same time, it alters the whole scope and nature of Anglo-Russian relations. These are no longer confined to a conflict of interest in regard to India in one single sphere of Russian policy. Russia and Britain are now brought into direct relations with one another throughout the whole continent of Asia—and even Europe. But the Anglo-Japanese Alliance does more than draw these Powers into more equal and wider relations in Asia ; it makes it clearly essential to the interests of both of them that those relations should be good. And it will be seen this identical conclusion is also forced upon the mind by the most cursory consideration of the effects upon Anglo-Russian relations of the ambitions of Germany in regard to Europe and Asia Minor. It is true that these ambitions are not altogether developments of practical politics at the present time. Nevertheless, as a future contingency they affect the present policy of the nations they concern as surely as distant dangers affect the whole direction of a ship's course. As regards Russia, the effect of the Pan-German policy is shortly this,—it converts the European section of her Eurasian sphere of policy into the future field of race-conflict between the Pan-Slavs and the Pan-Germans. And it has already brought Germany to wage economic war against Russia, in the Asiatic section of this sphere, through her railway and general commercial activity throughout Asia Minor. That is to say, while in every other sphere of her policy Russia threatens other Powers, through encroachment upon territories in which she encounters little or no commercial competition ; in this sphere, Russia herself is threatened by the intended territorial encroachment and the actual commercial competition of another Power. What, on the other hand, is the effect of Pan-German policy upon Britain ? Putting aside, for the

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moment, all thought of the German preparations for war against her territories and against her supremacy in sea-power and in commerce—against her national existence in fact—the tactical effect of the pressure of the future "Greater German" Empire, across the whole western face of Russia from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, would be to divert Russia in her efforts to reach the ocean—along the lines of lesser resistance—to the north and to the south. This would direct her to objectives in the Atlantic, at the Norwegian litoral, and in the Indian Ocean through the Persian Gulf, which would certainly tend to occasion a more serious change in the present conditions of sea-strategy, to the prejudice of Britain, than the fact of a Russian naval force in the Mediterranean. Russia would then directly threaten not only India but Britain herself, with both land and sea-power. Germany, in fact, would have levered her two powerful opponents into sharper conflict with one another to her own advantage. At the same time, the Pan-German policy would, in any case, alter the conditions of sea-strategy in the Mediterranean by launching the German Navy upon that basin, across the route to India, for the security of which Britain, to-day, bars the Russian Navy from the passage of the Dardanelles.

There is not space to recapitulate the successive steps of the foregoing line of reason in regard to the present position of Russia, and as to the alternatives of her future policy and inter-relations. But a careful consideration of the facts of her position, with respect to very complex conditions of world-polity—both actual and speculative—leads the mind to one clear and irresistible conclusion. It is this,—that the future policy of Russia must be that of peace in Asia, and, in regard to her relations, that a friendly understanding with Britain is not only possible but imperative in the common interests of both peoples at the present time, as well as for their common safety in the future. And it would seem—if the recent expressions of Russian public opinion reflect the present trend of Russian thought—that Russia now inclines towards a

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policy of peace in Asia and of friendship with Britain. If the influence of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance were judged by this result alone, it would rank as one of the most beneficent instruments that have ever affected the course of human history. For illimitable good must result, not only to the two peoples themselves, but to mankind, through the fact of friendship and mutual confidence between Britain and Russia. Indeed, as a world-force the influence of Anglo-Russian amity would be more important to mankind than the friendships of any other peoples. Because these peoples—as the two greatest and most powerful of the race-nations of world-polity in the future—will control human destiny in every continent of the world, and can always curb, in their home continent of Europe, the German race, whose increasing energy and restless ambition is a menace to the peace of the world, both now and in the future. Whether an Anglo-Russian agreement regarding all the issues of conflict or doubt between the two nations will ever become an actual incident of practical politics is not yet certain.[1] But there is already, apart from their common danger at the hands of Germany, a link between these peoples in their mutual friendship with France. With France, therefore, rests the present opportunity and hope of drawing the great Slav and Anglo-Saxon races together, through practical means, into better and closer relationship. Yet the fact that this momentous change in the equipoise of human forces is now rendered possible, and that Anglo-Russian friendship is, to-day, the subject of open discussion and serious thought, is directly due to the influence of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance.

Thus, throughout Asia—that vast zone of present world-conflicts—the Anglo-Japanese Alliance has, for a space, established peace. But, as it has been shown, the influence of this alliance is not confined to Asia. Britain and Japan, in alliance, have now become a world-influence. It is their world-influence upon international polity as a whole, as well as its particular effects in Asia, which has been considered in this paper. And

[1] See note at the conclusion of this article.

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this consideration brings to light some interesting facts in regard both to past and contemporary history. A hundred years ago Britain, in defending her existence, liberated Europe from the aggression of a great military nation, and in doing so restored to Europe its equipoise of international power. Yesterday Japan, in defence of her existence, liberated far-eastern Asia from the aggression of a great military nation, and has thereby restored the equipoise of international power in Asia. And now Britain and Japan together, through their alliance, have effected readjustments of international power, both in Asia and in Europe, which were essential for the peace and safety of their vast populations. For by checking the aggression of Germany in Asia the Island Powers have rid that continent of an element of extreme disturbance and danger. By checking the aggression of Russia in Asia they have restored that Power to her proper sphere in the polity of Europe. Adventures in remote regions of Asia will no longer distract the attention and waste the strength of Russia, while both her energy and her attention are essential for the maintenance of the equilibrium—and her own safety—in Europe. But Russia is not the only power restored to European polity by the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. Britain is also freed from distraction and waste of energy in Asia to fully exercise her influence in her home continent. This alliance has restored to Europe the two chief factors of its power, and security, which threatened to weaken it and waste themselves in distant and unnecessary conflicts. It has set free a Russian army and a British fleet to return from the far-east of Asia to their proper stations in Europe—upon the frontier and against the sea-board of the German Empire. Britain and Russia need now no longer constitute conflicting currents of force; they may even unite their strength into an irresistible power for peace. And through these actual and possible readjustments of international power, Germany is rendered impotent as regards aggression both in Europe and Asia, which means that the peace of the world has been secured against its greatest

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danger. In short, the influence of Britain and Japan is a factor of universal peace. In shifting the focus of international crises from Asia back into Europe it has, so to speak, locked the scales of the balance of power in Europe, and fixed them at the *status quo*. And further, it has trimmed the whole fabric of world-power into a balance of safety.

There remains to be considered the single element of disadvantage, for Britain, which is said to arise from this alliance. It is held that the employment of the Japanese Army for the defence of India is tantamount to a confession, by Britain, that her army, alone, is unable to defend it against invasion or attack. It is feared that the effect of this upon the native mind will be disastrous as well as dangerous. But, in the first place, the British have already, and with perfect safety, called in the Indians themselves to help them in keeping the country of which they have been dispossessed. And, in the second place, the military impotence of Britain in the face of the great Continental armies is a fact which is perfectly well known by all whom it concerns. This fact, moreover, has been recently publicly declared by Lord Roberts, while Lord Kitchener has asserted that the Indian Army, as at present organised, is unfit for its task—which is the defence of India. Therefore, the fact of the weakness of Britain in regard to the defence of India is not discovered, for the first time, through the Japanese Alliance, nor does that alliance, in any way, add to the prejudice of her position through this weakness. The danger to Britain—in India and elsewhere—lies not through the reinforcement of her weakness in land-power, by an alliance, but in the national apathy which perpetuates that weakness by shrinking from the effort and sacrifice which is necessary to redeem it. It is impossible to reflect, without a sense of shame, how very largely the practical utility and the pacific influence of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance depends upon the Military Force to which the British Navy merely gives mobility. It is the Japanese Army which protects the territories of Asia from spoliation, while Japanese

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regiments help to preserve the peace of Europe by lending force to Britain. And if it is true that the Japanese Government is considering the increase of its army by three divisions, the better to discharge its obligations to Britain under the agreement of alliance, it means that a hundred thousand Japanese are preparing to defend the British Empire which the British seem unable or unwilling to prepare themselves to do.

In conclusion—what of the future beyond the decade of this agreement? It is clear that both in Asia and in Europe the military impotence of Britain is the latent cause of those great dangers to peace upon both continents, namely, the military aggression of Russia in Asia, and the military aggression of Germany in Europe. For ten years these dangers are checked through the borrowed strength of Britain. The Japanese, however, are a practical and patriotic people. In ten years they will certainly have acquired a strength in sea-power which will make them independent of Britain in this respect, and so negative the value of her navy as a factor of exchange against their army. If Britain is then still weak in land-power, she will set the hand of time backwards for a decade. She will once more tempt the aggression of her rivals in world-power. In Asia, India will again become the line of least resistance to a Russian advance, while in Europe Britain will excite German aggression against her into increased and perilous activity. She will stand isolated in a focus of danger, for her two rivals—who may make common cause against her in their common interests—either control or influence the policy of all the other European States. And every one of those anxieties and dangers from which the Anglo-Japanese Alliance has given men relief will once more trouble and oppress them as international crises. In the face of these possibilities, it is clearly essential that the British, within the next ten years, should successfully solve their military problems, and become self-sufficient in their own strength on land as well as on sea. This is essential for their present security. But the decade of their alliance is a period of grace

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for more than the acquisition of military power to ensure the safety of a single generation of their race. It is a period of preparation upon which depends the whole destiny of their race—and the hope of its survival in the future. If men consider, they will see that in the near future the British will be confronted in Europe by the united Teutons and in Asia by the united Slavs. To these world-forces the British cannot continue to oppose the strength, however great, of a single Island. They will see that these two race-nations—the rivals of Britain in the future—are making infinite sacrifices to acquire new spheres for their world-expansion, and are striving by every means to develop their national power, which neither Russia nor Germany draw from a single province of their respective empires. In the face of these activities, can the British continue to shirk both the effort and the sacrifice—not of money but of individual self—which is necessary for the defence of world-territories far richer and greater than those which other nations are striving, through infinite sacrifice, to acquire? Can they continue to depend for national power upon a single province of their vast dominions? Under these conditions the British can never hope to keep either success or power. It is clear that if their race is to survive they must adapt themselves forthwith to the future life-condition for survival in the inter-racial struggle for existence. They must merge their separate and local existence in true unity of national constitution. They must consolidate their vast potential forces in men and wealth throughout the globe—into national power. They must confront the race-nations of modern world-power upon equal conditions—as a properly organised race-nation. Of this great complex national problem the military problem is only a single issue—although a vital issue. But the same principle applies to its solution. This problem concerns the defence of an empire—not that of a single island. It touches the destiny of a race—not that of a single tribe. And the secret of its true solution rests with the individual British citizen—in his powers of patriotism and

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sacrifice. If these rise equal to the national necessities at the present time, then the British may regard, with confidence, a future far beyond the next decade, which is even now pregnant with the developments of new world-forces through the federation of the Teutons, the liberation of the Slavs—and perhaps the evolution of the Chinese in modernity. The next decade may prove for all these races more fateful than any in their past history. But while, before the others lie the pains and travail of new-birth, and a destiny that is not certain; for the British, it only remains to harvest their greatness and power—under conditions of sanity and peace, albeit of sacrifice—for the fulfilment of a destiny more splendid than that of any other people in the world.

E. JOHN SOLANO.

NOTE.—It is not within the scope of this article—nor is there space—to discuss the details of an agreement which would settle all points of issue and doubt between Britain and Russia. But upon the precedent of the Anglo-French agreement through the help—and even the arbitrament—of France, an agreement between Russia and Britain, regarding their special interests in Asia, suggests itself as possible. Of the two spheres of Anglo-Russian policy, as defined in this article, the Central Asian—or less critical sphere—is, at present, covered by the terms of the Anglo-Japanese Agreement regarding the integrity of China. It cannot, therefore, be divided yet into separate spheres of political influence or special commercial rights. But it is obvious that Britain and Russia, by their natural proximity and through development of their respective railway systems, must acquire, in time, a preponderance of both influence and material interests in these regions. The Russian railway taps Mongolia, and the British trade routes will some day connect Thibet with its natural seaport, Calcutta. And although these Central Asian territories must always remain neutral, they may, at some future time, be divided into separate spheres of British and Russian influence, along the lines of the Himalayan, Kuen Lun, Altun Tag, and Nanshan mountain ranges, which separate Thibet, in the south, from Eastern Turkestan, Sungaria, and Mongolia in the north. In regard to the Persian sphere, which the Anglo-Japanese Alliance covers by the clause relating to the "special interests of Britain," these, though not especially defined, have been officially declared in Lord Curzon's policy of the "Indian glacis," and by Lord Lansdowne's statement with respect to the Persian Gulf. These "special interests," which also embrace Afghanistan, chiefly concern the political neutrality and commercial freedom of Persia. And the case of Siam constitutes

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both an analogy and a precedent for the settlement of this question. Russia, by binding herself to respect the neutrality of Persia, would concede that principle of British policy which seeks the isolation of the Indian frontier, while the division of Persia into separate zones of British and Russian influence would give each nation complete commercial freedom in its own sphere. With respect to the Persian Gulf, Britain might give Russia access to the ocean at Koweit, if Russia, in her turn, agreed not to menace Britain either by fortifying the shores or bringing warships into the seas of the Gulf. Britain, as heretofore, would undertake the policing of the Gulf, and she might receive Bunder Abbas as compensation for Koweit as well as Kishm Island—if strategically valuable—as a measure of security, for this island commands the entrance to the Gulf, at the Straits of Ormus. Finally, as regards future developments in Europe, France might become a party to this Anglo-Russian agreement to the extent of recognising the "special interests" of Russia in regard to Asia Minor, and of giving active support to her in resisting German aggression with respect to any of these territories of south-eastern Europe, which, as it has been shown, would threaten alike the interests of Russia and of Britain. Such an agreement, besides freeing the hand of Russia in Asia, would win for her the friendship, and the support in Europe, of Britain—the chief gate-keeper of the Dardanelles—indeed, Constantinople would seem, under later conditions, to be a safer concession for Britain than Koweit. Finally, an Anglo-Russian agreement would be the logical sequence of the Anglo-French and Anglo-Japanese Agreements, and set the seal of peace upon Europe as well as Asia.

E. John Solano.

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CHARLES LAMB

I

"I RECKON myself a dab at prose—verse I leave to my betters," Lamb once wrote to Wordsworth; and, in a letter to Charles Lloyd, he tells him, by way of praise, "your verses are as good and as wholesome as prose." "Those cursed Dryads and Pagan trumperies of modern verse have put me out of conceit of the very name of poetry," he has just said. At the age of twenty-one he talks of giving up the writing of poetry. "At present," he writes to Coleridge, "I have not leisure to write verses, nor anything approaching to a fondness for the exercise. . . . The music of poesy may charm for awhile the importunate teasing cares of life; but the teased and troubled man is not in a disposition to make that music." Yet, as we know, Lamb, who had begun with poetry, returned to the writing of poetry at longer or shorter intervals throughout his whole life: was this prose-writer, in whom prose partook so much of the essence of poetry, in any real or considerable sense a poet?

The name of Lamb as a poet is known to most people as the writer of one poem. "The Old Familiar Faces" is scarcely a poem at all; the metre halts, stumbles, there is no touch of magic in it; but it is speech, naked human speech, such as rarely gets through the lovely disguise of verse. It has the raw humanity of Walt Whitman, and almost hurts us by a

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kind of dumb helplessness in it. A really articulate poet could never have written it; here, the emotion of the poet masters him as he speaks; and you feel, with a strange thrill, that catch in his breath which he cannot help betraying. There are few such poems in literature, and no other in the work of Lamb.

For Lamb, with his perfect sincerity, his deliberate and quite natural simplicity, and with all that strange tragic material within and about him (already coming significantly into the naïve prose tale of "Rosamund Gray") was unable to work directly upon that material in the imaginative way of the poet, unable to transform its substance into a creation in the form of verse. He could write about it, touchingly some times, more or less tamely for the most part, in a way that seems either too downright or too deliberate. "Cultivate simplicity, Coleridge," he wrote, with his unerring tact of advice, "or rather, I should say, banish elaborateness; for simplicity springs spontaneous from the heart, and carries into daylight its own modest buds and genuine, sweet, and clear flowers of expression. I allow no hot-beds in the gardens of Parnassus." This simplicity, which was afterwards to illuminate his prose, is seen in his verse almost too nakedly, or as if it were an end rather than a means.

Lamb's first master was Cowper, and the method of Cowper was not a method that could ever help him to be himself. But, above all, verse itself was never as much of a help to him as it was a hindrance. Requiring always, as he did, to apprehend reality indirectly, and with an elaborately prepared ceremony, he found himself in verse trying to be exactly truthful to emotions too subtle and complex for his skill. He could but set them down as if describing them, as in most of that early work in which he took himself and his poetry most seriously. What was afterwards to penetrate his prose, giving it that savour which it has, unlike any other, is absent from his almost saltless verse. There is the one inarticulate cry, the "Old Familiar Faces," and then, for twenty years and more, only

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one or two wonderful literary exercises, like the mad verses called "A Conceipt of Diabolical Possession," and the more intimate fantasy of the "Farewell to Tobacco" ("a little in the way of Withers"), with one love-song, in passing, to a dead woman whom he had never spoken to.

The Elizabethan experiments, "John Woodvil," and, much later, "The Wife's Trial," intervene, and we see Lamb under a new aspect, working at poetry with real ambition. His most considerable attempt, the work of his in verse which he would most have liked to be remembered, was the play of "John Woodvil." "My tragedy," he wrote to Southey, at the time when he was finishing it, "will be a medley (as I intend it to be a medley) of laughter and tears, prose and verse, and in some places rhyme, songs, wit, pathos, humour, and, if possible, sublimity; at least, it is not a fault in my intention if it does not comprehend most of these discordant colours." It was meant, in short, to be an Elizabethan play, done, not in the form of a remote imitation, but with "a colloquial ease and spirit, something like" Shakespeare, as he says. As a play, it is the dream of a shadow. Reading it as poetry, it has a strange combination of personal quality with literary experiment: an echo, and yet so intimate; real feelings in old clothes. The subject probably meant more to Lamb than people have usually realised. I do not doubt that he wrote it with a full consciousness of its application to the tragic story which had desolated his own household, with a kind of generous casuistry, to ease a somewhat uneasy mind, and to be a sort of solace and defence for Mary. The moral of it is:

> And not for one misfortune, child of chance,
> No crime, but unforseen, and sent to punish
> The less offence with image of the greater,
> Thereby to work the soul's humility.

And when John Woodvil, after his trial, begins "to understand what kind of creature Hope is," and bids Margaret "tell me if I over-act my mirth," is there not a remembrance of that mood

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which Lamb had confessed to Coleridge, just after his mother's funeral, when he says, "I was in danger of making myself too happy?" Some touch of this poignant feeling comes into the play here and there, but not vividly enough to waken it wholly out of what Southey called its "lukewarm" state. The writing has less of the Elizabethan rhetoric and more of the quaint directness, the kindly nature, the eager interest in the mind, which those great writers whom Lamb discovered for the modern world had to teach him, than any play written on similar models. I am reminded sometimes of Heywood, sometimes of Middleton; and even when I find him in his play "imitating the defects of the old writers," I cannot but confess with Hazlitt that "its beauties are his own, though in their manner." Others have written more splendidly in the Elizabethan manner, but no one has ever thought and felt so like an Elizabethan.

After one much later and slighter experiment in writing plays "for antiquity," Lamb went back to occasional writing, and the personal note returns with the "Album Verses" of 1830. Lamb's album verses are a kind of amiable task-work, done easily, he tells us, but at the same time with something painfully industrious, not only in the careful kindness of the acrostic. The man of many friends forgets that he is a man of letters, and turns amateur out of mere geniality. To realise how much he lost by writing in verse rather than in prose, we have only to compare these careful trifles with the less cared for and infinitely more exquisite triflings of the letters. The difference is that between things made to please and things made for pleasure. In the prose he is himself, and his own master; in the verse he is never far enough away from his subject to do it or himself justice; and, tied by the metre, has rarely any fine freak or whimsical felicity such as came to him by the way in the mere turn of a sentence in prose.

More than of any poet we might say that a large part of his poems were recreations. We might indeed, but with a different meaning, say as much of Herrick. To Herrick his

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art was his recreation, but then his recreation was his art. He has absolute skill in the game, and plays it with easy success. Lamb seems to find playing a task, or allows himself to come but indifferently through it. His admiration for "Rose Aylmer" was not surprising, for there, in that perfectly achieved accident, was what he was for ever trying to do.

Yet, at times, the imprisoned elf within him breaks forth, and we get a bubble of grotesque rhymes, as cleverly done as Butler would have done them, and with a sad, pungent jollity of his own; or, once at least, some inspired nonsense, in parody of himself, the

> Angel-duck, Angel-duck, winged and silly,
> Pouring a watering-pot over a lily;

together with, at least once, in the piece of lovely lunacy called "The Ape," a real achievement in the grotesque. His two task-masters, "Work" and "Leisure," both inspire him to more than usual freedom of fancy. And it is among the "Album Verses" that we find not only those "whitest thoughts in whitest dress," which, for the Quakeress, Lucy Barton,

> best express
> Mind of quiet Quakeress,

but also the solemn fancy of the lines "In My Own Album," in which a formal and antique measure is put to modern uses, and the jesting figure of "My soul, an album bright," is elaborated with serious wit in the manner of the "metaphysical" poets. And it is under the same covers, and as if done after the same pattern, that we find the most completely successful of his poems, the lines "On an Infant Dying as Soon as Born." The subject was one which could not but awaken all his faculties, stirring in him pity, compassionate wonder, a tender whimsicalness; the thought of death and the thought of childhood being always sure to quicken his imagination to its finest utterance. There is good poetical substance, and the

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form, though not indeed original, is one in which he moves with as natural an air as if he were actually writing two hundred years ago. It was in this brief, packed, "matterful" way, full of pleasant surprises, that his favourite poets wrote; the metre is Wither's, with some of the woven subtleties of Marvel.

With Lamb, more than with most poets, the subject-matter of his work in verse determines its value. He needs to "load every rift with ore," not for the bettering, but for the mere existence, of a poem. In his pleasant review of his own poems he protests, in the name of Vincent Bourne, against "the vague, dreamy, wordy, *matterless* poetry of this empty age," and finds satisfaction in Bourne's Latin verses because "they fix upon *something*." For him that "something" had to be very definite, in the subject-matter of his own verse; and it was not with the mere humility of self-depreciation that he wrote to Coleridge in 1796: "Not that I relish other people's poetry less—their's comes from 'em without effort, mine is the difficult operation of a brain scanty of ideas, made more difficult by disuse." He was a poet to whom prose was the natural language, and in verse he could not trust himself to rove freely, though he had been born a gipsy of the mind.

Even in his best work in verse Lamb has no singing voice. The poetry of those lines "On an Infant Dying as Soon as Born" is quite genuine, and it has made for itself a form adequate to its purpose; but the verse, after all, is rather an accompaniment than a lifting; and "la lyre," it has been rightly said, "est en quelque manière un instrument ailé." He speaks in metre, he does not sing; but he speaks more delicately in metre than any one else not born a singer.

II

There is something a little accidental about all Lamb's finest work. Poetry he seriously tried to write, and plays and stories; but the supreme criticism of the "Specimens of

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English Dramatic Poets" arose out of the casual habit of setting down an opinion of an extract just copied into one's note-book, and the book itself, because, he said, "the book is such as I am glad there should be." The beginnings of his miscellaneous prose are due to the "ferreting" of Coleridge. "He ferrets me day and night," Lamb complains to Manning in 1800, "to do something. He tends me, amidst all his own worrying and heart-oppressing occupations, as a gardener tends his young tulip. . . . He has lugged me to the brink of engaging to a newspaper, and has suggested to me for a first plan the forgery of a supposed manuscript of Burton, the anatomist of melancholy"; which was done, in the consummate way we know, and led in its turn to all the rest of the prose. And Barry Cornwall tells us that "he was almost teased into writing the 'Elia' essays."

He had begun, indeed, deliberately, with a story, as personal really as the poems, but, unlike them, set too far from himself in subject and tangled with circumstances outside his knowledge. He wrote "Rosamund Gray" before he was twenty-three, and in that "lovely thing," as Shelley called it, we see most of the merits and defects of his early poetry. It is a story which is hardly a story at all, told by comment, evasion, and recurrence, by "little images, recollections, and circumstances of past pleasures" or distresses; with something vague and yet precise, like a dream partially remembered. Here and there is the creation of a mood and moment, almost like Coleridge's in the "Ancient Mariner"; but these flicker and go out. The style would be laughable in its simplicity if there were not in it some almost awing touch of innocence; some hint of that divine goodness which, in Lamb, needed the relief and savour of the later freakishness to sharpen it out of insipidity. There is already a sense of what is tragic and endearing in earthly existence, though no skill as yet in presenting it; and the moral of it is surely one of the morals or messages of "Elia": "God has built a brave world, but methinks he has left his creatures to bustle in it how they may."

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Lamb had no sense of narrative, or, rather, he cared in a story only for the moments when it seemed to double upon itself and turn into irony. All his attempts to write for the stage (where his dialogue might have been so telling) were foiled by his inability to "bring three together on the stage at once," as he confessed in a letter to Mrs. Shelley; "they are so shy with me, that I can get no more than two; and there they stand till it is the time, without being the season, to withdraw them." Narrative he could manage only when it was prepared for him by another, as in the "Tales from Shakespeare" and "The Wanderings of Ulysses." Even in "Mrs. Leicester's School," where he came nearest to success in a plain narrative, the three stories, as stories, have less than the almost perfect art of the best of Mary Lamb's: of "The Father's Wedding-Day," which Landor, with wholly pardonable exaggeration, called "with the sole exception of the 'Bride of Lammermoor,' the most beautiful tale in prose composition in any language, ancient or modern." There is something of an incomparable kind of story-telling in most of the best essays of "Elia," but it is a kind which he had to find out, by accident and experiment, for himself; and chiefly through letter-writing. "Us dramatic geniuses," he speaks of, in a letter to Manning against the taking of all words in a literal sense; and it was this wry dramatic genius in him that was, after all, the quintessential part of himself. "Truth," he says in this letter, "is one and poor, like the cruse of Elijah's widow. Imagination is the bold face that multiplies its oil: and thou, the old cracked pipkin, that could not believe it could be put to such purposes." It was to his correspondents, indeed to the incitement of their wakeful friendship, that he owes more perhaps than the mere materials of his miracles.

To be wholly himself, Lamb had to hide himself under some disguise, a name, "Elia," taken literally as a pen name, or some more roundabout borrowing, as of an old fierce critic's, Joseph Ritson's, to heighten and soften the energy of marginal annotations on a pedant scholar. In the letter in which he

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announces the first essays of "Elia," he writes to Barron Field: "You shall soon have a tissue of truth and fiction, impossible to be extricated, the interleavings shall be so delicate, the partitions perfectly invisible." The correspondents were already accustomed to this "heavenly mingle." Few of the letters, those works of nature, and almost more wonderful than works of art, are to be taken on oath. Those elaborate lies, which ramify through them into patterns of sober-seeming truth, are an anticipation, and were of the nature of a preliminary practice for the innocent and avowed fiction of the essays. What began in mischief ends in art.

III

"I am out of the world of readers," Lamb wrote to Coleridge, "I hate all that do read, for they read nothing but reviews and new books. I gather myself up into the old things." "I am jealous for the actors who pleased my youth," he says elsewhere. And again: "For me, I do not know whether a constitutional imbecility does not incline me too obstinately to cling to the remembrances of childhood; in an inverted ratio to the usual sentiment of mankind, nothing that I have been engaged in since seems of any value or importance compared to the colours which imagination gave to everything then." In Lamb this love of old things, this willing recurrence to childhood, was the form in which imagination came to him. He is the grown-up child of letters, and he preserves all through his life that child's attitude of wonder, before "this good world, which he knows —which was created so lovely, beyond his deservings." He loves the old, the accustomed, the things that people have had about them since they could remember. "I am in love," he says in the most profoundly serious of his essays, "with this green earth; the face of town and country; and the sweet security of streets." He was a man to whom mere living had zest enough to make up for everything that was contrary in the

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world. His life was tragic, but not unhappy. Happiness came to him out of the little things that meant nothing to others, or were not so much as seen by them. He had a genius for living, and his genius for writing was only a part of it, the part which he left to others to remember him by.

Lamb's religion, says Pater, was "the religion of men of letters, religion as understood by the soberer men of letters in the last century"; and Hood says of him: "As he was in spirit an Old Author, so was he in faith an Ancient Christian." He himself tells Coleridge that he has "a taste for religion rather than a strong religious habit," and, later in life, writes to a friend: "Much of my seriousness has gone off." On this, as on other subjects, he grew shyer, withdrew more into himself; but to me it seems that a mood of religion was permanent with him. "Such religion as I have," he said, "has always acted on me more by way of sentiment than argumentative process"; and we find him preferring churches when they are empty, as many really religious people have done. To Lamb religion was a part of human feeling, or a kindly shadow over it. He would have thrust his way into no mysteries. And it was not lightly, or with anything but a strange-complexioned kind of gratitude, that he asked: "Sun, and sky, and breeze, and solitary walks, and summer holidays, and the greenness of fields, and the delicious juices of meats and fishes, and society, and the cheerful glass, and candle-light, and fire-side conversations, and innocent vanities, and jests, and *irony itself*—do these things go out with life?"

It was what I call Lamb's religion that helped him to enjoy life so humbly, heartily, and delicately, and to give to others the sensation of all that is most enjoyable in the things about us. It may be said of him, as he says of the fox in the fable: "He was an adept in that species of moral alchemy, which turns everything into gold." And this moral alchemy of his was no reasoned and arguable optimism, but a "spirit of youth in everything," an irrational, casuistical, "matter-of-lie" persistence in the face of all logic, experience, and sober judg-

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ment; an upsetting of truth grown tedious and custom gone stale. And for a truth of the letter it substituted a new, valiant truth of the spirit; for dead things, living ideas; and gave birth to the most religious sentiment of which man is capable: grateful joy.

Among the innumerable objects and occasions of joy which Lamb found laid out before him, at the world's feast, books were certainly one of the most precious, and after books came pictures. "What any man can write, surely I may read!" he says to Wordsworth, of Caryl on Job, six folios. "I like books about books," he confesses, the test of the book-lover. "I love," he says, "to lose myself in other men's minds. When I am not walking, I am reading; I cannot sit and think. Books think for me." He was the finest of all readers, far more instant than Coleridge; not to be taken unawares by a Blake ("I must look on him as one of the most extraordinary persons of the age," he says of him, on but a slight and partial acquaintance), or by Wordsworth when the "Lyrical Ballads" are confusing all judgments, and he can pick out at sight "She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways" as "the best piece in it," and can define precisely the defect of much of the book, in one of those incomparable letters of escape, to Manning: "It is full of original thought, but it does not often make you laugh or cry. It too artfully aims at simplicity of expression." I choose these instances because the final test of a critic is in his reception of contemporary work; and Lamb must have found it much easier to be right, before every one else, about Webster, and Ford, and Cyril Tourneur, than to be the accurate critic that he was of Coleridge, at the very time when he was under the "whiff and wind" of Coleridge's influence. And in writing of pictures, though his knowledge is not so great nor his instinct so wholly "according to knowledge," he can write as no one has ever written in praise of Titian (so that his very finest sentence describes a picture of Titian) and can instantly detect and minutely expose the swollen contemporary delusion of a would-be Michael Angelo, the portentous Martin.

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Then there were the theatres, which Lamb loved next to books. There has been no criticism of acting in English like Lamb's, so fundamental, so intimate and elucidating. His style becomes quintessential when he speaks of the stage, as in that tiny masterpiece, "On the Acting of Munden," which ends the book of "Elia," with its great close, the Beethoven soft wondering close, after all the surges: "He understands a leg of mutton in its quiddity. He stands wondering, amid the commonplace materials of life, like primeval man with the sun and stars about him." He is equally certain of Shakespeare, of Congreve, and of Miss Kelly. When he defines the actors, his pen seems to be plucked by the very wires that work the puppets. And it is not merely because he was in love with Miss Kelly that he can write of her acting like this, in words that might apply with something of truth to himself. He has been saying of Mrs. Jordan, that "she seemed one whom care could not come near; a privileged being, sent to teach mankind what it most wants, joyousness." Then he goes on: "This latter lady's is the joy of a freed spirit, escaping from care, as a bird that had been limed: her smiles, if I may use the expression, seemed saved out of the fire, relics which a good and innocent heart had snatched up as most portable; her contents are visitors, not inmates: she can lay them by altogether; and when she does so, I am not sure that she is not greatest." Is not this, with all its precise good sense, the rarest poetry of prose, a poetry made up of no poetical epithets, no fanciful similes, but "of imagination all compact," poetry in substance?

Then there was London. In Lamb London found its one poet. "The earth, and sea, and sky (when all is said)," he admitted, "is but as a house to live in"; and, "separate from the pleasure of your company," he assured Wordsworth, "I don't much care if I never see a mountain in my life. I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments as any of your mountaineers can have done with dead nature. The lighted shops of the

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Strand and Fleet Street, the innumerable trades, tradesmen, and customers, coaches, waggons, play-houses, all the bustle and wickedness round about Covent Garden, the very women of the town, the watchmen, drunken scenes, rattles—life awake, if you awake, at all hours of the night, the impossibility of being dull in Fleet Street, the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the sun shining upon houses and pavements, the print shops, the old bookstalls, parsons cheapening books, coffee-houses, steams of soups from kitchens. the pantomime, London itself a pantomime and a masquerade—all these things work themselves into my mind and feed me, without a power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impels me into night-walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fulness of joy at so much life." There, surely, is the poem of London, and it has almost more than the rapture, in its lover's catalogue, of Walt Whitman's poems of America. Almost to the end, he could say (as he does again to Wordsworth, not long before his death), "London streets and faces cheer me inexpressibly, though of the latter not one known one were remaining." He traces the changes in streets, their distress or disappearance, as he traces the dwindling of his friends, "the very streets, he says," writes Mary, "altering every day." London was to him the new, better Eden. "A garden was the primitive prison till man with Promethean felicity and boldness sinned himself out of it. Thence followed Babylon, Nineveh, Venice, London, haberdashers, goldsmiths, taverns, play-houses, satires, epigrams, puns—these all came in on the town part, and thither side of innocence." To love London so was part of his human love, and in his praise of streets he has done as much for the creation and perpetuating of joy as Wordsworth ("by whose system," Mary Lamb conjectured, "it was doubtful whether a liver in towns had a soul to be saved") has done by his praise of flowers and hills.

And yet, for all his "disparagement of heath and highlands," as he confessed to Scott, Lamb was as instant and unerring in his appreciation of natural things, once brought before them, as he

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was in his appreciation of the things of art and the mind and man's making. He was a great walker, and sighs once, before his release from the desk: "I wish I were a caravan driver or a penny post man, to earn my bread in air and sunshine." We have seen what he wrote to Wordsworth about his mountains, before he had seen them. This is what he writes of them to Manning, after he has seen them: "Such an impression I never received from objects of sight before, nor do I suppose I can ever again . . . In fine, I have satisfied myself that there is such a thing as that which tourists call *romantic*, which I very much suspected before." And to Coleridge he writes: "I feel that I shall remember your mountains to the last day I live. They haunt me perpetually." All this Lamb saw and felt, because no beautiful thing could ever appeal to him in vain. But he wrote of it only in his letters, which were all of himself; because he put into his published writings only the best or the rarest or the accustomed and familiar part of himself, the part which he knew by heart.

IV

Beyond any writer pre-eminent for charm, Lamb had salt and sting. There is hardly a known grace or energy of prose which he has not somewhere exemplified; as often in his letters as in his essays; and always with something final about it. He is never more himself than when he says, briefly: "Sentiment came in with Sterne, and was a child he had by Affectation"; but then he is also never more himself than when he expands and develops, as in this rendering of the hisses which damned his play in Drury Lane:

> It was not a hiss neither, but a sort of a frantic yell, like a congregation of mad geese, with roaring something like bears, mows and mops like apes, sometimes snakes, that hissed me into madness. 'Twas like St. Anthony's temptations. Mercy on us, that God should give His favourite children, men, mouths to speak with, to discourse rationally, to promise smoothly, to flatter agreeably, to encourage warmly, to counsel wisely: to sing with, to drink with and to kiss with: and that they should turn them into the mouths of adders,

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bears, wolves, hyenas, and whistle like tempests, and emit breath through them like distillations of aspic poison, to asperse and vilify the innocent labours of their fellow creatures who are desirous to please them!

Or it may be a cold in the head which starts the heroic agility of his tongue, and he writes a long letter without a full stop, which is as full of substance as one of his essays. His technique is so incredibly fine, he is such a Paganini of prose, that he can invent and reverse an idea of pyramidal wit, as in this burlesque of a singer: "The shake, which most fine singers reserve for the close or cadence, by some unaccountable flexibility, or tremulousness of pipe, she carrieth quite through the composition; so that the time, to a common air or ballad, keeps double motion, like the earth—running the primary circuit of the tune, and still revolving upon its own axis"; and he can condense into six words the whole life-history and the soul's essential secret of Coleridge, when he says of him, in almost the last fragment of prose that he wrote, "he had a hunger for eternity."

To read Lamb makes a man more humane, more tolerant, more dainty; incites to every natural piety, strengthens reverence; while it clears his brain of whatever dull fumes may have lodged there, stirs up all his senses to wary alertness, and actually quickens his vitality, like high pure air. It is, in the familiar phrase, "a liberal education"; but it is that finer education which sets free the spirit. His natural piety, in the full sense of the word, seems to me deeper and more sensitive than that of any other English writer. Kindness, in him, embraces mankind, not with the wide engulfing arms of philanthropy, but with an individual caress. He is almost the sufficient type of virtue, so far as virtue can ever be loved; for there is not a weakness in him which is not the bastard of some good quality, and not an error which had an unsocial origin. His jests add a new reverence to lovely and noble things, or light up an unsuspected "soul of goodness in things evil."

No man ever so loved his friends, or was so honest with

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them, or made such a religion of friendship. His character of Hazlitt in the "Letter to Southey" is the finest piece of emotional prose which he ever wrote, and his pen is inspired whenever he speaks of Coleridge. "Good people, as they are called," he writes to Wordsworth, "won't serve. I want individuals. I am made up of queer points and want so many answering needles." He counts over his friends in public, like a child counting over his toys, when some one has offered an insult to one of them. He has delicacies and devotions towards his friends, so subtle and so noble that they make every man his friend. And, that love may deepen into awe, there is the tragic bond, that protecting love for his sister which was made up of so many strange components: pity for madness, sympathy with what came so close to him in it, as well as mental comradeship, and that paradox of his position, by which he supports that by which he is supported.

It is, then, this "human, too human" creature, who comes so close to our hearts, whom we love and reverence, who is also, and above all, or at least in the last result, that great artist in prose, faultless in tact, flawless in technique, that great man of letters, to whom every lover of "prose as a fine art" looks up with an admiration which may well become despair. What is it in this style, this way of putting things, so occasional, so variegated, so like his own harlequin in his "ghastly vest of white patchwork," "the apparition of a dead rainbow"; what is it that gives to a style, which no man can analyse, its "terseness, its jocular pathos, which makes one feel in laughter?" Those are his own words, not used of himself; but do they not do something to define what can, after all, never be explained?

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Lamb's defects were his qualities, and nature drove them inward, concentrating, fortifying, intensifying them; to a not wholly normal or healthy brain, freakish and without consecu-

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tion, adding a stammering tongue which could not speak evenly, and had to do its share, as the brain did, "by fits." "You," we find Lamb writing to Godwin,

"cannot conceive of the desultory and uncertain way in which I (an author by fits) sometimes cannot put the thoughts of a common letter into sane prose. . . . Ten thousand times I have confessed to you, talking of my talents, my utter inability to remember in any comprehensive way what I have read. I can vehemently applaud, or perversely stickle, at parts; but I cannot grasp at a whole. This infirmity (which is nothing to brag of) may be seen in my two little compositions, the tale and my play, in both which no reader, however partial, can find any story."

"My brain," he says, in a letter to Wordsworth, "is desultory, and snatches off hints from things." And, in a wise critical letter to Southey, he says, summing up himself in a single phrase: "I never judge system-wise of things, but fasten upon particulars."

Is he, in these phrases that are meant to seem so humble, really apologising for what was the essential quality of his genius? Montaigne, who (it is Lamb that says it) "anticipated all the discoveries of succeeding essayists," affected no humility in the statement of almost exactly the same mental complexion. "I take the first argument that fortune offers me," he tells us; "they are all equally good for me; I never design to treat them in their totality, for I never see the whole of anything, nor do those see it who promise to show it to me. . . . In general I love to seize things by some unwonted lustre." There, in the two greatest of the essayists, one sees precisely what goes to the making of the essayist. First, a beautiful disorder: the simultaneous attack and appeal of contraries, a converging multitude of dreams, memories, thoughts, sensations, without mental preference, or conscious guiding of the judgment; and then, order in disorder, a harmony more properly musical than logical, a separating and return of many elements, which end by making a pattern. Take that essay of "Elia" called "Old China," and, when you have recovered from its charm, analyse it. You will see that, in its apparent law-

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lessness and wandering like idle memories, it is constructed with the minute care, and almost with the actual harmony, of poetry; and that vague, interrupting, irrelevant, lovely last sentence is like the refrain which returns at the end of a poem.

Lamb was a mental gipsy, to whom books were roads open to adventures; he saw skies in books, and books in skies, and in every orderly section of social life magic possibilities of vagrancy. But he was also a Cockney, a lover of limit, civic tradition, the uniform of all ritual. He liked exceptions, because, in every other instance, he would approve of the rule. He broke bounds with exquisite decorum. There was in all his excesses something of "the good clerk."

Lamb seemed to his contemporaries notably eccentric, but he was nearer than them all to the centre. His illuminating rays shot out from the very heart of light, and returned thither after the circuit. Where Coleridge lost himself in clouds or in quicksands, Lamb took the nearest short-cut, and, having reached the goal, went no step beyond it.

And he was a bee for honey, not, like Coleridge, a browsing ox. To him the essence of delight was choice; and choice, with him, was readier when the prize was far-fetched and dear bought: a rarity of manners, books, pictures, or whatever was human or touched humanity. "Opinion," he said, "is a species of property; and though I am always desirous to share with my friends to a certain extent, I shall ever like to keep some tenets and some property properly my own." And then he found, in rarity, one of the qualities of the best; and was never, like most others, content with the good, or in any danger of confusing it with the best. He was the only man of that great age, which had Coleridge, and Wordsworth, and Shelley, and the rest, whose taste was flawless. All the others, who seemed to be marching so straight to so determined a goal, went astray at one time or another; only Lamb, who was always wandering, never lost sense of direction, or failed to know how far he had strayed from the road.

The quality which came to him from that germ of madness

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which lay hidden in his nature had no influence upon his central sanity. It gave him the tragic pathos and mortal beauty of his wit, its dangerous nearness to the heart, its quick sense of tears, its at times desperate gaiety; and, also, a hard, indifferent levity, which, to brother and sister alike, was a rampart against obsession, or a stealthy way of temporising with the enemy. That tinge is what gives its strange glitter to his fooling; madness playing safely and lambently around the stoutest common sense. In him reason always justifies itself by unreason, and if you consider well his quips and cranks you will find them always the play of the intellect. I know one who read the essays of "Elia" with intense delight, and was astonished when I asked her if she had been amused. She had seen so well through the fun to its deep inner meaning that the fun had not detained her. She had found in all of it nothing but a pure intellectual reason, beyond logic, where reason is one with intuition.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

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THE INVASION OF ENGLAND

THE effect on my mind of witnessing the historic visit of the Atlantic Fleet to Brest is a desire to bring home anew the question of invasion to my fellow-countrymen. The word "war" means something totally different to the average Englishman from the sense conveyed to a Frenchman by the word "guerre" or to a German by the word "krieg." To a Frenchman and a German, a Russian and a Japanese, war means burnt farms, ravished women, smoking ricks, blackened corn, uncultivated soil, and the stoppage of the ordinary life of the people. War means to a Frenchman or a German more than the dread possibility of losing a relation or having to pay a higher price for food and clothing. It means personal risk, the probability of personal danger, and the certainty of loss and suffering inconceivable to prosperous Englishmen. For more than two hundred years no eye has seen an English farm-house in a blaze lit by the torch of a foreign foe. No English ear for centuries has heard the tramp of armed aliens on English soil. We doze behind the shelter of a strong Navy, and our slumbrous complacency is so great that during the Boer war a newspaper placard with "English Victory" inscribed in large letters meant the triumph of a cricket eleven in Australia, not the gain of a battle in South Africa. So profound is our sense of security owing to the long peace that invasion or even a raid is believed impossible. The Navy, it is true, guarantees us against invasion, but it does not profess to guarantee us against a raid.

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When I was at Brest the other day I was deeply impressed by the seriousness with which sailors, soldiers and civilians alike regarded the question of national recruiting—in their case to prevent invasion—which was raised in the House of Lords by the Duke of Bedford in a masterly speech, conceived in the spirit of the loftiest statesmanship, and consisting of an appeal to the character and grit of an English people to rid themselves of their military shams and to create a national army by the encouragement of the old Militia force which has proved a help in trouble for a thousand years of our island story.

The question arises—Is invasion or raid so impossible that serious treatment of the Militia is needless? It is certain that Napoleon in the zenith of his power never had such a combination of favourable circumstances as that which the Kaiser has ready to his hand to-day. His Navy is magnificent; it is concentrated on a small stretch of coast with commodious and sheltered ports. This Fleet is in the highest degree efficient. Having spent some time on board a German battleship by permission of the Kaiser, I can speak of the splendid discipline and efficiency of the service. Behind the Navy is the German Army and the General Staff. These are the men who trained Marshal Oyama and General Nogi to beat the Russians. Alliance between the Germans and the Russians is not improbable, and with German organisation the Russian army impotent in the Far East may become an instrument of irresistible power on the Continent of Europe, and even against England, if want of vigilance and discipline owing to over-confidence and complacency were to give an opening to the invading foe.

It will be better that the reader should hear both sides of the question upon invasion. There is, undoubtedly, great difficulty in landing a force in England, but difficulties are made to be overcome, and German brain, skill, and courage are well adapted to overcome them. Erroneous impressions upon the subject of invasion are rife, not only in the public mind, but among military men. An army corps consists of about 30,000

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men, 12,000 horses, 1800 vehicles, besides 815 waggons needed for the supply of men and animals. The marine transport required for the conveyance of men and their material is 240,100 gross tonnage. It is certain that the enemy would not attempt an attack on England with less than 30,000 or 40,000 men, and that the commanders and troops would be the *élite* of their rank. The Germans are of course well aware that the British War Office has made no arrangements whatever for the immediate and rapid concentration of efficient forces on the coast. Part of our regular troops are in Ireland, and more than twenty-four hours would be required before they could be transported to the scene of action, even in the event of a raid. Another portion of our regular troops are on Salisbury Plain, in the centre of England, well away and under unfavourable conditions for rapid concentration, whether on the North of Scotland, on the coast of Essex, Norfolk or Yorkshire, or on the south coast. There remains Aldershot. The position of the detachment (for it is little more) at Aldershot is little better than that on Salisbury Plain. We may therefore assume that the enemy, if he succeeds in crossing the North Sea, would get a breathing time of from twelve to twenty-four hours. We know from history that of the fifteen instances of the landings of British troops which have occurred since 1746 nine were unopposed, two were feebly opposed, and only in four cases have our troops landed under a destructive fire. At Copenhagen in 1807 27,000 troops were disembarked in one day, but on the Crimean coast it took four days to place 34,000 men on shore.

We also know that the Germans have immensely improved on the British methods employed in 1854. Provided the invading army corps had fine weather, were successfully to dodge the British Fleet, and were unopposed both on the passage and on landing, we should be in a very dangerous position. The invaders would be men who would fight like rats in a sewer. If they go back they must die; if they go forward they must either die or conquer, and it is better to go forward. Our second line of defence cannot be claimed

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by the most patriotic of Englishmen to be capable of beating picked professional German troops and generals. And yet the landing of 30,000 or 40,000 men on the shores of England, say near Scarborough, would shatter the credit of half the City of London, would send Consols down to sixty, and would explode the colossal national vanity which is impregnable even to Lord Roberts' warning that the army to-day is no better than in 1899.

It is a good deal to take for granted that the German landing would escape both naval attack and bad weather. This last assumption is a very large one, because of all the landings carried out by the British forces since the second expedition to Cherbourg in 1758 only four have escaped delay by bad weather. An army corps, moreover, with its stores requires a flotilla of about sixty transports. If these ships are placed in single line ahead the length of the line would be eighteen miles. If they were in line abreast the invading army corps would occupy a front of eighteen miles. A compromise would certainly be adopted by the enemy's admiral. Assuming that the German naval commander in supreme authority had succeeded in getting his expeditionary corps safely on board without observation from British eyes the difficulty of the task would begin. It is not necessary for the expedition to embark wholly at Kiel. Some might embark there; some at Heligoland; others at Hamburg, Bremen, Emden, Brunsbüttel and other places along the coast. By thus splitting the expedition into small parties the possibility of evading the British Naval Intelligence Department and even the trained observers of our incomparable Foreign Office Service is not beyond the region of the practical. A rendezvous at sea of course would be given to the various flotillas, and when united the enemy's admiral would probably place his convoy in six divisions of line ahead, disposed abeam, which would give him a front for his fleet of three miles and a depth of three miles. The speed of this fleet would be determined by that of the slowest vessel, and as it could not exceed ten knots would be

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strongly vulnerable. In the event of fog each ship would require to tow a fog buoy astern of her visible to the next in line. A fleet of this kind in close formation is especially open to torpedo attack, but as in war it is generally the unexpected that happens, the British torpedo squadron might possibly miss the German flotilla without sinking down to the Russian standard of naval inefficiency.

On approaching the English shore the German transports would have to anchor at a distance. The effort would probably be made on a moonless, and, if possible, a Saturday night. It would be useless for the German battleships to shell the coast, which would be invisible; ammunition would be wasted; and the noise would attract any stray parties of local volunteers or militiamen that could not be "mopped up" until the morning. When the boats of the flotilla approached within 500 yards of the beach the British fire should begin, but if it is not there the Germans would land scathless. Each steam-launch, with its string of loaded boats behind it, would disgorge 500 men on each trip, and though in the daytime the picket-boats, crowded galleys and whalers would form an excellent target for artillery fire, the dangerous space would not greatly exceed 150 yards at night time. Well-timed shrapnel would of course play sad havoc with the boats, but with every detail thought out beforehand by the analytic German brain, there is no doubt that the plan of the invader would have some chance of success.

Nor is it conceivable that the German commander would not have prepared for his arrival at the spot chosen for invasion a sufficient number of German sympathisers to deal with the local troops. The English might shoot down every German, but the attention of the former would be occupied and distracted from the hostile landing, which would prove the death knell of Britain as a Great Power.

If, on the other hand, a sensible British general were in command and he had succeeded in bringing up a few thousand well-disciplined troops with munitions and supplies, he would wait patiently, without showing himself, until the Germans

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had cast off from their anchored ships. The sensible British general would then open fire on the boats at about 500 yards from the beach, and five rounds of shrapnel with machine-guns playing on the immigrant aliens like water from a fire-hose would postpone the execution of the German design until a more convenient occasion.

If no such sensible British general were on the spot and the Navy for any reason failed us, the object of the German commander would not be to fight a pitched battle or to enable his men to perform prodigies of valour against the flower of the local Volunteers, but to inflict a shattering blow upon the commercial credit and imperial prestige of England. It is not necessary that the Mansion House and the Bank of England should be seized. Even the temporary occupation of Hull or of Scarborough would have effects of a startling character, for the enemy could not then be dislodged for several days, and it might be weeks before the German army were destroyed or driven into the sea. For every hour that German troops remain in occupation of one inch of English territory a heavy price would be paid. The German commander would probably act on the precedent of General Hoche who, starting from Brest, issued a proclamation, a copy of which was on board each ship of his fleet. In this proclamation the faithful companions of the French general were invited to remember that the people they were about to invade—the Irishmen—were not to be treated as a conquered people. It is certain that the German commander would act in a similar spirit. His object would be to strike hard and to gain time, for we cannot imagine that the German Navy would be idle during the critical period of the landing. The English Volunteers are without equipment or training; they are almost without guns; and they have had no practice in the work of repelling invasion. The English Militia are 937 short in officers and 32,168 in men.

No wonder Lord Roberts has warned us of our danger.

ARNOLD WHITE.

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LIVING LEGENDS OF THE SAINTS

I

Is the Lord's hand shortened that it should not save?

A YEAR or two ago I was talking with an old woman, who, like myself, had come from her old home near Kilchriest to a new one near Kiltartan. Our talk turned on the Saints of Ireland, and she asked me if I had ever heard of Saint Brigit's Well on the Cliffs of Moher. I had heard of it, and some one who lives not far from it had told me that "there was a Station there one night, and the people brought candles, and there was a hard wind blowing, that the men had to put their hand to their hats, but the flame of the candles never stirred at all."

"I had a pearl in my eye one time," the old woman said, "and I went there. Scores of people there were in it, looking for cures, and some got them and some did not. And I went down the four steps that go down to the well, and I was looking into it, and I saw a little fish no longer than your finger coming out from a stone under the water. Three spots it had on the one side, and three on the other side, red spots and a little green with the red, and he was very civil coming hither, and very *loughy*, wagging his tail. And he stopped and looked up at me and gave two wags of his back, and walked off again and went in under the stone. I said to a woman that was near me that I saw the little fish,

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and she began to call out and to say there were many coming with cars and with horses for a month past, and none of them saw it at all. And she proved me, asking had it spots, and I told her it had, three on the one side and three on the other side. 'That is it,' she said. And within three days I had my eye well again.

"It was surely Saint Brigit herself I saw that time. Who else would it be? And you would know by the look of it that it was no common fish. Very civil it was, and nice and loughy, but no one else saw it at all. Did I say more prayers than the rest? Not a prayer. I was young in those days. I suppose she took a liking to me, maybe because of my name being Brigit the same as her own."

I asked other neighbours about the blessed wells, and one told me the little fish in Saint Brigit's Well is "only seen every seven years, and whoever sees it is cured of every disease." Another told me: "There is a well near Lough Cutra, very good for curing anything that is on the hand or the arm, Tobar-na-Lamh it is called. The woman at the mill went there one time with a bad finger, and when she went in she put her hand in the well, and a little fish came swimming over and touched the finger and went back again. Like a little trout it was. And the finger was cured. But no one that does not see the little fish gets a cure there." A herd who lives near tells me: "I went to Tobar-na-Lamh one time with my mother, and she saw the little fish in it, and my hand that had been hurted was cured. A very small fish it was, like a sprat. It is only those that see the fish that are cured."

A woman from beyond Kinvara, who came to ask my help about some little matter, told me: "The well of Saint Ciaran at Duras is the best. He was a great Saint, it was from Connemara he came. He does a great many cures at the well, sores he cures, and the lame. I saw a woman myself coming there with crutches, and the next day when she went away she was cured and left the sticks after her. And one time there was a high tide and the sea came up around the well and touched the

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blessed stone of it, but not a tint of the sea water went into the well. I saw that myself; it was a good time ago.

"There is no fish in that well, but there was a fish in Saint Broccan's Well, a nice well that is, and the bushes thick over it as if plaited, and the middle of them green in the summer time. And some men from Inishrea that is opposite, came one day and took out the fish out of the well, and it went badly with them after. They died, and they died badly, without the rites of the Church. The priest was coming in a boat from Ballindereen to give the rites to one of them, and he found him dead before him. What happened to the fish? They threw it away maybe, or maybe they didn't see it all in the water when they took it out of the well.

"God bless you and all belonging to you, and I'll make three rounds for you to-morrow on my bare knees at Saint Ciaran's Well, and I'll put something in the well for you, a halfpenny or a penny, or a pin will do as well. But it is more than a pin I will put in for you."

A miller's wife tells me: "There was an old woman used to be doing spinning here for me, and she told me she had a little son that was lame, and she brought him to the blessed well of Saint Ciaran. And when they looked in it they saw a little fish tossing and leaping, and the water bubbling up. And a woman that was there said, 'It is many years I am coming here, and I never saw that before.' And from that time the lameness went from the little lad."

It is not always fish that is seen, for a Burren woman says: "I was up at Saint Patrick's Well one time, and two little girls with me. One of them was sick and she came to perform, but the other was very small—not much stronger than that little one-een by the hearth, God bless her! And she was playing about, and she was leaning on the sort of a tower that is by the well, and there came out a queer sort of a thing—— Some fish likely? Not at all. It was not a fish; it was red and it was the size of a cat, and it had eyes black like sloes. And it stood staring at her, and but that she was frightened

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and ran away it would be staring at her yet. And I am certain that it was some saintly thing."

It is not only for healing that the fish appears, for a weaver's wife, in Connemara, told me: "There is a blessed well of Saint Ciaran there above, and if you are anxious about any friend you might have in America and might hear bad news of, you will know is he dead or living by going to that well and praying there. If he is living, a little fish will come up and look at you, but if he is dead it is a dead fish or worm will rise to the top, or any way you will get some sign.

"My brother went to America, and not long after he went there, a train took off his leg. And when my mother heard of it she fretted greatly, and she thought maybe she did not hear all the truth about it, and that they might be hiding from her that he was dead. So she went to Saint Ciaran's Well and she kneeled down on the stones and she prayed three times to God and Saint Ciaran to give her a sign, and the third time a little fish rose up and looked at her and stirred itself and went swimming on the top as if to show itself, and there had been a piece taken out of it. My mother often told me that."

But a smith's wife who lives near her says: "The best well I know is Saint Conall's, near Cashel. People go there to pray for the sick, and if the person they are praying for will get well, a little fish will rise up and stir itself and open its mouth. There was a blind man that had been blind for a long time used to come to our house, and my mother bade him to go to that well and pray there nine times, five Sundays and four Fridays; and he did that, and at the ninth time he was as well as ever before.

"The time I was going to America I was very lonesome, and I went every day for a fortnight praying at that well. And the last day I was there I asked for a sign, and after I had prayed I took three drinks of the water. And a little fish came up as if out of the ground and moved about and opened his mouth three times; and I knew then I would do well, and I went away with great courage in me, and sure enough all I

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did in America turned to good, and I had a mistress that was very kind, near Brooklyn I was. I had a lovely time in America, and I would never have come back but my father and mother were always writing for me, for they had no son, and they always thought I would be the daughter that would stop with them, and all the others were going away one by one. So I came home, and it did them little good after, for that man's sister"—pointing to her husband, the smith—"was in the boat coming back with me, and we made friends, and she came on a visit to me and I went on a visit to her, and so I came to be his wife. I often laugh when I think I might as well have stopped in America, and all the troubles we have gone through since then, with our cattle dying. And if any of the people of Cashel hear of their friends being sick in America, they will go and pray at that well for their healing, and they will get it."

Sometimes the water has power for those who have not seen the fish: "There was Delane's son, in Gort, had sore eyes and no doctor could cure him. And one night his mother had a dream that she got up and took half a blanket with her and went away to a blessed well a little outside of Gort. And there she saw a woman dressed all in white that gave her some of the water, and when she brought it to her son he got well. So the next day she went there and got the water, and after putting it three times on his eyes he was as well as ever he was."

A foal was the sign accepted by another: "I slept one night in the tree at Saint Colman's Well, and in the morning a foaleen came and roused me, a foaleen with two eyes in it. I got my eyesight better from that time."

A Connemara weaver says of another well: "There was a cousin of my own coming home one night from a visit, where they had music and dancing, but he was quite sober. And as he was going home, the sight left him, and he could see nothing either by day or night from that time to the end of two years. He came then to the blessed well near this that is called Tobar Muire, Our Lady's Well. And no sooner had he

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come there than he got his sight again. He was led by some person by the hand to the well, but going away from it he was as well able to find his way as any other person. And I saw him after that able to thread a needle."

His wife, who was spinning, said: "There were some said that well was not blessed at all. So one time the stone that is on the top of it was taken and thrown out into the deep sea, and in the morning, the first person that came to the well found the stone there upon it the same as before."

An old man who sometimes comes looking for work told me of "a well of Saint Camen that does cures. I knew one Pat Gilligan was cured there. He had a pain in the eye and the sight failed him, and he had a leather guard over them. He went and slept in the bed of the Saint and a blanket over him, and went to the well, and it wasn't long till he died. That is the only one I know that was cured in it."

On the Connemara coast I heard: "There were two sailors going from here to Galway one time, and there is a blessed well of Saint Columcille at Carraruadh, on a point going out into the sea, and a grave above it; a very blessed place it is. And there was a great storm came on that day, and the boat the sailors were in was turned round to the strand, and they did all they could to turn it out again; and they were tacking against the wind, and it failed them to turn it, and it was driven on to the rock; and the man at the back of the boat called out to God and Columcille to help them, and he called out three times, and as he was saying it the third time, the man in the bow of the boat called out to him, 'Turn him you devil!' and between the two words the boat turned and they could manage her again. Then the man in the back said, 'God is good!' 'The devil himself isn't bad!' said the other. We often laughed to hear them telling that, for they never could be sure was it God and Columcille helped them, or was it the devil, but I think myself it was God. Oh yes, oh yes, that is a great story, and it will be told after the whole of us have left this earth."

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While I was listening to some of these Connemara stories an old wandering man, who was sitting by the hearth to rest, and I thought was asleep, suddenly looked up and said: "Saint Donovan's Well in Wales is a great place; near Holyhead it is. You could not take away in a ship all the crutches that are left there. There was an Irishman going there one time to get his sight, and he met an Englishman that asked him what was he going for. 'To get my sight.' said he. 'Well,' said the Englishman, 'I promise you, if you get your sight I will bring my donkey there that is blind.' So he got his sight, and when the Englishman knew it, he brought his donkey to the well. And it was cured, but the Englishman himself was struck with blindness. It was a very wrong thing of him to say what he did to the Irishman."

Scholars say the Druids themselves, it is likely, found wells being worshipped in the Celtic countries they came to, and it is certain they themselves made use of the magical properties ascribed to them. During the great battle of Magh Tuireadh, Diancecht the physician and his son and daughter "used to be singing spells over the well of Slane, and to be putting herbs in it; and the men that were wounded to death in the battle would be brought to it and put into it as dead men, and they would come out of it whole and sound through the power of the spells. And not only were they healed, but there was such fire put into them that they would be hotter in the fight than ever before." And after the conversion of the Celtic countries to Christianity, the respect paid to the waters was continued, so that a decree was given out at the Council of Arles in 452: "If in the territory of a bishop, unbelievers light torches or show reverence to trees, springs or stones, and that he neglects to abolish these customs, he should know that he is guilty of sacrilege." Later Councils repeated these orders; but in the end many of the wells that had been held in honour from such ancient times were given the name of a Saint, and so sanctified by the Church.

The tradition of the people supports this, for I heard from

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a policeman's wife: "At Saint Patrick's Well in Burren there used to be a great Pattern every year, but it was given up. And there was an old woman with me in the barracks at Burren, and she told me she remembered well when she was a young girl and the time came when the Pattern used to be, the first year it was stopped, her father put her up on the wall near the well, and bade her look down. And there she saw the whole place full of the *gentry*, and they playing and having their own games, they were in such joy to have done with the Pattern. I suppose the well belonged to them before it got the name of Saint Patrick."

One knows that not only were there wells of healing in the old days, but that in Ireland the sacred salmon was sometimes associated with them. The men of Dea had "a well below the sea, where the nine hazels of wisdom were growing; that is, the hazels of inspiration and of the knowledge of poetry. And their leaves and their blossoms would break out in the same hour and would fall on the well in a shower that raised a purple wave. And then the five salmon that were waiting there would eat the nuts, and their colour would come out in the red spots of their skin; and any person that would eat one of those salmon would know all wisdom and all poetry. And there were seven streams of wisdom that sprang from that well and turned back to it again; and the people of many arts have all drank from that well." And one of the old men of the Fianna, Oisin or another, brought beautiful speckled salmon to Saint Patrick from the white-rimmed well of Usnach, that had been hidden from all eyes from the time of the sorrowful battle of Gabra. But whether there is any link between the red-spotted salmon of wisdom of the mythologies, and the little blessed fish that brought healing to my old friend, Saint Brigit's namesake, I cannot tell. I give these stories as they were told to me, and I have no theory about them, but I am sure that they are told in good faith.

The other day I asked a friend who had come in with a basket of perch from the lake, and who is learned in philo-

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sophies, what he thought about these visions or appearances of sacred fishes. He said: "It is not very difficult for people who live a tranquil life in the fields to have visions, and above all it is easy for Irish people, who live in a damp country. Porphyry says that the generation of images in the mind is of water, and this has always been the idea of writers on this subject, right down to Nash the Elizabethan, who wrote a pamphlet on hobgoblins. Visible water cannot exist without the spiritual element being there also. However, the capacity for seeing visions exists everywhere except in towns and in country places dominated by town civilisation and by town-bred education, which is abstract education, a privation of the sensible image, and therefore of everything seen in the mind's eye, a substitution of logic for sensation. The imagination of the countryman is full of images; his speech is full of them, and he passes readily under their influence into a state where they so completely possess his attention that he is what we call tranced. He will not know this, he will think he is sitting in his ordinary mood by the wellside when he sees the holy fish, but in reality the mind's eye has substituted its more intense perception for that of the body's eye. I don't mean to say that it is all imagination; indeed, I would rather say it is the very reverse of imagination as that word is used in modern times. Imaginative men, Blake said, do not see ghosts, and that is true if one means by imagination, as one does mean, an activity of the individual mind. The countryman is far less individualised than the townsman, is far less given to the activities of the individual mind, and when he does see, it is almost always something that comes from outside himself. You have scores and scores of stories of apparitions, and you will find amongst them apparitions with Elizabethan ruffs, with feathered caps, with strange headdresses of some older time, sometimes with modern clothes; but you haven't one in which the clothes of different periods are mixed together as the country imagination would mix them; whereas in the stories of ordinary life that you have, one time is mixed with another, and the duellist will go out with a revolver looking for his

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enemy. Practical things excite the imagination of the country people, but visionary things lift them out of themselves and above themselves, and so far from exciting them, hush all their activities into what we call trance."

"But are the cures worked by the vision or the imagination or by faith?"

"I think that they see the fish because the fish are in a sense really there, though not swimming in the natural water. They have been there since some old Pagan mythology sent them into the pools, and are a part of the great memory, the memory of the race itself, wherein the individual memory is swallowed up the moment the activities of the body are quieted by trance. They are more, however, than mere drifting images, being the signatures of states of the mind of the race, and these states are present when their signature is present. A man, for instance, who is blind, if the tissue of the eye is not too much destroyed, may recover his sight through becoming united for the time being with one of these portions of eternal energy, the original fountains of life. Just as a man's individual mind can, as we know from many laboratory experiments, affect the body very greatly, so can the great mind affect the body, but far more radically. Saints, fishes, hobgoblins, when not, as they may sometimes be, creatures like ourselves, are certainly signatures of the great minds which we call God and the devil. *Deus est Demon inversus.*"

I thanked my friend, and took his basket of perch, and did not ask him any more questions.

II

As to the Saints, I like to think that, as my neighbours tell me, they are in Ireland yet, and come sometimes to the help of those in danger or of the poor. Saint Colman is the chief Saint of our own district, and I am often told the story of his birth:

"The King of Connacht tried to make away with Saint

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Colman's mother because of a prophecy. The prophecy said she would have a very clever son, and the king was afraid he would be a better man than his own son. So he threw her in the river in the big hole where it rises inside Coole demesne, and a very heavy stone around her neck. But the stone that was to drown her floated with her, and it is to be seen yet, and the mark of the rope in it, beside Kiltartan Church. And she went up the fields to Corker, and it is there in the field her baby was born.

"There was a blind man, now, had a dream in the North at that time about a well beside a certain tree, and that he would get his sight if he bathed in it. And a lame man had the same dream about his lameness. And they set out and went on travelling ever and always till they came to the tree they dreamed about, that was in Corker. And when they got there all was dry and no sign of water, and the lame man said, 'Let us go down beyond to where the rushes are, it is more likely there will be water there.' And then they heard the cry of a child in the tree, and they looked, and there was the little baby that was afterwards Saint Colman; and they took him up and they said, 'If we had water we would baptize him.' And the blind man pulled up a rush, and a well sprang up and the water splashed up in his eyes, and gave him back his sight; and they baptized the child. There was a light about that rush, and it in the middle of a field. That is where the well is now, and those that want their blindness cured have a right to go there."

As to his after life, "he was living for seven years in a cleft in the mountains beyond, in Burren, no one in it but himself and a mouse. It was for company he kept the mouse, and it would awaken him when he went to sleep. I don't know in the world what did the dear man get for food through all that time."

Four or five years ago Saint Colman's Day was kept with special honour, and I was told: "It was a great day we had for Saint Colman while you were away. The rosary was said in

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Irish, and all the old people answering it, and there are a great many got their eyesight since then. His well that is beyond Ochtmana is the best. Many a one I saw go and sleep the night there, that had tender eyes, or even a scum on them, and they would get reprieve."

Saint Colman keeps watch over the district still. I am told: "There was a man at Kilmacduagh saw him a year ago, and he having a candle in his hand." And again: "There was a little lad one time that the farmer used to send out in the fields to keep the birds off the crops. And there came a day that was very hot, and he was tired, but he dared not go in or go asleep, for he was in dread of the farmer beating him. And he prayed to Saint Colman, and he came and called the birds into the barn, and they all stopped there through the heat of the day till the little lad got a rest, and never came near the grain at all." An old man coming from Kinvara with oysters says: "I know a man was going home one night, one Hall he was, and a big bag of wheat on the horse. And as he was passing near the well of Saint Colman that is between Kinvara and Ballindereen, the bag slipped from the horse. So he tried to lift it again, but he could not, for it was weighty; and he called to the Saint if he had any power or authority at all to come to his help. And the Saint himself, Saint Colman, came and helped him with it, and put it up for him again on the horse." A woman in Gort Workhouse says: "There was a little boy of the Linnanes, I knew him myself, fell into Saint Colman's Well that is on this side of Kilmacduagh—a little chap he was at that time, wearing a little red petticoat and a little white jacket. And when some of the people of the house went out to draw water they looked down in the well and they saw him standing up in the water, and they got him out and brought him home, and he was none the worse. And he said it was a little grey man that came to him in the well and put his hand under his chin and kept his head up from the water, and that was Saint Colman."

A farmer at Burren told me last year: "My own first

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cousin saw him one time. He had a tent up there at the name-day, when people used to come and perform at the well. And in the evening when he was taking down the tent after all the people were gone, to bring it back to Curranroe, he saw the Saint, a grey old man, sitting beside the well.

"There was another man living in that big house beyond Corcomroe, and he never missed to go to the well on the name-day of the Saint. And at last it happened he was sick in his bed and he could not go. And the Saint came to him at the side of the bed, and he said, 'It is often you came to me, and now it is I myself am come to you.' It was about forty years ago that happened."

As to Saint Patrick I am told: "There were many great Saints in Ireland, but Saint Patrick was the bush among them all." "He used to be travelling and blessing all before him." "Saint Patrick was about seventy years when God bade him come to Ireland, and he did not like to be put out of his way, being old, and he said he would not come. So then God said if he would not come he would give him a bad next door neighbour, that would be fighting and quarrelling and slandering him. So when he heard that he said it would be as good for him to go to Ireland."

This story, told me by a miller, seems to have to do with the lighting of the Paschal fire at Tara in the place of the fires of Beltaine: "Saint Patrick came one night to a farmer's house, and there was a great candle shining in some place near, and three or four of the farmer's sons had got their death through it, for every one that saw it would get his death. It was some evil thing put it there, witchcraft that the Druids used to be doing at that time, the way the Freemasons do it in England to this day. They do that, and they have a way of knowing one another if they would meet in a crowd. But Saint Patrick went out to where the candle was, and it did him no harm, and he put it out, and it was never lighted again in Ireland."

In Burren I have heard: "Saint Patrick rode his horse to a

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smith's forge one day to get a shoe on it, and the smith put it on, but when Saint Patrick gave him money he would not take it. So then he put a blessing upon smiths and said they would never be without money in the house. And that is true, they are taking money every day, and are never without work; but the most of them spend it again upon drink, but not Mrs. Connor's brother. There was a priest and a smith in Kinvara had a quarrel, and the priest said he would pull the smith down, but the smith said, 'I will pull you down first.' The priest asked his pardon then; he was afraid that he might be turning the anvil against him."

On Slieve Echtge some "have seen the footsteps of Saint Patrick in a stone up near Derrybrien—the mark of a bare foot in the stone—for he walked all that part of Ireland." "He went one time into a house in the county Limerick, and the people in it were poor, and they had not a candle or a rushlight or turf or sticks for a fire, but when the daylight was done, what they had to do was to go to their bed. And Saint Patrick said, 'Are there no green rushes growing in the bog?' So they went out and brought him in a few green rushes, and he took them in his hand and blessed them, and they gave out light through the whole night."

If the Blessed Mother has given her own name to the greater number of girl-babies of Ireland, Saint Brigit's name is hardly less often to be found in the household. The old Pagan writings tell of the first Brigit, the Fiery Arrow, "that was a woman of poetry, and poets worshipped her, for her sway was very great and very noble. And she was a woman of healing, and a woman of smith's work, and it was she first made the whistle for calling through the night." The Christian writings give some of the same characteristics to Saint Brigit: she was ever giving, ever hospitable, she was held in esteem by the sons of learning in every place. The people say she was "very tall and very handsome. She was liberal, so that the housekeepers have a rhyme for her day, telling them to bring out a firkin of butter and to divide it among the working

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boys." She was also practical, for a weaver in Connemara tells me: "It was she wove the first piece of frieze ever woven in Ireland: Brat Bridhe it was called, the cloak of Brigit. It was she put those white threads, the thrims, here in the loom. And any person that has a strained leg, not broken but strained, will be cured by a bit of that thread tied round it, or any beast. You would often see cattle brought here to the door, that had got a strain, to get a bit of it. She belonged to Kildare, and this is a legend still told of her: "She was a poor girl minding her cow at the Curragh, and she had no place to feed it but the side of the road. A tyrant that owned the land came by and he saw her, and she asked enough land of him to graze her cow. 'How much would it take to do that?' said he. 'As much as my cloak will cover,' said Brigit. 'I will give you that much,' said he. So she put down the cloak and it went spreading out on every side for miles and miles. But there was a silly old woman came by and she said, 'If that cloak goes on spreading, the whole of Ireland will be free.' It is a pity the old woman said that; she didn't know at the time Brigit to be better than any other one. But she held all that land through her lifetime, and it never had rent on it since; but the English Government has taken it now and has put barracks upon it. She doesn't mind that, now that she herself is dead."

"She used to be going through Ireland with the Mother of our Lord," and a farmer's wife from Slieve Echtge tells this story: "There was a poor man and a poor woman living in an old ancient place in Ireland—a sort of wilderness. The man used to be wishing for a son that would be a help to him with the work, but the woman used to say nothing because she was good. They had a baby at last, but it was a girl, and the man was sorry and he said, 'We will always be poor now.' But the woman said, for it was showed to her at that time, 'This child will be the Mother of God.'

"The girl grew up in that ancient place, and one day when she was sitting at the door, our Saviour sent a messenger to

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her, and he said, 'Would you like to be the Mother of God?' 'I would like it,' she said. And on the minute as she said that, our Saviour went into her as a child. The messenger took her with him then, and he put beautiful clothing on her, and she turned to be so beautiful that all the people followed them, crowding to see the two beautiful people that were passing by. They met them with Saint Brigit, and the Mother of God said to her, 'What can I do to get these crowds to leave following us?' 'I will do that for you,' said Brigit, 'for I will show them a greater wonder.' She went into a house then and brought out a harrow and put it up over her head, and every one of the pins gave out a flame like a candle, and all the people turned back to see the shining harrow that was such a great wonder. And it is because of that the harrow is blessed. The Mother of God asked her then what she would do as a reward for that. 'Put my day before your own day,' said Saint Brigit. So she did that, and Saint Brigit's day is kept before her own day.

"Then the Mother of God and the man that was with her travelled the whole world till they came to a place where they were put in a stable because there was no room in the house; and there was a bullock in it and a donkey, and it is there our Saviour was born. They left that place after awhile, and crowds followed them again. And the man put the Mother of God upon the donkey and they went to the sea, and there he made a road they could pass over, and he shut it again after them, the way the people could not follow; and it is by that road he went to heaven."

Saint Martin the Miller is sometimes allowed to have belonged to France, but is oftener claimed for Ireland, and is much honoured there. An old man of over a hundred years said to me: "Did you hear how it was with Saint Martin? The Blessed Mother and the Child came to him one time at his mill, and the Mother held up a few grains of wheat in her hand and she said, 'Put these in the quern and turn the wheel for me.' 'It is no use,' said he, 'to put in a little

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handful of grain like that.' 'It is use,' said the Blessed Mother. So he put them in the quern then, and turned the wheel, and there were ten sacks in the place and they were all filled with the flour that came from those few grains. And when Saint Martin saw that, he sold the mill and all that he had, and went following the Blessed Mother and the Child."

A Burren farmer gives another story: "Did you hear what Saint Martin did one time? He went to a house, and the farmer that owned the house was out scattering water on the field, for he had the seed sown, and there was red heat that year and no rain, and every man scattering water on his crops, and he did not think the corn would grow without him scattering water on it.

"The woman of the house told that to Saint Martin, and she was making dough, and he asked a bit of it and she gave it, for he had the appearance of a poor man. And he put the bit of dough she gave him in the oven and went away leaving it there. And when the woman of the house opened the oven after a while, there was grass-corn growing up through the dough and a drop of dew on the top of every blade. It was for an example Saint Martin did that, to show the man of the house that God could make grass-corn grow even in the heat of the oven. If he had believed in that, he would not have gone scattering water on the fields. And when the man of the house came in from the field and saw the dough and knew what happened, he set out running after Saint Martin, but he could not come up with him, but he fell and broke his thigh, because he was a very fat man."

His day is marked by certain observances: "Saint Martin was to be beheaded one time, and he went down hiding under the millwheel. And for twenty-four hours the wheel stopped and made no turns, and all the force of the water against it. It is in memory of that, that every wheel is stopped from twelve o'clock on Saint Martin's Day to twelve o'clock on the next day."

"There was a miller in Gort would not stop his wheel one

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Saint Martin's Day, but set it going in spite of all his wife could say. But soon he was glad enough to stop it, for you would think the roof of the whole place would be took off with the thunder it made." And I was told at Kinvara: "I ever and always heard there was a miller down at the sea that would not stop his quern on Saint Martin's Day like every other one is stopped, but went on querning through the day. And didn't the sea come up over the mill and quern and all and drowned them, because he was so headstrong?"

He is honoured also by the shedding of blood. "It is the custom through the whole nation to shed the blood of a cock or a sheep, or some other thing on Saint Martin's Day, that is the eleventh of November. And it must be shed before twelve o'clock in the day or he will not take the present, but any other Saint does not mind what time the present is given. And if there is a sick pig or a sick cow it is a good thing to let blood from it, and to say, 'In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost and of Saint Martin.' And if the pig or the cow gets well after that, it is forbidden to sell it, but you may kill it and use it for your own house."

"A great Saint he is; we should always kill something on his day. There was a farmer had nothing to kill on Saint Martin's Day, for he had lost his stock, and he looked around and all he could see was his own son, and he said he would shed his blood when he had nothing else. And the mother hid him in every place and in the glass case, the way the father wouldn't find him. And when he was looking for him he turned around, and there was a fat sheep behind him that was put there for him to kill instead of his son. A great Saint he is."

And "There was a man at Ballylee one time that shed no blood for Saint Martin's Day, for he wouldn't give in to it. And the next morning one of his best bullocks was dead. He believed after that."

An old woman complained to me: "One time I asked them for a cock to kill for Saint Martin, and she," pointing to

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her daughter, "said she wanted to keep them to sell for boots. So I took a hen and I cut the head off it, and not one drop of blood came from it, but it was dry the same as your stick, and I threw it out into the road, and I don't know was it dead then, and the head of it. I took a cock then and killed it, and the blood came from it. If I had no cock, blood would have come from the hen, and Saint Martin would have taken it. But he wouldn't take it when there was a cock in the place."

In Connemara "There was a man brought in a sheep to kill for Saint Martin, and he and his wife had words together about it, and the sheep went out from them in the argument. And the next day if it wasn't found lying beside the wall, and blood coming from the four legs of it."

A woman who had come back from America to Connemara told me: "There is blood shed in every house for Saint Martin's Day—over the whole world that is done; I saw them killing cocks for it in Boston; oh yes, oh yes.

"When that little cow of our own was first with us, and no more than a calf, for it was no more than that we were able to buy, it took sick. It was lying out in the shed, and it had a hole worked down through the bed with the pain that was in its head, and we were sure it would die. And on a Saturday Martin said: 'I am going to promise the calf to Saint Martin on the Sunday, and to cut its ear and let the blood.' And I said; 'Do as you like, for we have no chance of saving it.' So he waited for Sunday, and he rose up as soon as he knew the day to be in it, and to be Sunday, and he went out and cut the ear and let the blood, and promised her to Saint Martin, as soon as we would get a little *breabach* (profit) out of her. And would you believe, within two hours he gave her oaten meal he had been steeping for her in warm water and she took it. He came in and told me that, and I thought it was to comfort me he was saying it, and that it was the neighbour's cow that was with us that had eaten the meal. But when he was out again and I was up, I saw there wasn't a bowl or a vessel within the house but had oaten meal soaking in it, to be ready

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for him again. So I went out and a bowl of it with me, and offered it to her, and didn't she eat the whole of it and lick the bowl? And so sure as I'm talking to you, and that's sure enough, I believe she would never have risen up if we had not promised her to Saint Martin.

"We will keep her for a while yet till we get a little *breabach*. She gave us a strong bull calf last year, and this year she gave us a fine heifer calf, but it died within a month. We will never sell her, but some time we will kill her and eat the meat."

III

As to Our Lord, He is no stranger, but He "walked the whole of Ireland without shoes and barefoot." Whatever evil spirits may enter into other beasts, "the lamb is always innocent because of Our Lord." The robin also keeps us in memory of Him. "That little birdeen that has red under its throat, it is the blood from the Cross that is on him. He is very friendly besides the other birds; if you are working in the garden he will come and sit on the handle of the spade if you are a little while from it. No one would hurt him, and he will come into the kitchen too, unless the cat might tempt him away."

An old workhouse man says: "The time the Jews had Our Lord bound with a chain in a big hall they were all striking at Him. And there was a servant girl passing through the hall back and forward, and one of them bade her to strike Our Lord across the face. She lifted her hand to do it, and a second time she lifted her hand and it fell again, and she said she could not strike such a fine man. When Our Lord heard that, He looked over His shoulder and said that servant girl, because she would not strike Him, would get Paradise."

I was sitting one evening in a labourer's house, and he said: "Our Lord is seen on the earth sometimes, not often, He just comes to put some poor person back in the way. But sure He is in every place. He is here now, sitting in a chair, and His hand like that, holding His knee, listening to everything and

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watching everything. He never went to bed—didn't you know that?—but sitting in a chair as I told you through the night, keeping a watch on the people."

IV

The help of the Saints does not cease when mortality is put off for immortality. "It is Saint Michael weighs the souls of the dead," a wandering theologian tells me; "for Almighty God puts in the scale all they did of good or harm; and he knows all the complaints that were made against every person; but I hope he won't be too hard on those that are trying to knock out a living for themselves." An oyster-seller from the coast says: "Every Saturday through the year the Blessed Mother appears to the Pope of Rome, and she is the best attorney for lost souls that ever was, and anything she will ask, she will get it."

At the time of death when "the shadow goes wandering and the soul is tired and the body is taking a rest," it is in no strange purgatory the shadow wanders, for "every one is sent back to the place he was reared in and that he lived in, to do his penance." And as to the state of the dead after that, "All we know is that when they come back they will be thirty-three years of age, both men and women, just in their bloom they will be."

There are some who think it well to be brought to that unseen world and that lasting bloom, for a woman from another county has told me: "There was a girl I knew went to the hospital for an operation. And when she was going, she cried when she was saying good-bye to her cousin that was a friend of mine, for she felt sure she would never come back out of the hospital alive. And she put her arms about her going away and said, 'If the dead can do any good thing for the living, I will do it for you.' And she never recovered, but died in the hospital. And within a week something came on her cousin, my friend, and they said it was her side that was paralysed,

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and she died. But many said it was no common illness, but that the dead woman had kept to her word."

It has always been a habit of the people of Ireland to look beyond things visible to things invisible. In the old legends they give help to or get it from the hidden houses of the Sidhe. "Angels used to come and to be talking with the big men of the Fianna," the people say; and angels had commerce later with the Saints, protecting them through their lifetime and waking them after death. Many of our people tell how they have seen and even spoken with their dead; and shining messengers have been known to come to a dim thatched house at the hour of death. A woman from Slieve Echtge who had told me of "great wonders done in the olden times," told me also that when her father, an old labouring man, lay dying, "there came of a sudden three flashes of light into the room, the brightest light that ever was seen in the world. There was an old man in the room, one Ruane, and I leaned back on him, for I had like to faint. And people coming the road saw the light, and up at Mick Inerney's house they all called out that our house was in flames. And when they came and heard of the three flashes of light coming into the room and about the bed, they all said it was the angels that were his friends that had come to meet him. I was about sixteen years of age at the time."

AUGUSTA GREGORY.

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PUNIC SCULPTURE IN THE LAVIGERIE MUSEUM OF S. LOUIS AT CARTHAGE

UNTIL recently, the excavations undertaken at Carthage had revealed no traces of Anthropoid Sarcophagi, but in 1898 two small stone coffins were unearthed containing bones, and upon the covers were incised figures. One of these bore the name, Baâlsillek-le-Rab,[1] the other was evidently the representation of a priest of one of the Carthaginian divinities.

The necropolis where they were discovered is situated upon the hill opposite Saint Monique, upon the sides of which are hundreds of vertical pits resembling chimney-stacks, giving access to numerous chambers at a depth of several *mètres*, in some cases as deep as twenty-seven *mètres*. The chambers were at the end of narrow passages in the heart of the rock, and bore evidence of having been investigated over and over again. There was no indication upon the surface or the hidden treasures, so that the earth had to be turned over many times before the shafts were discovered. Some of the chambers were still lower, as deep as forty *mètres*, but they had been used by the Romans as wells of pure water.

It was during the construction of the fort of Bord-Djedid

[1] *Rab*, a prince, the title given to members of the Carthaginian Senate. In one of the longest inscriptions in the museum, the *Rabs* are placed after the *Suffetes* and before the High Priests.

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that some Punic tombs were discovered, which led Père Delattre to surmise that the neighbourhood of the battery would be worth exploring, and in 1892 as many as 11,000 tombs were unearthed upon a *hectare* of surface ground. These he attributed to the third or second century B.C., upon the evidence of the manner of burial. The most ancient tombs are simply constructed with large stones, having contents of a certain kind, but no coins nor any evidence of cremation. The necropolis at Douïmes is of this character.

The less ancient Carthaginian tombs are cut out of the rock, and contain evidences of burial and cremation, as well as numerous coins and fragments of pottery.

The first class furnished a quantity of hieroglyphics; the latter, although containing Egyptian amulets and scarabs, had but one hieroglyphic sign. The terra-cotta statuettes from the Douïmes tombs were in the Egyptian style; the later ones are proto-Corinthian, while those of Bord-Djedid show the influence of Greco-Italian or Etruscan art.

The inscriptions upon vases are excessively rare in the earlier period; but fairly numerous in the later one, the earliest Etruscan inscription found in North Africa having been discovered in a tomb of this period at Carthage. Thus, there are indications enough in the various tombs for the *savants* to determine the dates, in spite of the fact that the necropolis of S. Louis, for example, had not been abandoned from the time of the foundation of the city until its destruction by the Romans in 146 A.D., and contained examples of the various modes of burial of each period.

The aspect of an Arab cemetery gives a very good idea of the burial-places of the Carthaginians. The chambers are about three or four *mètres* apart; and if in imagination one places the "chimneys" under each visible mound, one can realise the ancient Punic necropolis.

For the following description of the four beautiful slabs found in the latest excavation—two priests, a priestess, and a woman—I am indebted to the kindness and courtesy of Père

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Delattre of the White Fathers, who superintends all the work of excavation as well as the arrangement of the Musée Lavigerie, and has given me permission to use his books and pamphlets, and to reproduce any of the illustrations therein.

The Congregation of the Pères Blancs is a missionary order, founded by that much-loved friend of the Arabs, Cardinal Lavigerie, for work exclusively in Africa. The great house of the fathers is upon the Byrsa adjoining the Cathedral, built by the Cardinal in token of the restoration of the See of Carthage after the slumber of centuries. Young men are trained as missionaries in the seminary, but not the least of the works undertaken by the Fathers is the excavation of ancient Carthage.

The finding of the sarcophagi is told in graphic language by Père Delattre:

Le 4 Novembre 1902, fête de Saint Charles Borromée, je venais de célébrer la messe à l'autel de ce saint dans la Primatiale de Carthage, en souvenir du Cardinal Charles Lavigerie, et je priais sur la tombe de l'illustre fondateur de notre société, quand je fus averti qu'on me demandait immédiatement à la nécropole.

Je m'y rendis aussitôt, et arrivé au chantier, je me laissai descendre à l'aide d'une corde passée sur une poulie et manœuvrée par nos ouvriers arabes au fond d'un puits de 13 mètres de profondeur. Je me trouvai en un instant à l'entrée d'une belle chambre. Chambre et puits étaient creusés dans le rocher.[1] Je penetrai de suite dans l'hypogée. On avait d'abord constaté la présence de plusieurs morts déposés dans des cercueils de bois. Ceux-ci se reconnaissaient au nombre de cinq, par leur empreinte demeurée sur le sable et surtout aussi par la couleur rouge dont ils etaient recouverts. . . . Deux des cercueils avaient été placés à gauche de la chambre, et c'est sous les débris de ces deux cercueils que fut trouvé un magnifique sarcophage anthropoïde.

The sarcophagus is two *mètres* long, 0 m. 69 wide, and 0 m. 53 high. Upon the cover is the figure of a Carthaginian priest in high relief lying on his back, vested in a long tunic, with his right hand raised, and a cup in his left. The figure is 1 m. 80 in length. The feet are shod in sandals, which retain

[1] Le puits mesure 2 m. 29 sur 0 m. 85. La chambre n'a pas d'auges; elle mesure 2 m. 95 de hauteur, 1 m. 90 de largeur, et 2 m. 23 de longeur.

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some of the red with which they were painted. The soles and straps are black. The head, beard, hands and feet are beautifully modelled. When the cover was raised, an entire skeleton was visible, with the remains of a resinous emulsion, and a little box with a flat cover, apparently of iron, attached to the neck. Père Delattre handled it carefully, nevertheless it fell into pieces, leaving its contents, twenty-four pieces of bronze Carthaginian coins, in his hands. The interior of the box was probably of ivory or wood, and the whole had become soldered to part of the sternum of the skeleton, which came away with the box.

It is well known that the ancients carried their purses round their necks under their clothes; indeed, the modern Arab does also, with his handkerchief and tobacco-pouch; therefore, there seems little doubt as to the use of the box.

Three gold rings were found at the right-hand side of the skull, and another upon the third finger of the left hand. Père Delattre assumes one of the former to have been a *nezem* or nose-ring, as the discovery of a terra-cotta mask ten years ago proves that men as well as women adorned themselves by wearing these ornaments.

The engraving upon the collet of the ring is evidently a portrait of the person sculptured upon the sarcophagus, but neither representation gives either nose- or ear-rings, and the absence of coins in the tomb suggests that the rings may have been placed there instead of money.

Several urns, lamps, cups, amphoræ, a bronze razor, scissors, a strigil, discs in bone and ivory, and other objects were found in the chamber, together with fragments of human bones and wooden coffins; and in a neighbouring tomb a number of stone slabs bearing inscriptions, proving that the necropolis had been the burial-place, during the third and fourth centuries B.C., of Carthaginian Rabs, Priests, and Priestesses. The epitaphs are as follow: "Tomb of Hatalit, the Priestess, daughter of Magon, son of Bodmelqart, wife of Asmalek, son of Bodmelqart." "Tomb of Arisatbaâl, the Priestess, wife of Mel-

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qarthilles." With this slab an incense spoon with the handle terminating in a swan's head was found. Other slabs give the epitaphs of Hamilcat, Priest of Baâl-Samaïn, and of Geratmelqart, Priestess of the great goddess Tanit, whose symbol was engraved upon some of the rings found at the same time.

Seven days after this discovery, Père Delattre received a message that the workmen had unearthed another sarcophagus, and his comment is characteristic: "L'octave de la fête de Saint Charles allait donc être aussi signalée par une découverte"—a large sarcophagus in white marble. Among various other things in the cave, upon the shelf dividing two tombs, was a little wooden coffin formed of thick planks, polished, with its edges as sharp as if it had just left the carpenter's hands. It contained cremated and broken bones, and is an example of the deftness of the Carthaginian workmen, whose ancestors, the Sidonians, were praised as hewers of timber by King Solomon in his letter to the King of Tyre (Kings, iii. 6). In the sepulchral chamber the sarcophagi of the priest and the priestess lay side by side. The former resembles the figure on the first discovered slab, but the face is that of a younger man. It has a gilt ring in the left ear. The priestess is an exquisite work of art. Père Delattre suggests that she may represent the goddess of Carthage.

Serait-ce Tanit ou mieux encore Didon, qui, d'après auteurs anciens, fut honorée comme déesse tant que dura Carthage. On reconnaîtra peut-être un jour que la déesse Tanit n'est autre que Didon déifiée par les Carthaginois. Cela explique comment à Carthage des milliers de stèles votives nomment Tanit dont les textes classiques ne parlent pas, tandis que de nombreux auteurs anciens parlent de Didon. Il faut cependant trouver un moyen de faire concorder les textes épigraphiques avec les textes classiques.

At the Musée Lavigerie the beautiful priestess is standing erect against the wall. She is dressed in a long tunic reaching to her feet, but from the hips downwards the body is veiled by two enormous vulture's wings crossing one another, in the manner of Orcagna's angels in the Campo Santo at Pisa. Her right arm, wearing a bracelet, is hanging down; the hand

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holds a dove. The left hand supports a cup for offerings, resembling in form the modern *terrines* of *pâté de foie gras*.

On the head, which is modelled with the greatest refinement, is an Egyptian *coiffure*, but surmounted after the Greek manner by a *klaft*, on the front of which is a hawk's head, gilt, with painted eyes. The eyes of the priestess are also painted. The hair, held in place by the hood, is dressed in fourteen little corkscrew curls upon the forehead, while at each side five long tresses enclose the face. The ears are small, and bear rings with gilt pendants in the form of a cone terminating in little balls attached to a disc. Upon the neck is a gilt band imitating a pearl necklace, to which a disc is suspended. The face is beautiful and dignified, and in profile especially the exquisite regularity and refinement of the features are bewitching.

Round the neck are three bands, the central one of a dark reddish purple, the other two dark blue, and all bordered with gold. These bands pass under the long tresses of hair and reappear upon the shoulders. The upper part of the tunic has a gilt band; the folds are arranged in formal plaits on each side, but only the upper and lower part are seen, as the crossed wings envelop the rest of the body. These are painted and gilt. The smaller feathers are reddish, the large ones are gilt upon a peacock-blue ground. The feet are as deftly and beautifully modelled as the hands and face. The back of the slab, that in its original position forms the cushion upon which the priestess lay, has the representation of a small palm in low relief. Nothing but a coloured drawing could give an adequate idea of the beauty of the figure. She is as fascinating, this Carthaginian priestess, as the most beautiful Greek statues, and more so than many of the celebrated marbles of the great museums. She haunts us, and again and again we return to gaze upon her exquisite features and the refined beauty of her expression. Possibly the fascination arises from the intense realism of the face. Unlike so much antique sculpture, this figure is absolutely living. And the harmony of the colouring

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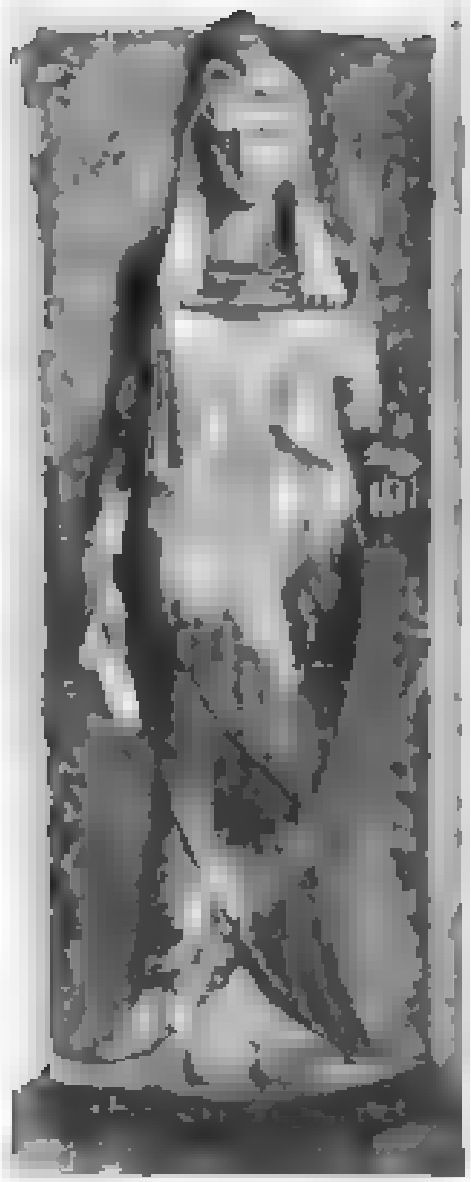

The Beautiful Heaven

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is no less fascinating. There is no crudeness, no garishness; the blues, the greens, the reds are all brought into harmony by the gilding, a harmony which is only surpassed by the golden glow of sunset upon the rose and blue mountains of the opposite coast, on which the priestess gazed in her life-time as she stood by the Byrsa of beautiful Carthage.

The costume of the priestess is the same as that of the great Egyptian goddesses, Isis and Nephtis, who were also represented with vulture wings crossing their bodies. An example may be seen in the Louvre of a gilt bronze statuette of Queen Karomama posing as a goddess clad in this fashion.

The skeleton of the priest is still lying in his sarcophagus embedded in a preparation called *térébenthine de chio*, a turpentine produced from the *Pistacia terebenthus*.

The latest excavations at Carthage leave very little doubt that the Punic cemeteries were within the city walls, or not far beyond them; and that as the population increased so the burial-places were extended, these in their turn being built over by the Romans for their own sepulchral resting-places. Indeed, it seems as if the lower the excavations are pushed the more primitive, and consequently the more interesting, become the monuments of the dead.

SOPHIA BEALE.

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THE DECAY OF SELF-CONTROL

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is reported to have remarked recently that "the nation that loses self-control is lost." Whether he did actually make a statement that, if history is to be believed, almost every great leader of men has uttered at one or other period of his career, I am not in a position to say; but if he did we have no reason to suppose that he had any nation of to-day in particular in his mind. Yet the report is said to have set in motion in Germany and in France, and therefore probably also in England and other European countries, a train of thought that becomes interesting when we bear in mind that all historical records which treat of the decline and fall of realms at one time all-powerful go far to prove that the decadence upon which actual disaster followed was first heralded in almost every instance by signs of lack of self-restraint among the classes as well as among the masses. Indeed, in the records of the decline and fall of ancient Rome we are told that "loss of self-control . . . first by slow degrees, and soon afterwards very rapidly, led on to weakening of mental stamina, thence to luxury and self-indulgence without the exercise of any restraint whatever . . . and this in turn bred in many instances vice of various kinds that brought in their train lunacy, crime, and ultimately chaos."

The question that at once suggests itself to the Englishman, therefore, and more especially to the Englishman living within the British Empire, is one that he hopes will draw forth a

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reply—the absolute accuracy of which he would like to be able to depend upon implicitly—as to whether his own countrymen are, as a race, showing signs of letting what can best be described as "impulse" take the place of forethought. In order to be able to answer this question with an open mind the first step to take is to observe and study carefully the circumstances or conditions that to-day most directly influence the majority of men and women in the different ranks of life, and then to some extent contrast such circumstances or conditions with those that were wont to influence those same men and women, or their predecessors, fifteen or twenty years ago. This we can all do for ourselves. The second step to take is to ascertain the views that are held upon the subject by persons of observation, discrimination, and undoubted intellect, whose opinions are likely to be wholly unbiased and whose avocations bring them frequently into more or less close contact with people of every class.

There can be no doubt, I think—and this opinion is shared by the majority of our leading judges, scholars, statesmen and divines—that at the present time not only in England, but also in certain other European countries, the ambition of a very big section of the community is to gratify its every appetite, satisfy its every whim, and obtain pleasure, and as much of it as possible, at any price and irrespective of all else. In order to do this, restraint of every sort must of course be set aside. The warnings of philosophers, of the press, of religion, of physicians, must be disregarded. The whole system of Christianity in particular must be forced into the background, and in its place an image must be set up that already is being worshipped by very many thousands of our countrymen and by a proportion of other civilised races—the idol, Pleasure. Indeed, the determination to indulge self-gratification of every kind so far as ever it can be indulged, our leading thinkers are agreed in pronouncing to be now little short of a vice that threatens to take England by storm. Who among us to-day (that is, among the great crowd that goes to make up the bulk

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of the community we allude to when we speak of the English Nation or the English Race) stops to think before setting to work to gratify an inclination, be it bad, good, or otherwise? One consideration there is that in some instances acts still as a deterrent, namely, the consideration of what others, or the few whose good opinion we value, may think or say of us; and even that unstable influence is weakening. It is not my intention here to go into statistics that are accessible to all, but it is perhaps worthy of note that some little sensation was caused quite recently when the fifty-ninth annual report of the Commissioners in Lunacy made known the fact that at the present time the number of certified lunatics in London alone is 26,739, and that the growth of lunacy during the past fourteen years has been over 70 per cent.; which means that if the general population goes on growing until, let us say, 1914, at the rate it is growing now, and the ratio of insanity continues at its present rate of increase, the estimated insane population in 1914 will have reached the astounding total of 146,768.

Within the last few months I have conversed with or received letters from a number of men of considerable eminence to whom I had applied for the expression of their views upon this subject, and the unanimity that exists in their views is remarkable. With only two exceptions they maintain that the Nation, considered as a whole, no longer has the backbone that for so many centuries has been its pride and boast. And this statement, they say emphatically, they make in no pessimistic mood. On the contrary, the majority express regret at their inability to speak optimistically. The opinions they have formed they base, they say, solely upon the conclusions they have arrived at after mature deliberation following upon careful observation. For the power of self-restraint, they declare, is slowly ebbing throughout the country and among men in almost every walk in life, and, as it ebbs, so in more or less equal ratio does the tide of insanity and criminality steadily rise. Exactly where the direct connection lies

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between weakening will-power and insanity and criminality they do not attempt to explain. They merely set down as facts what they have ascertained to be the truth.

Of the correspondents who have favoured me with their views, perhaps Dr. William Barry, the distinguished philosopher, goes most deeply into the subject:

You want to know [he asks] "Do I consider that the power of self-restraint is on the decline among our countrymen, considered collectively, and if so to what do I directly attribute such decline, and what effect do I consider that such decline is likely to have upon the Nation?" That is an involved question which opens up a very long train of thought and brings into operation many different lines of argument. I shall therefore not attempt to give reasons at large for the decline of the power of self-control, beyond saying that I personally am of opinion that the tacit abandonment of the old Christian view is very greatly responsible, seeing that nothing is taking its place except a mixture of Epicurean sensism, so that impulse has free play. That impulse is displacing forethought is an opinion I have held for some years, and I see no reason to change that opinion now. It is my belief that the increase in crime, not only in this country, but in almost all other civilised countries of Europe, is due in a very great measure to the tendency of the age to set aside the exercise of self-control. We cannot deny that in all civilised countries the two forms of degeneracy, crime and madness, are growing every year, not in direct, but in multiple ratio, of the population. Italy, for instance, shows an increase five times that of her people, while France showed in the half-century that ended in 1889 a development of 133 per cent. in her convicts. I pass over statistics of other lands which confirm these discouraging statements. All are agreed, however—physicians, police, and courts of justice—on the steady and even disproportionate advance of crime and insanity, *pari passu* with a more individual, or less home-staying, manner of existence. Family ties have grown weaker; custom is yielding before caprice; and the young are emancipated at an earlier age. These things, combined with the exigencies of modern life—the strain, the movement, the multiplication of pleasures and intoxicants, the concentration in busy centres—have resulted in a huge development of crimes against property and of crimes against morality. The all-encompassing system of commerce tempts to fraud. The passion for excitement inflames lubricity. Born delinquents throng the capitals of civilisation. They become engulfed in the movement which sets evermore toward these ganglia and brain-centres of the modern world. They are gregarious, and gradually corrupt their neighbourhood. Not only so. Physiology teaches—and it is a truth too constantly neglected—that all accumulations of whatever sort, when confined within narrow limits, tend by a law which is as certain as inevitable, to putrefy.

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These accumulations call forth abnormal cravings; they heighten but oppress the imagination; they establish a lower standard than many individuals possess in their own conscience; they create opportunities or solicitations which it requires a strong habit of discipline to withstand; they take from self-control.

It is Lombroso, if I remember aright, who declares that "the primal instincts, such as theft, homicide and brutal appetite, which exist hardly in embryo when the individual is alone, grow all at once to giant proportions so soon as he is brought into contact with others." This would seem to be borne out by the facts—indisputable, seeing that statistical records render void all arguments to the contrary—that assaults upon the young have of late years grown beyond precedent; that the number of female criminals have increased enormously; and let it be added, by way of illustrating the temper which all such phenomena denote, that the cases of suicide among juveniles and mere children is also greater than at any previous period in the history of the world—all of which point directly to a steadily growing want of self-restraint among individuals.

Again, several of the leaders of modern thought with whom I have conversed upon this subject are of opinion that the old noble thoughts, the ideals and aims, that during more religious periods made up public opinion, even where they did not altogether shape the private conduct, have decayed lamentably, and in some instances altogether collapsed; and that whereas the rude and uneducated represent in our modern system the juvenile who is violent because of his new strength, the rich upper classes are senile and going off the stage, worn out by self-indulgence, immorality and an overwrought physique. Another convincing speaker is a well-known Christian Scientist. In his opinion we have ourselves alone to blame for the gradual "rotting out," as he expresses it, "of the Nation's spinal cord." He is a man who has travelled largely and is very widely read, a man of broad views, and in keen sympathy with the human race. He traces the source of all crime back to what he describes as "the cancerous growth called lack of self-control," an assertion that seems rather

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too sweeping. But he maintains that the will can be brought back into subjection no matter how far it may have strayed, in other words, no matter how weak and vacillating the individual may have grown. He cites instances of women as well as men who after being for years confirmed victims to the drug habit eventually succeeded in completely mastering their wills again; and the theory he holds—a rational theory enough, one would think—is that every time a vacillating mind successfully resists a powerful impulse to perform some act that would gratify it, that mind stores up what he calls "vitality of will-power."

According to the head-master of one of the most important of our public schools, and his views are shared by the head-master of one of London's biggest Board schools, the spread of education does not *necessarily* tend to increase either strength of mind or power to control the will. In many instances, they maintain, education, especially in certain districts, tends in the opposite direction. Such statements, uttered by men themselves highly educated and who hold positions of great responsibility, may be deemed ill-advised by some; yet it is notable that many of our most advanced thinkers are of precisely the same opinion, and that Herbert Spencer himself spoke more or less to the same effect when he declared that "belief in the moralising effects of intellectual culture, flatly contradicted by facts," was absurd *a priori*; for, as he pointed out, such belief presupposes a direct connection where none is to be found. This, indeed, we can see for ourselves almost any day in the streets. To take a case somewhat to the point, and that is probably typical of many such cases, not very long ago half a dozen quite well-educated lads well in their teens were convicted of assaulting an old man and doing him serious bodily injury. Asked what had tempted or instigated them to behave so brutally, seeing that the old man had not annoyed them in any way, that they bore him no ill-will, and that he had nothing about him worth robbing, one of them replied at once that he and his companions had read a short time previously a report

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of a case of hooliganism, and that something had impelled them to "go for" their victim in the same way. "But didn't you stop to consider the old man's feelings?" asked the magistrate. "Did it never occur to you to restrain your brutal impulse?" "No, sir," was the reply. "We just went for him without thinking. We are sorry now we did."

And here it should be remembered that even an indifferent education stimulates idealism, and that a lad with a naturally vivid imagination will often, when educated up to what may be called for want of a better term the "flash-point" of his imagination, begin to desire to emulate the actions of the persons he has heard about or read of, and sometimes even of the creatures his imagination has conjured up. Weak imaginations are apt to reel under the stroke of horrors vividly presented, and mimicry being among the deepest instincts of mankind, there is always danger that one outrageous incident will make many. Indeed, as Dr. Barry himself wrote several years ago, and before uneasiness at the increasing decay of self-control had begun to manifest itself in any country,

> none can question that, as civilisation advances, the pressure which its complex activities cannot but exert is telling on weak and fevered brains. The azote, or nitrogen, which tempers while it dulls uncivilised natures, is being rapidly withdrawn from our modern air; and we behold as in a flaming sky the oxygen kindle, burning up the life it should nourish. While the objects of dread and of desire have multiplied a thousand-fold, the brain lags behind; it is more slowly developed, though solicited more than ever; and it seems capable only of acting along lines which experience has furrowed in it. The pulse of humanity [he adds] beats dangerously quick in our day.

Thus it comes about that on all sides manifestations of the truth of these assertions may be observed. The wants of the population, most of them unnecessary wants, are multiplying annually. What do the majority of these wants, when gratified, tend to stimulate? In most cases excitement of the imagination, and nothing else. In the few really rural districts left to us, in neighbourhoods where education is at a lower ebb, where the pulse of humanity beats slower, and where the imagination

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of the bulk of the inhabitants is probably duller, the power of self-control to a great extent remains as of yore. Statistics alone prove that this is so. And yet, oddly enough, statistics have proved quite recently that there is no apparent relationship between the density of population and the ratio of insane, at any rate in the United Kingdom; and that even in towns, London alone excepted, density of population does not necessarily imply a high rate of insanity. In connection with this it is interesting to note that women, taken as a body, have of late years been developing greater power of self-restraint, and that intellectually—I quote the views expressed by men who have had exceptional opportunities of forming a just opinion—they have "shown signs of possessing mental attributes hitherto unsuspected in the sex." This psychological development, however, would appear to have confined itself almost wholly to the section of the female population that has to make its way in the world. A well-known philanthropist of great wealth, who spends much of his time in moving unostentatiously and unrecognised among all sorts and conditions of men and women with a view to finding out for himself where money can be spent to the best advantage for the benefit of the multitude, believes implicitly that whereas a great proportion of the male population of every class is gradually drifting more and more into the habit of making self-gratification the be-all and end-all of existence, women, that is to say women of average intelligence, whose ranks he declares to be steadily augmenting, are "rapidly getting a more comprehensive grip of affairs and coming to see more and more clearly what the nation lacks as a nation, and how its deficiencies can best be supplied." And it is worthy of note, seeing how much has from first to last been said and written in disparagement of women who interest themselves in modern movements, that this man of broad views and impartial opinion would do all he can to put woman upon a firmer and what he calls a "more common-sense" footing with regard to her share in the management of public affairs.

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For the sensibly educated woman [he declares] who has the right mental balance, the courage of her honest convictions, and is untrammelled by hypocritical convention, will in eight cases out of ten form a juster opinion when summing up a situation involving the exercise of tact and discrimination than the man of average intelligence, and will come to her decision more directly, and take less time in doing it. . . . This, in my opinion, goes far to prove that very many women, if not endowed by nature with greater power of mental concentration than many men have, do more to cultivate the power, and, by doing so, increase unconsciously their power to control their feelings. . . . If I am mistaken in my convictions [he continues] how does it come about that in almost every calling where industry, sobriety, and strict integrity are *sine quâ non*, the demand for female workers continues to increase so steadily? It has been urged that this is because women will work for a lower wage, but I could quote numberless cases where the best workers are wanted, and must be had, and where the question of paying wages that are a little higher or a little lower is certainly a matter of small moment, and yet women are employed in preference to men. Ask any employer of high-class female labour and he will tell you that the average woman worker takes greater pride and interest in the work she has to do than the average man; that consequently she works more assiduously: and that in most cases she does her work more conscientiously, also more neatly, and that she is less addicted to grumbling. And one remark I may add to this [he says] she never "wants a drink."

Almost all my correspondents, being employed in some public capacity, have asked me to express their views if I wished to, but when doing so to withhold their names. I have already, however, expressed a sufficient number. It is enough for me to add that the consensus of their opinions undoubtedly points to the conclusion that whereas a great bulk of our countrymen are amiably nodding so far as the interest they take, or are supposed to take, in the state and future of the nation is concerned, and are becoming more and more careless and self-indulgent, a growing section of our countrywomen is coming steadily to the front, and showing in many more ways than one that the mind of woman is remarkably evenly balanced, in spite of the jeers and taunts that have been flung at "hysterical woman" "so long that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," and certainly from a period far antecedent to the time when Schopenhauer spoke so witheringly of "that under-sized, narrow-shouldered, broad-hipped,

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short-legged race we call the fair sex." For the rest it will be interesting to watch what progress the British nation makes during the next twenty years. With a birth-rate that is steadily falling, and a ratio of insanity that since 1896, that is to say in the last nine years, has increased in England and Wales by 12·07 per cent.—the proportion of insane persons in the community having risen in that period from 1 in 319 to 1 in 285—and a vast section more especially of the leisured or well-to-do male population in a state more or less of mental stagnation, the outlook can hardly be considered satisfactory, however optimistically we may endeavour to contemplate it. A national calamity on the very threshold of our homes, if I may so express myself, might arouse us from our apathy and, by bringing us suddenly face to face with immediate and unavoidable peril, knit us once more all together and conceive again in us the determination and the indomitable will-power to which years ago Britain's triumphs by land and sea were probably in a great measure directly due. For it is hard to think that the virility of the nation can really be dying. Rather let us believe that it is sleeping heavily, and that when it presently wakes up it will resemble a giant refreshed.

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SOCIETY JOURNALISM

THERE is nothing more remarkable in the latter-day history of the Press than the marvellous development of "Society" journalism—the extent to which gossip about the upper ten thousand has invaded the staid and sober columns of the great daily organs of public opinion; and, above all, the number and variety and prosperity of the penny weekly papers devoted exclusively to satisfying the undying interest of the Masses in the Classes. The working man, apparently, no longer wishes in his arrogance and pride to "'eave half a brick" at the high and mighty aristocrat. He shares the amiable and friendly curiosity of his wife and daughters in the ways of smart tip-top people—their dress and jewels; their manners and customs; their tastes for horses and dogs and motors; the waltzes and the gallops which they dance at their balls; their late theatre suppers, and their naughty dissipation on Sunday evenings; especially as described in the form of jottings and paragraphs and brief sketches in the pages of Society journals.

This desire for peeps into the boudoirs and drawing-rooms of the polite world is, of course, no new product of a decadent age. It existed in that spacious and manly time, the opening years of the nineteenth century—to go no further back—and even some of the pompously dignified morning newspapers of London endeavoured to satisfy it. Here is the *Times* of March 17, 1802, most indignant with "a certain morning print" for its bold and impudent and scandalous practice of sending their

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reporters "to take down the names of persons of fashion as they get out of their carriages to visit their friends." "These men," it says, "sometimes carry their assurance so far as to force themselves into the halls. The names are here taken down, a few scraps picked up respecting the decorations of the rooms and the chalking of the floors, and a very pompous account made up, which is imposed on the public as a real report of a fashionable entertainment. On Monday night one of these fellows was discovered taking down names in the servants' hall of the Dilettante Theatre, in Tottenham Street, and sent to the watch-house. It is a great pity that noble families, who are above this miserable puffing, do not give more strict orders in this respect. Not to do so is to give encouragement to a practice which is growing very fast, and ought to be discountenanced."

It was not for the mechanic and the porter that these costly newspapers—priced sixpence a day, no less—stooped so low in order to pick up these items of fashionable intelligence. It was for the gentlefolks inside Society itself—at the time a very narrow and exclusive aristocratic set—or for the upper-middle classes who hovered just outside the charmed circle. As fashionable Society expanded, with the rise and development of trade and commerce, and became a varied community of wealth rather than an exclusive coterie of birth, it grew more interesting; and the curiosity in it, ever spreading downwards and outwards, brought into existence weekly journals whose chief object was the retailing in print of the sayings and doings of people of rank and fashion. Society newspapers are, therefore, no new departure in journalism. What is remarkable about them to-day is their number and variety. Yet is there really anything portentous or ominous of decay in this particular manifestation of the tireless industry of the modern Press? Man, after all, is eternally interesting to man. We may not desire an intimacy with our neighbours; but as we like to know who they are, and what they are, we are not above giving ear to tittle-tattle concerning them. Gossip is

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the staple of conversation by the domestic hearth, in ball-rooms and dining-rooms, "at homes," in the smoking-rooms of the clubs, at tennis and golf parties, wherever, in fact, men and women meet. Why, then, should not Society have its journals as well as politics, literature, art, music, or the hundred and one other activities of human life represented in the periodical Press?

It was supposed in the early days of Society journalism that the bulk of the fashionable intelligence of the newspapers came from the servants' halls of Mayfair and Belgravia. Ladies' maids, gentlemen's valets and butlers were said to be the chief contributors of this small talk of Society; and they obtained their news, it was also asserted, by straining their ears at key-holes, or prying into the correspondence of their masters and mistresses. But if ever there was any ground for that supposition, which is doubtful, there is certainly none now.

It is true that some items of fashionable intelligence are received by the Society journals to-day from the upper servants of the aristocracy. Communications from these quarters are, however, always regarded with a discreet suspicion; and only very ordinary news is published without a verification having been obtained in some way or other from sources that are more trustworthy. This, of course, refers to blameless but interesting gossip which maids and valets gather directly from conversations with their masters and mistresses. However inclined the editor of a Society journal might be to publish servants' tittle-tattle about the foibles and follies of "the upper ten thousand," the very elastic law of libel, and the heavy damages awarded by jurors, are sufficient to make him cautious and circumspect.

But Society is now by no means adverse to the searchlight of the Press being thrown upon its movements. The fact is that most of the gossip comes not from the servants' hall, but from upstairs—from the drawing-room and my lady's boudoir. It may be said, indeed, that Society itself records its sayings and doings. My Lady Fanny Fox and the Earl of Cressy are

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pleased to read complimentary things of themselves; and members of "the selectest sets"—gentlemen and ladies with handles to their names, visiting the best houses, and attending the most fashionable "crushes"—add substantially to their pocket-money by contributing "pars" about their friends to the newspapers. Indeed, the fact that they are known to "write for the Press" enhances their importance in their circles of society. They are courted and petted at the social functions which they attend. "Do, please, write something nice about me," is said in every pressure of the hand, every beaming nod, every word of greeting, they receive.

What an advertising or notoriety-hunting age it is! "To be chattered about in the penny Press is," said a latter-day satirist, "the twentieth-century idea of 'immortality'." The number of people with a consuming ambition to bring their names into public prominence is, indeed, legion. How varied and ingenious are the dodges they employ to get written about in the papers! One man with a thirst for celebrity strives to satisfy it by founding a society. Its object may be the abolition of umbrellas or tall hats, the checking of street cries, or the stopping of the whistling of railway trains; but whether the ostensible purpose be sensible or ridiculous, the movement is intended solely to proclaim the president or the hon. secretary to the world. Other people, more moderate in their aspirations, seeking not to win world-wide distinction, but content with local fame and popularity, erect clock-towers, or provide the village green with a drinking-fountain, upon which their names are emblazoned. In like manner they often do great good to the community even when they are animated less by a desire to serve their fellows than by a craving to be talked about by their neighbours.

People of this cast of mind are willing to pay handsomely for the distinction of seeing their names in print. The reporter for the local newspaper frequently finds in the seeker after celebrity a means of supplementing his scanty earnings. He receives a settled commission every time the name of a certain

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individual is mentioned in his paper. Needless to say, that name is dragged in on the flimsiest excuse. In other cases the notoriety-hunter influences the editor. Consequently readers are treated in the leading articles to passages like this: "A truer or wiser thing has never been said about the present political situation than when our eminent and public-spirited townsman, Mr. Hunter-Buxter, declared that we are steering straight for the rocks." Some of the weekly fashion papers publish portraits of brides and bridegrooms, with biographical sketches and a description of the wedding. These are paid for in cases where "the happy couples" are not celebrities, or where there is nothing in their union of interest to the public. In fact, they are as much advertisements as the ordinary marriage announcements, only they do not appear in the advertising columns.

Even the London daily papers derive a portion of their revenue from their fashionable intelligence. One will often have noticed in the morning journals that "Mr. and Mrs. Robert Knickerstaff and family have left 146 Belgravia Terrace, for three weeks." Such announcements serve a very useful purpose in the case of people who are really in Society. Their absence from functions at which they were expected is, for one thing, explained. But with respect to the unknown and the uninteresting Mr. and Mrs. Robert Knickerstaff readers must have wondered who in the world they were, and why the great *Daily Messenger* should think it of public importance to mention that they were taking a three weeks' holiday in Nice. These announcements are really advertisements, and are charged for at a very heavy rate per line. The expense is gladly borne by these nobodies, pathetically striving to become somebodies, who, with a courage really deserving of a better cause, dare the ridicule, the scoffs, and the satire, of their friends and acquaintances, in the fulfilment of their ambition to be supposed to belong to "the upper circles." But even in the case of the average man a tombstone is really the only place where he does not care to have his name in print. Indeed, it

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may be said the time is coming when the mark of distinction will be that one's name has never appeared in the Press.

The newspapers, however, do not depend for their intelligence of the doings of Society solely on the "pars" which they receive either as news or as advertisements. Most of the daily papers, and, of course, all the weekly journals of fashion, have on their staffs men and women whose special duty it is to gather news of the circles of gentility. Women writers are commonly employed to look on interesting social events with a woman's eyes—bazaars, garden-parties, weddings, balls, concerts, or similar functions for which ladies dress in their best—and to describe them for women readers. These "lady-journalists," on the daily papers, are also employed to write up the novelties in the shops of drapers and milliners who advertise; to report meetings at which the presence of a woman notetaker is more desirable than a male; to supply notes on feminine phases of current events; to record the current prices of meat, vegetables, fruit; to suggest dinner menus; to make up occasionally a column of bright, chatty paragraphs about anything and everything social, to which women readers will turn eagerly on opening the newspaper.

As for the movements of the highest and most interesting of all Society "sets"—Royalty—the newspapers have not to depend for this intelligence upon their own resources. The "Court Circular," which appears at the head of the fashionable intelligence columns of the daily newspapers, is very familiar to the public. It gives particulars of doings of a semi-public nature at Court—whether at Buckingham Palace, Windsor, or Balmoral; such as the King's daily movements, his walks and drives, his dinner, musical, and theatrical parties; the arrival and departure of his visitors and guests; and brief records of the making of knights, presentation of diplomatists, and various other incidents, public and domestic, in the daily life of the Sovereign. The preparation of the "Court Circular" is part of the duty of a functionary known as "the Court newsman," and on important occasions it is revised by his Majesty

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himself before copies are sent to the leading London journals and news agencies. A similar record, though briefer and simpler, is prepared by the private secretary to the Prince of Wales in regard to the doings at Sandringham or Marlborough House.

The newspapers also publish long lists of the names of ladies presented at Drawing Rooms, and of gentlemen attending Levies. These lists are prepared for the Press in the office of the Lord Chamberlain. The newspapers have, of course, to look elsewhere for those critical descriptions of the ladies' dresses which are included in the reports of the Drawing Rooms. The female members of the staff, who attend to this branch of journalistic work, have, however, no difficulty whatever in filling their columns. The information is furnished either by the *débutantes* themselves, or by the dressmakers and milliners who supply the costumes.

The high degree of prosperity maintained by the six or eight high-priced weekly fashion papers, besides a host of well-to-do penny journals published throughout the Kingdom—all devoted principally to what the irreverent and satiric male would call "fashion's fads," and "women's whims," and "five o'clock tea-chatter"—proves that this wide field of journalistic enterprise is safe and remunerative. The staffs of writers and artists are mainly women. Indeed, the vast development of Society or fashionable journalism within recent years has led to an enormous influx of women into the myriad army of Press workers. Each paper has its various departments devoted to "Health and Toilet," "Dress," "The Home," "Etiquette," "Society," "Sports and Pastimes," "Work," "Marriages," "The Kitchen," etc., presided over by women.

Not so very long ago the chief designs for women's raiment came exclusively from Paris. What are regarded as the most beautiful patterns still come from Paris; but the extraordinary rise and spread of these journals, which, directly appealing to women, naturally make a feature of the fashions, have opened up in London a wide field of employment for girls

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with a talent for drawing, and some ingenuity and taste in the designing of costumes. What are known as "the fashionable West-end modistes" still send their representatives constantly to Paris to go the round of the studios of the fashion-plate designers, on the hunt for dress ideas for each season. There are about a hundred of these studios, each with a large number of artists and apprentices—ranging from twenty-five to one-hundred-and-fifty—in its service. The fashions are usually evolved by the proprietors of the studios, and are transferred to paper with pen and ink, pencil or water-colours, by the draughtsmen. The cost of these designs varies considerably. Seven-and-sixpence is perhaps the lowest charge for a pencil or a pen-and-ink sketch, but a water-colour drawing of a "dream" or "confection" of a costume cannot be had for less than two or three guineas. The great fashionable journals, as well as the West-end dressmakers, go to Paris for their chief pictorial illustrations of dress—for in the adornment of women the ideas of Paris still rule the world; and it is a singular circumstance that though the Paris designers are bitter rivals, they all seem to agree upon the style of frocks for each season—but, like the West-end dressmakers, the great fashionable journals have their own artists for the designing of these ludicrous drawings of extravagantly dressed women, with impossible figures, and simpering most fatuously, which always well repay, for amusement sake, the turning over the leaves of the Society weeklies. It would seem as if in some mysterious way the command goes forth—though probably it can always be traced to its source—that a costume of a particular design or shape is to be worn this season. It is in the adornment of the accepted style of dress that the individual taste or ingenuity of each artist finds scope for its display.

The blouses, the frocks, the mantles, the tea-gowns, of the season are not only pictorially illustrated but described. The women whose duty it is to chronicle "fashion's fleeting fancies," inspect the shop windows of dressmakers and milliners, visit the theatres, or mingle with the well-dressed crowd on Rotten

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Row at the Church parade on Sundays. And what it all comes to is something like this:

The hats are certainly previous, for I counted two felt hats in the Park—lovely models both. One was a plateau of moss-green felt with three splendid tips coming well to the front, but poised quite at the back. The other was a frondeuse hat with jampot crown of pale lavender blue felt with two long feathers shaded with vieux rose. These were arranged in the new picturesque style, one curled back and the other lower down, drooping on to the hair. The new hats are of the most dashing order, and will require a certain chic to be well worn.

Or this:

Boneless corsets are a novelty, and one which should prove a great success. They give the supple, sinuous lines to a woman's figure which are a joy to the artist. Many women who are intent upon following the fashions imagine that the spreading skirts include the destruction of la ligne. Madame Réjane and the Gibson Girl give the lie to this fallacy. Their skirts flow out in billowy lines at the feet; but the curved line, the line of beauty, shows the woman shaped like a Greek urn from hip to knee.

Many of the big London shops issue invitation cards. "Messrs. Bodice and Flounces request the pleasure of the company of the representative of 'The Looking Glass' at a private view of the latest toilette novelties from Paris on April 5." The "lady representative" goes on the day appointed to the shop, where she is received with the utmost courtesy; and, in a private room, young girl assistants, wearing the dresses and mantles, the hats and bonnets, walk up and down, turn this way and that, gracefully and silently, to display to the journalist every charm of the newest modes. The result is a fashion article, under some such heading as "Where to Shop," made up of paragraphs like this:

Every one knows that one of the greatest "don'ts" in dress is the one which tells us not to crown a tailor-made gown with a fussy Paris chapeau One would think such an obvious mésalliance would be impossible to any woman with the slightest idea of the general fitness of things; but one sees this fatal error again and again. Of course, the only hat to wear with a tailor-made costume is a plain straw, trimmed with wings, a quill, or a bow of plain ribbon. A number of such hats are now to be seen at ——, and very

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pretty they are, too. The majority are in the French sailor shape—a round, rather broad brim slightly turned up, and what is called nowadays a "half-high" crown, round which is a band of ribbon with a rosette.

Then there is the lady interviewer—an indispensable member of the staffs of fashionable journals—who goes about running "celebrities" to earth, and tells you all about their homes, their dress, their hobbies, until you know them and their houses as well as if they were your old familiar friends. The reporting of "fashionable weddings"—sometimes, for a change, described as "smart"—also gives a good deal of employment to women journalists. All the necessary information about the trousseau of the bride, the presents, the bridesmaids, and the guests, is obtained beforehand and usually without any trouble. People are most willing to afford every possible facility to the journalist to do her work on these interesting occasions. The report being, therefore, prepared in advance, all that remains to be done on the day of the ceremony is an introductory "par" describing the scene in the church—the decorations, the music, the officiating clergyman—and the "radiantly happy" face of the bride as she walks up the chancel leaning on the arm of her father. But occasionally there are difficulties in the way of the chronicler. Requests for information are met by rebuffs from the bridal party; or the still more annoying answer of "Thank you very much, but all that we desire to appear is to be published in the *Times* or the *Morning Post*." In such a predicament it will not do for the journalist to accept defeat and turn her back on the wedding. No editor would accept such an excuse for failure to supply the expected "copy." The journalist, therefore, puts her pride or dignity aside, and takes her stand, however shamefacedly, in the porch of the church, and softly asks the guests their names as they pass in—a most unpleasant task—or takes a seat just at the entrance, and trusts to her knowledge of well-known faces to fit the correct name to the lady who flashes by in the ruby-velvet gown and the unmistakable dowager in diamonds and brocade. The household servants,

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the pew-openers, and any amiable-looking guest in close proximity are examined, and if tact be employed the required information is thus extracted.

In some of these women's papers there is a "new feature" called "Our Courtship Column." Sentimental and romantic young girls write to "Dear Amor," the conductor of the column, laying bare their fluttering hearts. One tells of a lover grown cold or coy about putting the great question. Another is in sore perplexity caused by the wooing of two sweethearts, and her indecision of mind as to which she should regard as her splendid hero who is to take her for better or worse. Genuine human documents they are, the artless and natural productions of poor little handmaids and shopgirls whose whole thoughts are about lovers and marriage. Here is one:

DEAR AMOR,—

Seeing the good advice you give to lovers, I thought perhaps you might give me a little. About two years ago I met with a young fellow who worked in the same place. We kept company for a short time, but sometimes when I had to meet him I could not go. That caused a quarrel, but since then he has spoken, and he made another appointment, but it happened to be raining. I have met many a young fellow, but never one I liked so well. Six months ago I met a young fellow. I knew him only three days, and he went away to sea. After five months he wrote to me and expressed his love. I do not care very much, as he is not the same religion as myself. I think he is about twenty-four; I am eighteen. I am passionately fond of my old lover, and he is always telling people how well he likes me. His age is twenty. Hoping to see an answer very soon to put me out of my misery,—I remain, yours sincerely, ONE IN LOVE.

The reply to this appeal is cold and unsatisfying. It can hardly have put "One in Love" out of her misery:

You certainly ought not to encourage the sailor. After an acquaintance of three days you cannot really know what he is like. Did you write and explain why you could not meet that first lover on the rainy day? It was a great pity you did not make an effort to do so, under the circumstances; but he will probably ask you again later on.

This is a more serious affair, one with the elements of tragedy in it, illustrating for the thousandth time how waywardly runs the current of love:

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DEAR AMOR,—

Seeing the good advice you give to young lovers, I am writing to ask the same myself. I have been walking out with a young man for three months, but now I have learned to love my cousin's young man far better, and he seems to pay more attention to me than he does to her, and she is greatly upset because she simply adores him. He has given me the offer of marriage, but I have not accepted it yet; but yet I love him very much, and he is far better looking than my young man. My young man seems very broken-hearted, but I cannot like him as I used to. Dear Amor, would you mind telling me what to do, and whether I ought to accept his offer and give the other one entirely up, as he has seen me flirting with the other? I hope I am not taking much of your precious time, and wishing your book every success,—Yours sincerely, NELLIE.

Poor Nellie, who looks for words of pity and sympathy, gets instead a severe and stern reprimand:

Amor thinks you have behaved disgracefully. You have ruined your cousin's happiness and that of your *fiancé*, and you seem to have not the slightest, vaguest idea of honour. Amor predicts that you will suffer for it presently. Your cousin's young man is not worthy of her, evidently.

There are pages upon pages of triviality and nonsense in these weekly journals for women. Here is an item of fashionable intelligence culled from a column in one paper under the heading "At the Theatre": "Lady H——, looking as beautiful as ever, wore a low, wide head-dress of golden wings spread across her hair, a little tulle necklet, and a small diamond heart on a thin gold chain; and Mrs. C. H——, wearing a picturesque lace cap, was in the balcony with her sister, who had a wreath of gold berries in her hair." If this account of the raiment of the ladies be true, then they are not far removed in the genteel world from the state of things which is said to prevail in the South Sea Island, where the gentlemen wear tall hats only and the ladies—smiles. Another paper gravely announced: "Princess Ena of Battenburg, having made a small purchase in a shop in Bond Street the other day, defrayed the cost out of her own purse." Out of whose purse save her own should she have defrayed it? Then there are anecdotes, of which this is an example: "'Your little birdie has been very, very ill,' she wrote to the

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young man. 'It is some sort of nervous trouble, and the doctors said I must have perfect rest and quiet and that I must think of nothing. And all the time, dear Gussy, I thought constantly of you.' The young man read it over, and then read it through very slowly and put it in his pocket and went out under the silent stars and kept thinking and thinking and thinking." Drivel and frivolity were also characteristic of the elder society journalism. Among the papers contributed by Albany Fonblanque—the brilliant journalist of the thirties—to the *Examiner*, will be found an amusing satire on the "personal pars" of his time. It contains an imitation sketch of the habits of the Duke of Wellington: "The Duke generally rises at about eight. Before he gets out of bed he commonly pulls off his nightcap, and while he is dressing he sometimes whistles a tune and occasionally damns his valet. The Duke uses warm water in shaving and lays on a greater quantity of lather than ordinary men. Whilst shaving he chiefly breathes through his nose, with a view, as is conceived, of keeping the suds out of his mouth. The Duke drinks tea for breakfast, which he sweetens with white sugar and corrects with cream. He eats toast and butter, cold ham, beef or eggs; the eggs are generally those of the common domestic fowl."

But the elder Society journalism was also coarse and vulgar, and had little regard for the privacy of family life. Thanks to the improvement in the moral tone of the public, as much as to the terrors of the civil and criminal law, weekly journals of the low type common in London a quarter of a century ago, which obtained a living by the dissemination of scandal, are now impossible. In the fashionable weekly papers of to-day one will find a deal of tittle-tattle, silly and dull, no doubt, but decidedly blameless, while the personal gossip of the daily and evening newspapers is good-humoured and complimentary, and, if not always true, never sins against good taste.

STEPHEN STAPLETON.

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THE ASYLUM TREATMENT OF INSANE

THE insane and their treatment have from the earliest times excited the sympathy of all who felt for the afflicted and sorrowing of the human race, and the great interest which the public takes at the present time is evidence of a discontent which is the basis of progress. A doubt has arisen whether the asylum is the fit and proper place for all suffering from mental aberration, and numerous are the protests even in medical circles against what has become an admitted dogma, that it matters not how harmless and innocuous the form of insanity, how amenable to treatment at home, how mild the delusion, that all and sundry who evince symptoms of mental obliquity must be shut off from society. It is pointed out that not all lunatics are raving mad people, whose actions are those of beasts of the field, and whose language is that of Billingsgate or Seven Dials, that not all are inaccessible to reason and insensible to the ordinary feelings of humanity, but that as a matter of fact even the worst cases have some glimpse of reason and tendencies to right and sound action. It is held that for this reason it is injurious to recovery to limit the intercourse of the insane to those who are themselves insane, as is done in asylums, where the only rational persons with whom the patient truly associates are his attendants, many of whom, though kind and trustworthy, are of little intellectual superiority, knowledge or learning, and

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of little refinement of manner or feeling. Not only is the intellect thus deprived of the ameliorating influence of the exercise of cultured intellect in others, but the feelings already separated from every object to which value was formerly attached are left ungratified, and delicacy hurt by the scenes to which they are inevitably exposed. In proportion as reason and health return, the evil becomes more afflicting and its effects more injurious in retarding complete restoration.

How little confidence the public has in the asylum is evident from the number of cases in which, after some awful crime, generally self-destruction or murder, the friends and connections are ready enough to testify to the strangely altered conditions of sentiments and feelings of the sufferer, giving evidence convincing even the ordinary observer that they are the victims of early mental disorder.

As a rule, people pay little if any regard to the slight changes in the mental dispositions of a person. It is only when, by the extension of the disease to a larger portion of the brain, or by an increase of its intensity, reason becomes so deeply unsound as considerably to affect the conduct, that the friends take alarm and regret their former apathy and inactivity. A large proportion of the cases of suicide, with which the columns of the newspapers are constantly filled, occur in persons suffering from that class of mental affections which are habitually treated in society as imaginary, but which differ almost in nothing, except in the severity and the number of the symptoms, from downright insanity. In consequence of the false light in which such symptoms are viewed, events of this kind often come upon families with the unexpected suddenness of an electric shock, when, if they had been better informed, the slightest reflection would have shown them many previous indications soliciting the exertion of watchfulness and active medical treatment.

Yet the insane are not sent to asylums until hope and patience are exhausted, or until some overt act has been committed. Hence asylums in many cases begin treatment where

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it ought to have been left off. The general practitioner has tried his hand, the local panacea has had its turn; spiritual advice, or coercion, or quackery has done its worst; the healing power of time has been invoked; after all these have failed, the asylum is resorted to as a desperate expedient, a forlorn hope.

Insane asylums are regarded as "homes" for the insane, as more or less genteel prisons for the mentally sick, and not as hospitals for the treatment of mental diseases. To some extent this view is justified, for the medical superintendents of such institutions have to be farmers, stewards, caterers, treasurers, business managers, in addition to being physicians. True there are assistant-physicians, but these are usually lads fresh from college, having had little experience of general medicine, and who are supposed to be qualifying themselves for the specialty. Moreover their number is inadequate, the proportion in some asylums being something like one physician to 400 patients. Asylums are now such vast concerns that the mere administrative and clerical work is very considerable, not to speak of the keeping of medical records and attention to correspondence. These duties being fulfilled, scant time is left for the study of individual cases. Thus the lunatic loses his individuality. He is a man merged in a crowd of irresponsible beings, all under the influence of a common discipline, and under the control of common keepers, and cannot possibly receive that anxious care and attention at the hands of the physician which is necessary from the nature of his case.

The larger the asylum, the more do the managers think it necessary to exercise discipline over the superior officers; the more do the officers deem it proper to maintain a severe discipline over the attendants; the more do the attendants exercise a severe discipline over the patients. The worst is that the lunatic is held to be an inferior being, no matter what his social standing and education, by those who are placed in immediate contact with him, and is consequently subject to many depressing influences. In every asylum, but more

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especially in a large asylum, the power of the attendants is great. In this, asylums do not differ from any other class of institutions in which one man exercises inevitable authority over another. As the driver may be placed too far from his leaders to make the curb felt, so, as the asylum increases in size, the exercise of authority by its head over his subordinates is proportionately diminished. Old attendants make systems of their own, and their immediate supervisors, the assistant-physicians, who are, as a rule, fresh from the medical schools, are apt to imbibe their ideas, and, consequently, to confirm their practice. Diffusion of authority, loss of individuality in all concerned, a necessity for rigorous discipline and objectionable traditional practice having originated in the enormous parent institutions for the care of the insane, they have exercised an influence more or less appreciable on younger establishments, inasmuch as the principal members of the staff of the latter have been translated directly from the former.

Our asylums are still constructed and administered on the old idea that their main object is to provide safe and secure retreat for lunatics, and they are not organised with modern demands, as hospitals for the scientific investigation and treatment of brain disease. Hence the locked doors and barred windows. I presume that the attendants have, through habit, lost the sense of gaol and gaoler which troubles other persons when they walk behind one of them and he unlocks door after door. Is this not felt by some of the patients? What use is it to lock these doors all day except to save attendants from the need to be watchful? The precaution is unnecessary save in rare cases; and if a sane man wants to test his feeling in regard to it, let him get some one to lock him in a room—it may be one he does not care to leave for hours. The effect is strange. He becomes at once uneasy and speculative as to when he will be let out. The idea of loss of freedom annoys him.

Another defect of large asylums is the intercourse of people of almost all social ranks, which is felt severely by the educated

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and well-bred. Then there is the tragedy of the diet. We pride ourselves on having done away with whip and chains and ill-usage, but there is still room for further improvement.

To the physician, too, the life of enforced confinement and consequent separation from the outer world is irksome and monotonous to a degree known only to those who have tried it. For it must be remembered that owing to the ever-increasing duties only a few hours can be spent each week outside the asylum gates. The rest of the time is spent in constant touch with the depressing sights and sounds of the insane patients committed to his care; never is he off duty, unless ill, as long as he remains on the asylum premises.

Another important point is that the stages of insanity, when treatment would be most desirable, are almost invariably past before the patient is fit to be certified for an asylum; they are observed and treated by general practitioners, many of whom have had little, if any, experience in this department of medicine. Our lunacy laws prevent curable patients from receiving appropriate treatment until they have become incurable. The law makes no distinction of the different forms and degrees of mental derangement; the same detention inside stone walls and barred windows, the same branding as insane, the same compulsion, the same restriction of movement for the most quiet, harmless and on most points reasonable patient as for the most troublesome lunatic.

Then there is the great disadvantage to the patient on recovery to have been an asylum inmate. It is regarded as evidence of having shown more or less mental instability or incapacity, and therefore it is inevitably regarded as a thing to be avoided except when it is clearly required for the safety of the patient or public. A sojourn in an asylum leaves behind it a ban and disqualification which the relatives of the insane are unwilling to incur. Frequently it happens that otherwise most conscientious persons do not scruple to tell untruths unblushingly to hide from any one the fact that they have a history of this disease in their family, and, no doubt, many

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would almost as soon confess that they had had relatives within the walls of his Majesty's prisons as in an asylum for the treatment of mental disease.

Think also of the process to get a person certified. Many patients on the brink of insanity are distressed intensely by the haunting question and its constant pressure on the quivering mind—Shall I go mad? To them the process gives the answer and sounds the knell of hope—You *are* mad. Certification casts a stigma and is practically a sentence of imprisonment.

Many general practitioners hesitate before they will certify a patient, and if the treatment of a mentally deranged person were not beset with so many difficulties there would be still greater reluctance.

First of all the patient must consent to the treatment. Often he does not recognise his condition or his danger, and can see no need for the arrangements which the physician proposes for his welfare. He may entirely refuse to leave his home and family, a course frequently very desirable, however much it may be urgent, and may even suspect some sinister motives for wishing to get him away. He may angrily demand why you seek to treat him as a lunatic, and desire you at once to cease your attendance and your hateful interference with his affairs. If he agrees to follow the physician's advice, the difficulties increase. A suitable place for his temporary residence is not easily found, or it is too costly to permit of his remaining there long enough to secure his recovery. A suitable attendant is difficult to get and expensive to retain; his presence is often most irksome to the patient, and often greatly deprecated by the friends, because of the talk it occasions among inquisitive neighbours. These practical difficulties entail endless trouble and responsibility on the medical attendant, who fervently wishes his patient were better—or worse, for if worse he would be readily certifiable and could be sent to an asylum. Often the patient squanders his fortune, and the family is most anxious for his own sake to get him restrained, but the physician is powerless to certify him.

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Moreover, there are patients who are perfectly conscious of the change in their mental condition, but will not consult a physician for fear he might advise the confinement of an asylum.

Many of these evils and difficulties would be overcome if hospitals were established for the poorer patients suffering from mental and nervous diseases, and sanatoria for the wealthier ones. In many cases it is not merely that the patient believes he is suffering from "nerves" only, but frequently the mental depression, or elation, or delusion, or whatever form the disease may take, is accompanied by nervous symptoms, and it is not uncommon that either the one or the other is overlooked. There are many such sanatoria in Germany and the United States, but in Great Britain we experience a difficulty, partly due to the British Lunacy Laws, of providing for patients in these early stages, hence such persons frequently receive no treatment at all.

There are brain hospitals wanted, just as we have hospitals for diseases of the eye, ear, lungs and other organs. These should be small, but perfectly equipped, with a visiting staff of medical men qualified in this branch of medicine, and from these, patients likely to be incurable should be transferred to asylums. These asylums should not be magnificent palaces at all; and, as the vast majority of its inmates are incurable, economy both in construction and in administration should be a prominent feature. The study of the symptoms which point to an attack, the early identification of the more curable phases of mental disease, the education of the public in those preventive measures which may have a tendency to minimise the extension of insanity, and above all, the study of the sane person from a medico-psychological point of view, are all of them more in the province of the hospital physician than his asylum colleague, who sees little else but well-marked manifestations of damaged brains, and in only too many instances has but little chance given him of doing permanent good, as the disease has usually progressed too far by the time he has an opportunity of examining into the condition of the patient.

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Moreover, the advanced modes of treatment in vogue in some continental institutions have no chance of being applied in this country, the asylum patient having got beyond that stage, as a rule, even if his physicians were willing to use them. In a hospital or sanatorium with a staff of visiting physicians, there would be no restrictions, and more could be done towards the cure of patients than is possible under present conditions.

A hospital or sanatorium for diseases of the brain and nervous system would reduce the number of lunatics and would exercise great and widespread educational influence. It would break down popular misconceptions, and probably, in time, affect legislation. Above all, the gradual education of the public mind would rapidly do away with the stigma which attaches to insanity, and which has no more right to attach to it than to any other form of disease. When the public has more confidence in the possibility of good being done by treating the early stages of insanity, and when they know that there are places provided where there is no difficulty and no shame in getting skilled and sympathetic advice, there will be less "certifiable" patients, less chronic lunatics, and the burden of expenditure for asylums, under which the taxpayer is now groaning, will be diminished.

BERNARD HOLLANDER.

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WILLIAM BLAKE AT FELPHAM

IN the grounds of Felpham Rectory, lying about a mile and a half north-east of Bognor, there stands a small thatched cottage. To the casual passer-by it is much as other old cottages, but to him who seeks it out as the goal of his pilgrimage, it is invested with a peculiar interest as the one-time residence of William Blake—poet, artist, and mystic.

In 1800 Flaxman introduced Blake to Hayley, of "Triumphs of Temper" fame, then about to commence his biography of Cowper, and it was decided that Blake should engrave the illustrations. The bargain was sealed with a copy of "Triumphs of Temper," bestowed by author upon artist. On the fly-leaf was inscribed an impressive poetic effusion, which ran :

> Accept, my gentle visionary Blake,
> Whose thoughts are fanciful and kindly mild ;
> Accept, and fondly keep for friendship's sake,
> This favoured vision, my poetic child.
>
> Rich in more grace than fancy ever won,
> To thy most tender mind this book will be,
> For it belonged to my departed son ;
> So from an angel it descends to thee.

With what emotions he whose thoughts were "fanciful an kindly mild" received this ebullition must be left to the

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imagination. We obtain a useful hint, however, from the scathing epigram, written after the breach, in which Blake gives expression, in a characteristic and decisive manner, to his opinion of the oracular hermit. He says:

> Thy friendship oft has made my heart to ache:
> *Do* be my enemy, for friendship's sake!

But this came later. At the time Blake, in a vague way, no doubt saw in Hayley the patron of his dreams.

Early one September morning Blake, now in his forty-third year, set out for Felpham, where Hayley lived, accompanied by his "beloved Kate" (Mrs. Blake). In a letter written a day or two after his arrival, he says:

> Our journey was very pleasant; and though we had a great deal of luggage, no grumbling. All was cheerfulness and good humour on the road, and yet we could not arrive at our cottage before half-past eleven at night, owing to the necessary shifting of our luggage from one chaise to another; for we had seven different chaises, and as many different drivers. We set out between six and seven in the morning of Thursday, with sixteen heavy boxes and portfolios of prints.

To Blake's eyes the cottage proved

> more beautiful than I thought it, and more convenient. It is . . . a perfect model for cottages, and I think for palaces of magnificence, only enlarging not altering its proportions, and adding ornaments and not principles. Nothing can be more grand than its simplicity and usefulness. Simple without intricacy, it seems to be the spontaneous expression of humanity, congenial to the wants of man. No other formed house can ever please me so well, nor shall I ever be persuaded, I believe, that it can be improved either in beauty or use.

In another letter he says:

> Felpham is a sweet place for study, because it is more spiritual than London. Heaven opens here on all sides her golden gates: her windows are not obscured by vapours; voices of celestial inhabitants are more distinctly heard, and their forms more distinctly seen; and my cottage is also a shadow of their houses.

The cottage itself is very little changed since Blake's day. In the rear the "thatched roof of rusted gold" still slopes

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down almost to the ground. The clematis over the gate is still there, although the rugged old elm, which stood guardian-like at the back, has been sacrificed, probably to improve the lighting of the place. There are six tiny rooms, three on the ground-floor and three above, the latter looking out through their latticed windows on to the sea a few hundred yards distant. The thatch of the verandah has been pierced at intervals to admit of crude skylights, and the front has also been glazed, the unskilled labour of a former tenant, a coast-guardsman, whose daughter is the present occupant.

In after years Blake would speak with pleasure of the shifting lights at sea, and the serene peacefulness of the life at Felpham. In his time the bedroom windows commanded a glorious panorama, terminating westward in Selsea Bill, whilst to the east lay Worthing with Beachy Head beyond. To-day the view is uninspiring. The "architecture" of Bognor somewhat "obscures the vision of the distant sea."

The change from the bricks and mortar of London, where the sky-line is a thing purely of the imagination, to the long flat Sussex coast-line, with the music of its waters, must have made a profound impression upon the supersensitive mind of Blake. Here he continued to hold visionary converse with the "majestic shadows, grey but luminous, and superior to the common height of men." In the evening he would call up mystic shadows from the past—Moses and the Prophets, Homer, Dante, Milton, and the great host of "happy poets dead and gone," his "beloved Kate" by his side seeing nothing yet believing all.

Thus began the association between "this ever diverse pair," which lasted for some three and a half years. The Hermit of Eartham, as Hayley delighted to call himself, must have proved a great spiritual trial to his collaborator. The patron was the victim of that saddest of misfortunes, contemporary appreciation. It emphasised his natural itch for writing verse. He would polish off his sonnet or elegy before breakfast much as other men take a bath.

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For Blake, Hayley preserved an unfeigned respect. That he understood him can scarcely be conceived, the two were as the poles asunder; the one a self-willed, at times scornful, visionary; the other a practical conventional-minded worldling.

Although a dreamer Blake was possessed of a remarkable faculty of concentration upon his work. Industry was an essential part of his mental equipment. The indefatigable Hayley wrote a ballad as a preliminary canter, Blake illustrated it, and with the aid of his wife printed the impressions himself. It is easy to imagine how tedious Hayley must have become, with his endless stream of machine-made poems. He was possessed of many friends, to whom something or other, in the natural sequence of events, was bound to happen. What more natural than that the "Hermit" should commemorate them in verse, and doubtless seek the admiration of his neighbour? His friend Romney dies, Hayley rises at cock-crow and signalises the mournful occasion with an epitaph!

But we are concerned with Blake rather than Hayley. It was at Felpham he once asked a lady if she had ever seen a fairy's funeral. The lady replied that she had not. "I have, but not before last night," Blake continued, with that simple conviction natural to him and which never failed to impress his hearers:

> I was walking alone in my garden; there was a great stillness among the branches and flowers, and more than common sweetness in the air; I heard a low and pleasant sound, and I knew not whence it came. At last I saw the broad leaf of a flower move, and underneath I saw a procession of creatures, of the size and colour of green and grey grasshoppers, bearing a body laid out on a rose leaf, which they buried with songs and then disappeared. It was a fairy funeral!

In the autumn of 1803, Blake had an opportunity of demonstrating that despite a romantic and artistic temperament "a man's a man for a' that." One day a drunken soldier, a muscular brute, broke into the tiny slip of garden in front of Blake's house. The poet, although short in stature, was full of a frenzied courage. Exasperated at the intrusion, he laid hands upon the King's uniform and unceremoniously ejected the surprised and frightened soldier, such was his passionate wrath! "I do not

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know *how* I did it, but I did it," he remarked afterwards, appearing to ascribe his feat to spiritual determination, which he firmly believed overcame muscular limitations. In the course of the encounter the red-coat blustered about being a King's soldier. "Damn the King and you too!" was the forcible, if disloyal, rejoinder.

These were the days when an accusation of high treason was not infrequently used as a means of private revenge. Aided by the testimony of a comrade, who by the way was not present, the soldier swore that the irascible Blake had used such treasonable language as "Damn the King, damn all his subjects, damn his soldiers, they are all slaves; when Bonaparte comes, it will be cut-throat for cut-throat, and the weakest must go to the wall. I will help him," and much more to the same effect.

"False," shouted Blake, when the soldier made this statement at the trial, a form of refutation which somewhat surprised the court, but possibly carried conviction to the jury. In cross-examination Blake vehemently protested his innocence, and with the aid of the evidence of his neighbours, who spoke as to his peaceable and law-abiding nature, obtained an acquittal. The verdict threw the auditors into a state of uproar, so thoroughly did they agree with the finding of the jury. The joy among his friends was unmistakable, for Blake had been in grave danger, a danger which the over-protected, free-speaking citizen of to-day can scarcely appreciate.

Perhaps the best-known story of the author of "Songs of Innocence and Experience" is the alleged return to nature. Those who have seen the narrow strip of front garden at Felpham (there is none at the back) are curious as to how such an incident could have taken place there. As a matter of fact, it was at Hercules Buildings, Lambeth, that Mr. Butts, one of his best friends and a constant patron, found Blake and his wife sitting in the summer-house "untrammelled by those troublesome devices" which were the subject of Carlyle's satire. "Come in," cried Blake, "its only Adam and Eve, you know." On entering he found husband and wife reciting passages from

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"Paradise Lost" in character—I had almost written "in costume." The neighbours must have been at a loss to account for the eccentricities of this ideal pair.

Taking into consideration the temperaments of Blake and Hayley, it is curious that their association continued as long as it did. From the first a breach seemed inevitable. To live within a stone's-throw of the "Hermit" meant seeing a great deal of him. Constitutionally Hayley, in spite of his self-imposed *sobriquet*, was as much adapted to a life of retirement as Falstaff or Jingle. He loved too well the applause of men. He was possessed of those characteristics, alluded to by Ruskin, which cause us to seek for lonely places, then to build an assembly-room among the mountains because we have no reverence for the desert.

In the early part of 1804 Blake decided to return to London. "The visions were angry with me," he would say in later years, by way of explanation. Possibly the invigorating sea air, by producing an improved physique, lessened the power of the imagination; or it may be he missed the familiar bricks and mortar of the city. To the cockney, and Blake was undoubtedly a cockney, London is a mother of unchanging mood. She never forgives undutifulness in her offspring. Whether it were the absence of the visions or the presence of the more material Hayley cannot be definitely determined. In any case, the call of the town proved irresistible, and after three and a half years absence Blake found himself once more back in "the spiritual four-fold London," never more to leave it.

The pent-up feelings as regards his quondam patron now found a vigorous outlet. In an epigram "To Hayley" he writes:

> You think Fuseli is not a great painter? I'm glad;
> This is one of the best compliments he ever had.

And again:

> On H[ayley], the Pickthank.
> I write the rascal thanks; till he and I
> With thanks and compliments are quite drawn dry.

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There is a bitterness and venom in these uninspired lines which shows with what feeling they must have been written. A poet of Blake's genius does not produce such pathetic doggerel unless his judgment be entirely warped by hate.

It may be urged, and with apparent justice, that Blake showed little gratitude to his undoubted benefactor; yet it should be remembered that long intercourse with a man whose temperament was antipathetic must have reduced him to the last stage of impotent despair. On the other hand, Hayley, no doubt, meant well, but was entirely unable to understand one of Blake's genius and greatness of soul.

The Felpham life was a thing of the past—a thing occasionally, perhaps, to be recalled with mixed emotions. London once more received her votary, who on his part could write of her:

Lo!
The stones are pity, and the bricks well-wrought affections,
Enamelled with love and kindness; and the tiles, engraven with gold,
Labour of merciful hands: the beams and rafters are forgiveness;
The mortar and cement of the work, tears of honesty: the nails
And the screws and iron braces are well-wrought blandishments,
And well-contrived words; firm fixing never forgotten,
Always comforting the remembrance: the floors humility:
The ceilings devotion: the hearths thanksgiving.

HERBERT IVES.

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"MONSIEUR PARAPLUIE"

AUGUST 1 last looked like the apotheosis of a "remnant day" at the "Great Spring Stores," in the Rue du Hâvre. Furious women blocked the doors, omnibuses emptied themselves of more women who took a bee-line for the shop. Within it seemed as if all Paris were fighting for bargains. But you looked and saw an unusual expression on the faces. They had no eyes for sale prices and immense reductions. Every one made for a green baize door opening into a gilded hall like a flash company-promoting syndicate's board-room. In there it was no bargain-hunting crowd or delighted troop of women diving for ribbons and trying on hats. It was a serious crowd, thinking of the main chance, and thinking very anxiously, thinking of its sous and the contents of its "woollen stockings." All its savings had been paid in through the trap-holes in the wire netting on the counter in that next room, millions in 100 fr. or 50 fr. notes, in 20 fr. or 5 fr. pieces, hardly earned, had been engulfed there month by month, week by week. As safe as a church the Printemps Savings Bank seemed. The securities were under the investors' very eyes. They were no tricky bonds, or stocks and shares with which financiers juggle and hypnotise honest, simple folk, but fair, tangible goods, bales of silk, solid furniture, boxes of valuable furs, cases of jewellery, a prosperous shop full from top to bottom of visible wealth which no speculator's necromancy could spirit away and which millions would not buy. The

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shyest, the smallest capitalists put their money without fear into the Printemps Savings Bank as soon as it was started, capitalists worth 500 francs, worth perhaps only a couple of hundred. A far-off potentate, a deputy, a person of weight who wielded political power and moved among the greatest, was the master of the Printemps. Its motto was *E probitate decus.* It had been blessed when built by an Archbishop. It seemed indeed safe as a church. But these last two mornings, what had been in the *Petit Journal*, this airy talk of millions lost by the great potentate himself? First five, then ten, then finally twenty-one millions, gone in sugar. It read like a joke at first, for what could five millions matter to the owner of the Printemps, and why should they go in sugar when such other wealth lay stored? But it read alarmingly the second day; ten millions must begin to matter to any man; moreover, the sugar turned out to be fictitious sugar, sugar from beets yet ungrown. At last came the official announcement that there was not the slightest ground to fear for the prosperity of the Printemps. The simplest folk knew what that meant, and the run on the shop began as soon as the doors opened.

It was a pathetic swarm of servant girls out on errands, stout and anxious *cuisinières* with baskets on the way to market, gentlemen's gentlemen in their morning livery waistcoats, cabmen who had left their cabs at wineshops round the corner, ancient peasant ladies in Sunday best black come up by 5 A.M. trains. All poured into the Savings Bank room calling for their money. For the first half-hour or so payments were made easily. But soon the crush grew so great that late comers could not approach the door. Numbers were given out by the clerks, and tearful servant girls were consoled, and angry cabbies pacified, with the promise that all would get their money back. The crush increased, it was now a fight even to secure the numbers, and those who secured them expected hours of waiting. Clerks urged luncheon, then later on dinner, but no one would budge. All day payments were made, and at 9 P.M. hundreds of thrifty souls were still waiting when the doors

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closed, and were sent away agonised. The next day it was the same scene, country-folk had heard of the great smash and hurried up to town in numbers, swelling the crowd. As the payments went on anxiety grew. How long would the available cash hold out? The old peasant lady thought of her two hundred francs—would there be enough left when her turn came! The fortunate went away envied, counting their tiny hoards, safely recovered. At last the crash came: funds gave out, and the Savings Bank stopped payment. "Bons de Caisse," bonds payable at sight, had been redeemed to a total amount of £28,000, but the coffers were now empty. The women broke down and cried, the men threatened. One wanted fifty francs to buy her sick child medicine, another roared for his three hundred francs which he had put by for a pressing journey. It was a piteous crowd that was turned away, by acutely sympathetic clerks, for most of them also had their savings in the shop. At the beginning of the concern 5 per cent. on all salaries had been withheld and invested in the business. Afterwards the employees had been only advised, but strongly advised, to put a bit by and put it into the Printemps. Now the sole director, enjoying sole control of the entire undertaking, had failed for twenty-one million francs.

M. Jules Jaluzot, founder and sole director of the Printemps Stores, had been unable to meet liabilities of £600,000 on the Bourse du Commerce incurred in a long-planned campaign to bull the sugar market. "Monsieur Parapluie" had in fact been turned inside out by a sudden gust of head wind. With talk of vanished millions in the air, it boded ill for the safety of sixpences. M. Jaluzot's speculations came as the least expected blow to microscopic capitalists, but the crash had been for some time expected by financiers who had watched his progress, culminating in megalomania. Spoiled by thirty years' success, he was bitten late in life with American ambitions, and that undid him.

The business career of Jules Jaluzot, presumably at an end now—though one never can tell—has been delightfully

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modern. Luck, bluff, and—to do him justice—some hard work, made it. He was a counter-jumper in a silkmercer's at twenty. He took patterns of silk to a once popular and, at all events, moneyed actress of the Français. The patterns pleased her, so did the counter-jumper. She loved him, he married her, and her money built the first Printemps in the sixties. The shop, blessed solemnly and sprinkled with holy water by Archbishop Guibert, was opened at once as a universal emporium. Just after the Franco-German War the first Mme. Jaluzot died. Her bereaved husband gave her the finest funeral then known, spending thousands on cars of flowers; all Paris was in an excitement over the ceremony and procession, and Parisians, always moved by "beautiful" funerals, flocked the next day to the Printemps. A few years later the shop was lucky enough to be burnt down in one of the biggest fires on record. On the strength of this fresh advertisement, M. Jaluzot rebuilt it in blue and white with strange flamboyant cupolas, had it re-blessed, and the Printemps flourished fairer than ever. Then, having contracted a second marriage, which, blessed by a Cardinal, was as great a Parisian sensation as his first wife's funeral, M. Jaluzot became a public man. He became also "Monsieur Parapluie" in the Chamber of Deputies. The nickname was one of those simple jokes which appeal to public assemblies. Whenever he went up to the tribune of the Chamber to speak, cries of "Parapluie" greeted him. Umbrellas certainly are to be had cheap at the Printemps, but it was not a good joke, and M. Jaluzot lived it down. After all, drawing £60,000 or so a year from his shop, and owning the two Paris papers which appeal most cleverly and most successfully to the most foolish political weaknesses of Parisians, M. Jaluzot was a man to be reckoned with. No political man in France can get on unless he has his newspaper, and M. Jaluzot bought two. He never tried to write in either, but he "directed their line of politics." It was not a difficult one to pursue. One of the papers is the *Patrie*, the last refuge of Anglophobia in France to-day, the

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other is the *Presse*, which is a *Patrie* of a less shrieking yellow hue. The *Patrie* appears, on a world which would be horror-stricken were it not hardened by use, every day of the year at 8 P.M. precisely, with two gigantic headlines, one announcing some calamity, the other denouncing some treachery. It has long been a classic joke on the boulevards to foresee the day when the *Patrie* shall come out with the announcement that "owing to exigencies of space due to the size of our headlines the remainder of our matter is unavoidably held over." The *Patrie*, however, really is no joke at all. It has pursued a most consistent policy. Whatever foolish popular passion could be inflamed, it has inflamed. Whatever cry appealed most surely to the unthinking, it has uttered. Whatever narrow, prejudiced, and squinting view could be held on any subject under the sun, it has adopted. There is something great and primitive in its unerring sympathy with the silliest side of the Parisian politician in the street. It has never once struck out on a wrong tack. During the Cuban War, it upheld the enlightened and mild rule of General Weyler against the obscurantism and tyranny of the United States. In the Dreyfus case, of course, it proclaimed General Mercier a national hero. During the Boer War, it announced the total annihilation of the entire British Army, and so on, several times a week, and turned pro-Boers into Kruger-baiters. Throughout the history of the Franco-Russian alliance it has carefully avoided the common-sense view of the practical value of the compact for France in international politics, but constantly held up the internal government of Russia as a pattern to French Governments. At home it daily for years called M. Loubet traitor and other things, not to mention what it called Waldeck-Rousseau, M. Brisson, M. Combes, General André, M. Pelletan, &c., and still calls M. Berteaux and a host of others. Throughout the Russo-Japanese War, it daily foretold, when it did not actually describe, crushing Russian victories, and safely preached a holy crusade against the heathen Japanese. In the recent Franco-German crisis, it has

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been not alone in trampling on M. Delcassé, but foremost in the strange fury which has possessed a large section of the French Press to cry down its own country's foreign policy, run down its army, foster French panic in every way, and generally to justify the Kaiser and play his game. While the British Fleet was at Brest, it daily published correspondence from thence, describing with what undisguised loathing Bretons received Britishers. At present even it has watered its vinegar, and endeavours to make bad blood, not directly, but by quoting the most snappish things it can find in the German Press. In short, the *Patrie* is the organ of the French "Nationalist" Party.

La Presse is also, but a less truculent one. It appears every day of the year at 7 P.M.—the *apéritif* hour. The *Patrie* comes out for the after-luncheon coffee, the *Presse* for the pre-prandial absinthe. It reproduces most of the political views of its earlier partner, but several tones of yellowness lower. An amusing study is to compare the two. "One More British Breach of Faith" in the *Patrie* is watered down in the *Presse* to "New Suspicious Move of British Diplomacy"; and a French Cabinet Minister, whom the *Patrie* calls a liar and a bandit, is let down softly by the *Presse* as a prevaricator and a pickpocket. The *Presse* gave up publishing descriptions of crushing Russian victories in the late war several months before the *Patrie*, and conceived doubts as to the wisdom of the Russian Government's internal policy when the *Patrie* was still heading leaders "For God and the Tsar." The *Presse* has, since the Franco-German Morocco affair, actually dropped Anglophobia altogether, and published cordial and very picturesque accounts of the French Fleet's reception in England. For the rest, the *Presse*, apart from its politics, is a cleverly written paper, full of ingenious glimpses of Parisian life, whereas the *Patrie*, except for its headlines, is dull reading. The unconscious humour of the *Presse* is supplied by its editor, who daily contributes a third of a column leaderette, in which he is convinced that he "voices" the average French jingo's views

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on the political question of the day—the views, say, of an old non-commissioned officer turned *concierge* in an apartment house inhabited by retired colonels of the Second Empire. There is a delicious imperturbability about these *Presse* leaderettes. The writer ignores inconvenient facts without turning a hair, contradicts his own bland sophistries with complete cheerfulness every few days, is past master at captious ambiguity. One always wonders what his constant reader's mental state must be.

What, indeed, can the Parisian public think of the *Patrie* and the *Presse?* Both have large circulations, and must together form a valuable property. But, of course, neither can have much real political influence. If they had, many things would certainly have happened; among others, the Third Republic would have been overturned long ago, and France would have been at war with a few nations latterly, including Japan, Great Britain, and probably Germany as well; a few dozen French Cabinet Ministers since the Dreyfus case would have been transported for life or hanged; and the Church would be wielding greater power in the French State of to-day than ever it did under the Bourbons. These things have not come to pass, yet practically every Parisian and every suburbanite reads the *Patrie* and the *Presse.* A trick with some who disliked bringing in grist to the *Patrie's* mill was to buy it, read it, then give it back to the newsvendor, who returned it to the publishers as unsold, pocketing the sou, but the *Patrie* found the game out and stopped it. Anyhow, the most level-headed Parisians always read the *Patrie.* The fact is really that it grows upon you. Away from Paris one feels an unhealthy yearning for the *Patrie.* One misses its unblushingness, its exquisite disregard for truth, its sublime ignorance of fair play. Then, one is beginning to see the average Parisian's point of view. Of course, he never believes the *Patrie*—if he did, France and Europe would be committed to fire and slaughter; but its truculence is appetising like absinthe or satisfying like the

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petit verre. Or perhaps the lurking suspicion that there is a soul of truth in things false is just enough to disturb exquisitely his peace of mind.

Writers on the *Patrie* know the feeling and work upon it. They are, as a rule, affable, and often intelligent men to know personally. Intercourse with them is a very pleasing experience. For instance, during the Dreyfus case, it was very interesting to meet *Patrie* journalists, who, after interviewing General Mercier, called him in print "the soul of honour" and "France's noblest son," and talked of him to you as "that blackguard," and were violent Dreyfusards. Conversely some writers on Dreyfusard papers were fierce anti-Dreyfusards. English correspondents at the time of the second Dreyfus court-martial at Rennes will always remember fraternising with *Patrie* reporters, and sitting sipping syrups with them at the chief *café* on the bleak central square of that wretched town, while they wrote copy. The *Patrie* reporter would be genuinely friendly and perfectly straight with his foreign *confrère*, show him about, help him with sincere goodwill, then begin his "special telegram" (always of course posted, dated to-morrow) with:

> More than ever, this town teems with unblushing spies. English and Germans swarm, loaded with Jewish gold. The gang will spend millions to get the traitor out. The French patriot's gorge rises with loathing at the sight of these base foreign intriguers. All Rennes, where beat true Breton hearts, is up in arms against the English journalists in particular, who all to a man spit upon France and French honour in their lying correspondence.

When the *Patrie* reporter had finished, he would take you to dinner and the *café chantant*, and prove a charming host, or, when your turn came to treat him, as charming a guest. Diffidence about his copy he knew not, and he would not have known what it meant. He "knew exactly what the *Patrie* wants, and that was why they sent him here." In many cases he was a promoted counter-jumper from the Printemps. That was for M. Jaluzot the beauty of owning a universal emporium and two patriotic newspapers. After selling ribbons to Cook's

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tourists, any intelligent vendor had a chance of promotion from the counter to a "liberal profession," and a billet in the Press which talks of perfidious Albion. Floor-walkers at the Printemps, however, certainly draw higher salaries than the *Patrie* and *Presse* editors, one of whom began behind the haberdashery counter.

M. Jaluzot owned the third biggest shop in Paris and two patriotic newspapers—so prosperous that they not only survived the competition of a 3 P.M. rival with the patriotic name of *Le Français*, but killed it—and sat in the Chamber. He was a big person in Paris, but what Parisians call Americanism infected him, and he went under. A successful "corner" in sugar would have crowned him a financial king of Paris, where speculation still runs on old-world, steady lines. One shrinks from imagining what figure "M. Parapluie" would have cut among the iron-nerved gamblers of Wall Street or the Chicago Pit. Even in ancient Paris he was soon overpowered, though he stood up pluckily to the last. His first attempt at American gambling was in 1900. It was a small affair of a few millions; still, on July 31 of that year he is said to have owned 81 per cent. of the entire beet-sugar crop in France. The Waldeck-Rousseau Government, M. Jaluzot being a Nationalist, took a virtuous view of his transactions and commenced judicial proceedings, which resolved themselves into a Parliamentary Commission, whose labours resolved themselves into nothing after dragging on a year or two. It was much wiser to let M. Jaluzot break his own neck. He rose almost steadily in the market from 1900 till his fall, and turned over enormous sums. The campaign which was his undoing began in the autumn of 1904. Sugar quotations at the Paris Bourse du Commerce went up furiously. A shortage of the beet-crop was the ostensible cause, helped by cooked statistics. From day to day prices rose, by as much as 16*s.* per sack, from 26 francs to 46 francs. Wiser than M. Jaluzot, two music-hall stars, Miss Marion Winchester and Mlle. Otero, called the Beautiful, realised and made their pile. M. Jaluzot held and increased his stock obstinately, and the bears saw their chance.

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It was the old familiar game—the more the bears sold, the more M. Jaluzot, soon the only bull left, bought up. But he could not stand against the whole market, and found himself with something like 3,000,000 sacks of beet-sugar—from coming beets which had not yet put their noses above ground—worth little more than half the price for which he had bought them on account. When settling day came, short work was made of him, and several of his brokers fell in the same crash. He ascribed his fall, of course, to the Jews, and it is quite true that a shop which is a growing competitor of the Printemps is owned by Jewish capital. But Jews or Christians could hardly have resisted the temptation to bring to the ground so foolhardy a speculator as poor "M. Parapluie." When accounts came to be made up, he was found to be in for it to the tune of 21,000,000 francs. Half a dozen failures and a few suicides, and deaths of speculators with weak hearts, are directly attributed to the great Jaluzot crash.

The effect on the "Great Spring Stores" was immediate, as M. Jaluzot's connection with the shop was intimate and peculiar. One wonders who drew up the articles of association of Jaluzot & Co.—about which there was very little Co. —when the undertaking became a company in 1885, after having been M. Jaluzot's private property. M. Jaluzot was sole director, appointed by himself for life, had sole control of the business, was answerable to no one for his management, and drew 40 per cent. of the profits before any dividends were paid to the lamb-like shareholders. Without a question being asked, he invested large amounts of the Printemps capital in his own sugar-refining factories. He transferred to his own account other large sums from the company's funds for his own speculations, giving as security shares in his own sugar concerns, and not a shareholder said a word. The result was that after the crash M. Jaluzot's position was stated, on the authority of the official liquidator, to be finally as follows: His liabilities were: 17,000,000 francs to the Printemps, 15,000,000 francs to his creditors on the Bourse du Commerce, and 2,000,000 francs miscellaneous; total, 34,000,000 francs,

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or £1,860,000. His assets were: 24,481 shares, nominally worth £20 each, in the Printemps, out of the total issue of 70,121 shares; various other stock valued at £40,000; landed and house property valued at £20,000.

The great shop seemed ruined. The servant girls, gentlemen's gentlemen, cabbies, and agonised peasant women, shut out from the Savings Bank room, went round in a lamenting procession to the official liquidator, who was not encouraging. But the shop has pulled through, thanks to energetic measures, and M. Jaluzot himself has scraped through too, in a way, by dint of ingenuity. Almost exactly a month after the piteous scene in the shop, when the Jaluzot crash came, a general extraordinary meeting of the meek shareholders—no longer meek, however—was held, which M. Jaluzot was too unwell to attend. It lasted from 2 to 10 P.M., began sadly and angrily, but ended hopefully. The statement of accounts could not but be melancholy. An ultimatum from M. Jaluzot goaded the meeting to fury. He proposed, on certain conditions, to forego all rights and claims as sole managing director of the Printemps, in particular the 40 per cent. annual share of the profits, and to give up to the company various securities, notably his shares in the Printemps, in the *Patrie*, and the *Presse*, and some others, but expressly declined all responsibility as to the value of such securities. His conditions were, that the meeting, first, should take over all debts incurred by him as director of the company; and secondly, should formally bind the company never hereafter to institute legal action of any kind, directly or indirectly, against him in connection with his late management of the Printemps, or with his late financial operations involving the company. In short, the Printemps was to give M. Jaluzot a clean slate in return for the benefit of being rid of him, and financially was to assume practically all his enormous liabilities in exchange for small assets, consisting chiefly of shares in the company which he had himself depreciated. M. Jaluzot could not have driven a more ingenious bargain; but the meeting, with some wry faces, had to swallow the pill, after counsel had explained that it was

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the only remedy. M. Jaluzot was master of the situation, being director for life, and none but himself could rid the company of him. Anything was better than that he should stay on, and to avoid immediate bankruptcy the meeting at last gave him his discharge on his own terms. The reconstruction of the company could then be proceeded with. On the new basis, the capital is reduced from 80,000,000 francs to 10,518,150 francs, the difference being net loss, and the 70,121 shares issued originally at 500 francs falling to 150 francs. The capital will be increased by the issue of 80,000 preference shares at 150 francs. The company undertakes to pay to sugar brokers on the Bourse du Commerce, creditors of M. Jaluzot, an annuity of 112,500 francs during the entire duration of the company, with the option of redeeming it at any time by payment of 2,000,000 francs. Finally, the new managing director, M. Laguionie, appointed by the meeting on the usual terms, and without the extraordinary privileges enjoyed by M. Jaluzot, draws a salary of 40,000 francs. M. Laguionie began as assistant at a pound or so a week in the silk department of the Printemps, and rose to be chief of the same department. When he left the Printemps he joined a silk-mercer's firm, in which he is now chief partner. He is chairman of the Committee of Silk Trades in the Paris Chamber of Commerce and founder of the Syndical Chamber of Paris Silks and Ribbons. He has no "American" ambitions, owns no newspapers, patriotic or otherwise, and is no politician. Under his management the "Great Spring Stores" will no doubt enjoy a new lease of prosperity.

The epilogue: the *Patrie* and the *Presse* being in the market, M. Berteaux, Minister of War in the present Rouvier Cabinet, offered £16,000 for them. A Nationalist is offering £20,000, and they are remaining "patriotic" for the time being. By how slender a thread does "patriotism" hang! The second epilogue is the official announcement, on October 10 last, that "from that date, by order of the Sûreté-Générale, M. Jaluzot will henceforth, and until further orders, be no longer shadowed by detectives."

LAURENCE JERROLD.

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NOTES ON CHARITY ORGANISATION

IT may be an interesting, though perhaps not a very easy undertaking to attempt a sketch of the progress of an Association which has been so much before the public as the Charity Organisation Society. In face of considerable opposition in early days, by hard and continuous work, it has at any rate exercised great influence on the trend of opinion in questions of charitable relief. This is the least that can be said of it; but if, as Mr. Lecky states both in the introduction to his "Rationalism," as well as elsewhere, that "change comes more from the condition of the public feeling of the time than from any particular argument in favour of such change," the Charity Organisation Society may be congratulated upon its success. At the time of its formation in 1869 there were two points worthy of notice: one was, that the Right Honourable G. J. Goschen was President of the Local Government Board; the other, that the theory and the practice in dealing with relief to the poor was almost analogous in its ultra-eleemosynary character to the condition of relief before the radical change that took place in Poor Law legislation in the crisis of 1834. Progress was also greatly favoured by the fact that Mr. Goschen, in 1869, became the President or Chairman of the Charity Organisation Society.

Now, although there may have been a general feeling

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that some action ought to be taken in the direction of improvement, even by experts, the central idea of a Charity Organisation Society was not easy to formulate. It would be hardly desirable here to enter into the various difficulties that presented themselves; but it is obvious that a man like Mr. Goschen, occupying the two offices that I have mentioned, would be likely to throw light upon such a subject. As has been stated, the necessity of change had become apparent, and the idea began rapidly to consolidate itself. Sir Charles Trevelyan, one of the most active and persistent supporters of the Charity Organisation Society, as of other movements for the benefit of the people, the Earl of Lichfield, Lord Hobhouse, Miss Octavia Hill, General Lynedoch Gardiner, Alsager Hill, and others met at Lord Lichfield's house and began to formulate what was, at all events, a working scheme for the proposed Society.

It may be well here to quote some authorities for what was contemplated. Miss Harriet Martineau, in the "Thirty Years' Peace," commenting upon the working of the new Poor Law of 1834, used these words: "There is no difference so great, except that between the Sovereign and the subject, as that between the Independent Labourer and the Pauper, and it is equally ignorant, immoral, and impolitic to confound the two." The Rector of Islip, Mr. Fowle, in his book upon the Poor Law, says: "The relief afforded by the Poor Law is as a protection to the State, while the object of Charity is the benefit of the recipient." Dr. Ascroft, in a translation by Mr. Preston Thomas of his work, says: "Cases in which destitution is chronic or which are due to misconduct are to be left to the Poor Law, whose function it is to relieve destitution, while that of private charity is to prevent as well as to remove the causes of it."

These extracts seem to emphasise the radical difference in principle between the Poor Law and Charity, a difference which has often been ignored.

The importance of the position that Mr. Goschen occupied

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has been pointed out. It resulted in the well-known Minute of November 20, 1869. This filled four pages of small print, but it will be of use to give some extracts. It begins by stating that "The question arises as to how far it is possible to mark out the separate limits of the Poor Law and of charity, and to secure joint action between the two." After insisting that "no system could be more dangerous both to the working classes and to the ratepayers than to supplement insufficiency of wages by the expenditure of public money," it continues, "The Poor Law being intended for the relief of destitution it would seem to follow that charitable organisations whose alms could in no case be claimed as a right, would find its most appropriate sphere in assisting those who have some, but insufficient means, and who, though on the verge of pauperism, are not actual paupers, leaving to the operation of the general law provision for the totally destitute." But in supplementing Poor Law relief, it points out that this should never be done except in matters with which Boards of Guardians cannot legally deal, such as in redeeming or purchasing tools or clothes, in payment of cost of conveyance, or in payment of rent.

In a short paper such as this, it is desirable to keep away from the vexed question of Poor Law reform and to confine it to the work of the Charity Organisation Society. But to those who care to embark in the very interesting history of the Poor Law legislation of 1834 an excellent account of it may be found in "The Old Poor Law and the New Socialism," by Mr. Montague, and published by the Cobden Club.

The gate seemed now open to a wide field of improvement, though limited perhaps when compared with what has since been attempted by the Charity Organisation Society.

It would be a difficult, and not an interesting, task to trace the formation of the various district committees of the Society from the commencement. A pamphlet by Mr. Bosanquet, the secretary of the Society in 1874, speaks of thirty-five committees with thirty-nine offices conterminous with the divisions

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of the Poor Law. Since that time they may have been slightly increased, but one or two incidents in their formation may be mentioned. A committee was being arranged not far from Drury Lane. Three of them waited upon a well-known clergyman in the parish for the purpose of obtaining his advice. His advice was, that he approved of the attempt, and that he hoped they would "hit the giant Pauperism in the ribs"—the exact expression may have been slightly different—and with this practical suggestion they had to be satisfied. At another committee rather later on, where bread and cheese was occasionally given to applicants passing through London in search of work, the cheese was discontinued. An applicant, on being offered bread, remarked, "I thought you were a religious society. If that is the case, you must be aware that there is a high authority for saying that 'man cannot live by bread alone!'" On another occasion, Edmond Hollond was the honorary secretary of the Stepney Committee; he lived there, did all the work, and settled from his point of view all the cases of the week. The rest of the committee came to the weekly meetings, and it was curious to see Hollond putting his conclusions about the cases before this committee with anxiety depicted on his face whether or not the committee would have sense enough to carry out what he proposed, a course they usually adopted.

But the promoters of the Society were not deterred by difficulties. In October 1869 the first district committee for the parish of Marylebone opened its office, and sought the co-operation of the Guardians and the various charitable agencies of the parish. At one time the Kensington Committee, which was one of those that took a prominent lead in the work, had seven members who were also Guardians. They met three times a week, and had as honorary secretary Mr. F. Edgcombe, a name well known to all members of the Society.

It may be well to quote two cases as fairly typical of the work of the Charity Organisation Society, the first, perhaps,

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a failure, the second a success. In the first case, the man was an inmate of a room in St. Giles, east of Drury Lane (it is not possible to guarantee every detail, as the record is not at hand, but it was either in Coal Yard or King Street). He was addled by drink, but had been a gold medalist, it was said, in Glasgow University. The case was taken up, and he was sent to a home for dipsomaniacs in the North, where he remained for a year having no access to alcohol. He was then taken in hand by a Presbyterian brother, but it was afterwards understood that his brain was so affected that he took to drink again when he could obtain it. The case was expensive, but cannot be called a success. The other was that of a girl, who had been sent to Manitoba from another district committee. Two members were looking over the books before the committee met, and came upon the case of this girl who had just paid 2*s.* 6*d.*, the last payment of a grant loan, not a very secure way of advancing money. One of the members on inquiring was informed that it was the case of an applicant who had been sent to Canada, and who had not only repaid all that had been lent to her, but had written to make arrangements for her sister to come out and join her. The remark of the member upon this was, that this made him believe in a Kingdom of Heaven after all.

One of the obstacles to progress was that the attitude of the clergy was not altogether favourable. They seemed to look with suspicion on the movement, and when they did join in the work, it was rather, to use a term familiar to them, as a sort of "Proselyte of the Gate" than as active members. This has all changed, and there are now no more cordial and energetic supporters than are to be found among the clergy.

While the work was thus progressing a question arose, among the many upon which the Society had to decide, whether the work of organisation or that of relief, or both, should be undertaken. Endless discussion took place upon this. It may be noted that in the Annual Report, while the relief actually bestowed was mentioned, the relief obtained

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either from private sources or from other Associations was omitted, and this, of course, conveyed an inadequate idea of the amount either directly or indirectly given. This omission was rectified in subsequent Reports. In one of these debates at the council a saying by Colonel Prendergast put this relief question in a nutshell. He said, "Come on, rather than go on," was the better maxim; better to show by practice that the view you preached in theory was sound. Mr. Hornsby Wright, an old member, stated that he had found that he did more good with a third of the money he had previously distributed in charity since he had acted on the principles, or through the agency, of the Charity Organisation Society.

It is difficult to be quite accurate as to dates in the development of the Society. There had been some divergence of opinion between the Society for the Relief of Distress and the Charity Organisation Society. This was finally overcome and interaction arranged between them.

But just as one of the main features of progress was the effect it had upon public opinion, so another result became apparent, namely, the influence it began to have upon the casual mendicant in London. Upon this member of the community it may be well to say a word. The conflict between the overseers of bygone days and the able-bodied and sturdy vagrant had been unending. He was a sort of Spectre of the Past, whom no remedial legislation seemed to touch. At various times he had been punished by every method known to the State—beheaded, flogged, branded, imprisoned, instructed, he still remained unexorcised, and a lasting monument to the country of the permanent survival of the unfittest. It was upon this casual mendicant that the principle of not giving relief without inquiry seemed at last to have a perceptible effect.

It is right, however, to say that there may be another side to the shield. The Manual of the Charity Organisation Society used to be one of the most excellent of its papers. It almost seemed to remind people of Mr. Goschen's Minute, it

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was so brief and to the point. Now, in most Associations formed by capable people for a definite purpose, there is this risk; for a while the specific purpose is kept in view, but as time goes on the very activity of the movement may lead it to deviate into side issues, to the prejudice perhaps of the primary object. The first line of the Manual states the object of the Association to be the "Improvement of the Condition of the Poor." Now, the meetings of the council have latterly come to consist, to a considerable extent, in lectures to its members, thus instead of improving the condition of the poor, improving their own, and the only way this may be supposed to benefit the poor is by informing people upon such subjects as are connected with their treatment. Does this improve the condition of the poor? Credat Judæus!

There are signs that the Charity Organisation Society is unpopular in certain quarters, mainly, perhaps, with the working classes. Are the reasons for this such as admit of a remedy, or are they all to be ascribed to interested motives? In the management of the Association, the discussions at council may have been interesting from a rhetorical point of view, but they certainly seemed to involve a considerable waste of time, and this has probably not greatly changed. Would it not be possible, while leaving the executive work to the administrative committee, where the speeches are not so voluminous, to limit the meetings of the council to once a quarter, or even less?

Again, a principle of the Association used to be to utilise existing agencies; but in the matter of saving, does the Society help the Post Office or the National Penny Bank and its numerous branches, or other associations, unless in absolute accord with their views? Whether they advance the cause of thrift or not, they worry the very poor and leave them no margin by these little savings banks that they establish about at some risk, forgetting, seemingly, that to look after their own children is as much saving by the poor as putting the money into a bank.

But, notwithstanding some points which may be open to

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question, there still remains a parallel which ought in fairness to be made, and the parallel is to a passage in Goethe's story of Wilhelm Meister. After various explanations which the sage is making to the student, the sage is met by this reply, "And what, then, is religion?" He rejoins, "Religion is founded on reverence, and is threefold. The religion which depends on reverence for what is above us is called the ethnic, for it is the religion of the nations. The second, which is founded on reverence for what is around us, we call the philosophical; and now we have to speak of the third form of religion, which is founded on a reverence for what is beneath us." It may be said that this last characteristic is one which the Charity Organisation Society seems to have in common with a common Christianity.

In conclusion, it will be recognised by those who are acquainted with the work of the Charity Organisation Society that if not popular it is effective, but has not this question to be considered in respect of its work, seeing the line that was taken by Mr. Goschen's Minute, by the small Manual of the Society, and more recently in many parts of the appeal which has just been issued to subscribers, together containing, it may be thought, sufficient work of a practical kind, rather than by devoting so much of its time to the investigation of problems of conjectural economics?

However this may be, it may be affirmed that this Society has established certain definite principles:

1. That cases often require to be visited in their own homes, besides being decided upon by a committee.

2. That it is desirable that charities for the aid of the poor should not overlap.

3. That inquiry is essential to the proper treatment of an applicant.

4. That if a case be undertaken it should be carried through, rather than be treated by a temporary dole.

A few words may be said as to the objections to the work of the Charity Organisation Society.

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First, is it a relief society?

If an applicant, in the opinion of a committee, is deserving, and no existing institution or individual can be found to deal with him, the Society undertakes to give adequate and timely relief from its own funds.

Secondly, that the funds of the Society are expended in administration rather than relief.

What does administration mean? It means investigating cases, directing and controlling vast streams of wealth and influence, tracking knaves, helping honest people, and lightening the rates; and the real comparison should be made, not between the cost of administration and relief, but between the cost of administration and the money saved by ensuring that it is expended for the benefit of the poor, rather than for their demoralisation, or for the bestowal of useless doles.

To bring this paper to a close an incident may be mentioned that happened to the present writer on taking a lady of eleemosynary proclivities to a lecture at the United Service Institution on the Charity Organisation Society.

We found the lecturer tracing back its theory and principles to the time of Plato and Aristotle; but this vista of the Ages was beyond our powers—possibly it ought not to have been so.

Ipsi sibi violentiam frequenter fac!

May we not inquire whether, in the present juncture, the appointment of the Royal Commission being entirely analogous in importance to the Commission of 1884, it might not be possible that one or two leading members of the Charity Organisation Society should be added to it?

H. N. Hamilton Hoare.

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ON THE LINE

A New Life of St. Patrick, by T. B. Bury.—By the close of last century all the evidence, and lack of evidence, about the birth and mission of Patricius, Magonus, Seccatus, son of Calphurnius (the deacon and decarion), and of Concessa, his wife, had been gone into—English, Irish, French, and German authors having elaborated the theme. The results were various. The French tried to establish for the Saint a Breton extraction, and a relationship with St. Martin, of Tours, on his mother's side: but the evidence was not conclusive. The Irish annalists admitted that, as there had been three Patricks in their greatly favoured island, some confusion of persons might have taken place. Miss Cusack treated the Apostle of Ireland tenderly, but by Halden and Stubbs, by Stokes, Gwynne, Nutt, and other antipapal writers his claims were rather roughly handled. Finally, Professor H. Zimmer may be said to have, for the time being, disposed of St. Patrick. If born at all, Patricius was born at Daventry. He was, by his own "*Confessions*," proved to be but a "rustic and unlearned person," and though Zimmer accepted this as unfavourable evidence, the Saint's own account of his life's purpose is discredited. To explain the hold which St. Patrick has on the hearts of the Irish, and on the imagination of the world, Zimmer says that his *role* has been confounded with that of Palladius, sent by Pope Celestine to combat the Pelagian heresy in Ireland. This higher criticism is vexatious,

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and the eclipse of St. Patrick left such a blank that Professor Bury's successful attempt to construct a new life of him is welcome. The book is not written in an ecclesiastical spirit; the writer tells us how he came to be attracted to the subject.

> It attracted my attention, not as an important crisis in the history of Ireland, but, in the first place, as an appendix to the history of the Roman Empire, illustrating the emanations of its influence beyond its own frontiers; and, in the second place, as a notable episode in the series of conversions which spread over Northern Europe the religion that prevails to-day.

This is a logical way of writing history; first to notice that a great work has been effected, next to inquire who did it, and then to make the worker live again, as distinctly as may be, after a great lapse of years. Professor Bury has drawn a portrait in which every touch tells. We feel to know the "rustic and unlearned" man who was the son and grandson of British clerks, who was born between the Galway and the Severn, who was sometime a swineherd in Ireland, but who died Bishop of Armagh. We see him as a student at the Lérins and at Auxerre, made a deacon by Amator, and consecrated a bishop by St. Germanus. We realise his unmistakable personality, and his undeniable charm. Simple, earnest, courageous, deep-hearted and fertile in resource, Patricius, with his quick temper and his independent spirit, was the very man to meet King Leogaire, the very teacher to convert the princesses of Tara. Zimmer argues that he could not have made Christians of the Irish because they had been already converted. How the first seeds of Christianity even came to be sown in the island is a mystery, but that Christianity existed prior to his mission is a fact. It was of a sporadic sort, here a little and there a little, mere spots of light in a boundless contiguity of shade. The great, the distinctive work of St. Patrick was not so much the conversion of some savage tribes with their kings and over-kings, not even the eradication of a formidable heresy, but the consolidation of the forces of Christianity. He diffused a knowledge of Latin, he formed a hierarchy, he authorised the ritual of that Mass of which the MS. known as the

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Stowe manuscript exists to this day; he founded several religious houses, and he spread the area of the faith. So effectual was his organisation of the scattered Celtic churches under the primacy of Rome that they have been preserved from error, withstanding at once the stress of adversity and the strain of time.

Professor Barry says—

> In the days of Patrick the Roman Empire meant a great deal more than the Roman See; and to a bishop of Gaul or Britain it was the bishop of Old Rome that seemed to represent the traditions of Roman Christendom. The work of Patrick was to draw new lands within the pale of Christian unity. He was no mere messenger, or instrument, like Augustine. He was not in constant communication with Leo, or with any superior. Yet no less than Augustine, or than Boniface, he was the bearer of the Roman idea. Patrick brought a new land into the spiritual federation which was so closely connected with Rome, and which had absorbed into itself so many elements of the ancient world.

It is pleasant to find St. Patrick reinstated in his place, quite as much as a statesman as a missionary. He will stand for ever on the list of the brotherhood of the eternal purpose, for he fills a place in that *economia* which is the greatest triumph known to history over the brute forces of mankind.

Professor Bury is a critic handling many questions frankly and in a broadminded, patient spirit. Dogmatically his sympathies are rather with Pelagius than with Patricius, but he does not allow himself to take, or make, a satirical opportunity of underrating the primacy of Rome. To do so would be to read into the unorganised, undisciplined bodies of Celtic Christianity, the pyschology of sixteenth-century sects. Primitive Christianity, whatever it may have been, could not, Professor Bury says, "have been Protestant," and institutional Christianity (however well, or ill, its place-holders may have represented its spirit and its intentions) was, though not identical with the primitive *norm*, "at least its very early and its inevitable development." We take leave of a book which belongs, not to the folk-lore of Ireland, or to the hagiology of the Christian Church, but to the literature of Europe, and to the history of the fifth century.

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It is quite possible that Miss Clemence Housman's romance **The Life of Sir Aglovale de Galis** (Methuen, 6*s.*) will not appeal to the many; its plot is not sufficiently bald, its style not sufficiently crude, for a genuine bookstall boom; but it is sure of the enthusiastic appreciation of the few, for it is a very beautiful story—written in the true spirit of Malory—about the realm of Arthur and his knights. Miss Housman has evidently read with the ardour of devotion the glowing pages of the "Morte Darthur," and so filled her mind with the ideals and pictures, the purposes and characters, of the "noble and joyous book," that she is able—actually able in this twentieth century which we pretend to imagine so material an age—to write a volume, in itself inspiring and appealing, complementary to the work of Sir Thomas Malory, "my most dear Master whom I love so much."

Sir Aglovale de Galis is—Arthurian enthusiasts will remember—son of King Pellinore, and brother of Tor, Lamorak, and Percivale. He was, however—Miss Housman tells us this, not Malory—a curst knight. There was born in him a bitterness which would burn into savageness, an occasional wild indifference to the conventions and practices of chivalry, which early marked him out for the disfavour of his parents and the contempt of the king; making him a byword for the enemies of his house to scoff at and contemn. He seemed, generally, to be endeavouring to do knight's work in the knightly way, when the evil in his nature would revolt, and for a time so rule him that the good of his knightly deeds was in large measure unmade. Yet from the first, and to the end, he was really of hero heart; and despite unpopularity and his evil name, there was in him much that some of Arthur's proudest knights—Launcelot at the head of them—could and did admire and envy. But it was a long while—the hard road of many grey, tumultuous years had first to be traversed—before he won true knowledge of himself and obliterated from men's memories the record of his earlier misdeeds. Arthur, alone, never believed in him or forgave

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him. Miss Housman's king is the Arthur of Malory, not Tennyson's saintly hero of the "Idylls." It was love for Gilleis, a love which ended in his shame and her death, and the companionship of Percivale, a companionship which terminated through Aglovale's heart-broken confession of his evil past, causing his brother, horror-stricken, to desert him, which began his salvation. Gradually the curst knight, whose life had been so full of cruelty and foulness, began to outdo his fellows of the Round Table in implicit obedience to Arthur's rules and their knightly ideals. He did more than that. He did penance of the basest. He wore leper's garb and knew the depths of the leper's misery. He took shame and harsh treatment without complaining from those whom he had wronged. He was the lonely knight, wresting sad happiness from sorrow. His life was attempted again and again; once by two of his worst enemies, Gaheris and Agravaine. He retorted by saving them from the very death to which they had condemned him; and always he hid his duteous efforts, and did nothing openly to remove from himself the ban which his king and fellows had fastened upon him.

How he fought with himself, and endured the ordeals which God and man put upon him, cannot be even dimly suggested here, for this romance is nearly as full of incident and adventure, chivalrous and spiritual, as the "Morte Darthur" itself. Miss Housman has achieved a triumph in creating it. She has been both brave and wise in harking back to a mediæval model. She has drunk of the well of old ideals, and so doing has refreshed us in these days. There must be years of dream and effort in her book. It is no scamped work; but evident hard labour of love well done.

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BEAUJEU

CHAPTER XL

M. DE BEAUJEU RETURNS IN TRIUMPH

So M. de Beaujeu went home rejoicing. He had paid all debts. He had kept his word. He had cast out one King and made another. The throne (by the grace of M. de Beaujeu) awaited the ascent of his Highness of Orange. By the grace of M. de Beaujeu—his Asthmatic Highness should not forget that.

On that chill winter's night M. de Beaujeu had his hour of triumph. Shouldering slowly through the crowd down Charing Cross and the Strand he smiled amiably on sleek citizens and greasy bullies when they howled in his ear. They had done his work very well. It would have been churlish to complain.

In this genial temper he came out of the crowd to the silence and emptiness of Essex Street and swung on down the hill with a freer step. Sudden a file of men leapt out of the wall. . There was never a challenge, never a word, but rapiers shot at him gleaming through the gloom. Aside and back Beaujeu sprang and cast off his cloak and whirled it whizzing round in the air and flicked out his sword. They pressed on, still without a cry or an oath. They tried to lunge through the swing of the cloak, and Beaujeu's darting flickering point and his long arm sent one to fall vomiting blood across the swords of his friends.

Then as they started back, "Points, boys, points," muttered Captain Hagan hoarsely. It was the first word spoken. The four that were left rushed upon him with oaths.

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Beaujeu sprang back up the hill shouting lustly, "Dubois! Dubois!" and shaking his cloak he caught in it two lunging swords and tangled them, and, snatching, held the pair. His own blade clashed and scraped with Mr. O'Gorman's, and Captain Hagan ran at him, shortening his sword to stab. But Beaujeu sprang aside, holding still to the captive blades, and Captain Hagan's hard-driven thrust went home upon the wall and his rapier snapped short at the sword hilt. "'Od rot ye!" cried Captain Hagan. "'Od burn ye!"

And Beaujeu lurched on the greasy hill feinting with Mr. O'Gorman and wrenching at the two swords that he held in his cloak, and muttered oaths and hard breathing sounded with the scrape of stone and heel. A long lunge sent Mr. O'Gorman cursing back upon Captain Hagan, and in that instant of respite Beaujeu dropped his elbow and in the dark stabbed upward as a man stabs with a dagger—twice. And the two men whose blades he held shrieked shrill like woman and reeled away and fell.

Flinging their swords and his cloak away Beaujeu sprang in upon Mr. O'Gorman and engaged. Dubois came running yelling, "Rascal! Assassin! *Coquin*! Rascal!" and flourishing Beaujeu's whip aloft. He flung himself on Captain Hagan, who caught his whip hand and closed.

From the open doorway Mistress Nancy Leigh cried shrill, "A Papist! A Papist! 'Prentices!"

A minute Beaujeu and O'Gorman fenced, and O'Gorman steadily blasphemed, and Dubois and Hagan swung wrestling hither and thither and Nancy ran out in the street and cried "'Prentices, 'prentices, a Papist!" Then Beaujeu's wet sword shot through O'Gorman's arm and Mr. O'Gorman dropped his sword with a yell. Beaujeu glanced round. Captain Hagan had wrenched the whip from Dubois and his arm was aloft to strike. Beaujeu sprang at him, but Hagan slashed at his eyes, and Beaujeu, thrusting blindly, missed him and stumbled forward and fell and lost his sword; then, wild with pain and unseeing, flung himself on Hagan and clipped the man in his

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arms and wrenched him from Dubois, who was cast away staggering and fell. Beaujeu swung Captain Hagan off his feet, and while he kicked and struck frenzied dashed him against the wall. Again and again the lean head was crashed upon the stones, but Captain Hagan had ceased to strive, and after one groan he made no sound more, and Beaujeu's blind face was spattered with his blood. Still in the madness of pain and fight Beaujeu swung the limp body hither and thither, and Mr. O'Gorman stole up behind swinging a broken rapier in his hand.

But again Nancy had cried to the 'prentices, and a score brisk boys of the Strand came pelting down the street twirling their staves by the middle. "There! there!" cried Nancy wildly. "'Tis a Huguenot butchered by Irish Papists." And as Mr. O'Gorman swung up his broken sword to dash the hilt down on Beaujeu's head, a triplet of cudgels crashed upon his own. But Mr. O'Gorman had smitten, and Beaujeu fell down upon Captain Hagan thudding.

Nancy ran to him and fell on her knees in the blood by his side and tried to loose him from Captain Hagan, and the 'prentices panting leant on each other and peered round at the dead. "By the Bar, boys!" says one, "'tis a graveyard, no less."

Nancy strove in vain with those bloody linked fingers, and she turned white in the gloom and "Oh, will you not help me?" she cried. "'Tis a Huguenot gentleman, a friend to the Prince, and these bloody Irish——"

"'Od rot all Irish," cried the lads, crowding round her. "Let be, mistress; which be the Oranger?" She showed them, and two sturdy lads wrenched Beaujeu's writhen gripe apart and drew him from his foe and lifted him. "One to five! Burn me!" says one as they moved off with their burden. "One to five! Now, rot me! Sure, he fought a good fight and he died a good death."

Dubois was sitting up on the stones and staring wildly round. He rose tottering and reeled to his master's dripping sword and took it and followed.

So M. de Beaujeu was borne in triumph home.

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CHAPTER XLI

M. DE BEAUJEU RECEIVES HIS REWARD

For a night and a day and a night M. de Beaujeu lay on his bed dumb and very still. Dr. Garth came to him and bound his head and his torn left hand, but the wounds were slight enough. Dr. Garth lifted the lids from his bloodshot eyes, and brought a candle near and gazed into them. The pupils were very large and dull and covered deep with tears. Dr. Garth put back the eyelids, and turned away frowning. Beaujeu was breathing slowly, heavily, and the doctor commanded leeches. When they had fed full the head was bound again, and the bandage was drawn across the eyes.

The sun had gone round to the south on the second day when M. de Beaujeu stirred on his pillows and put up a trembling hand and felt the wet linen about his head. "Is—is any one here?" he said feebly, turning his white drawn face this way and that. Rose's maid, who was watching him, started up and ran away. "Who are you? Why do you run?" said Beaujeu to the empty room, and began to pluck at the bandage with weak fingers.

In a moment came quick light footsteps, and Nancy's hand fell on his. "Please, monsieur, do not touch it," says Nancy. "Dr. Garth will come soon."

Beaujeu's long fingers closed on her hand. "This is Mistress Leigh?" he asked.

She nodded, forgetting for a moment that he could not see, then bit her lip, and "Yes, monsieur," she said in a low voice.

"Ah." He appeared to try to think. "Was Dubois hurt?"

"No, no indeed," said Nancy quickly. "You saved him, monsieur."

And again Beaujeu was silent, thinking. "You saved me," he said half to himself. "You saved me. Eh, that is coals of fire on my head, Mistress Leigh."

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"Don't—don't——" said Nancy tremulously. "You have always been very kind—and I have been a shrew.

"No," said Beaujeu simply, and lay with her hand in his for awhile silent.

Then Dr. Garth, red and jovial, came bustling in. "Well, monsieur, well, you have mighty little right to be alive," he cried. "Is it your own soul come back to you or another?"

"*Pardieu*, I can scarce tell yet, my head buzzes vastly."

"Thank God you have a head to buzz," said Dr. Garth, and began to shift the bandages. "And how is the head now?" he asked at last.

"Why, noisy still—but well enough. I suppose you have the bandages over my eyes?"

Dr. Garth straightened himself and looked down at the white face. Nancy was biting her lip, and her eyes were shimmering in tears. "Yes, the bandages are over your eyes," said Dr. Garth in a moment.

"How soon may I be quit of them?"

"Not yet. Best not yet," said the doctor slowly.

"Eh, but you see I want to write," says Beaujeu, shifting impatiently in the bed. Nancy, who had tears glistening on her cheeks, laid her hand gently on his shoulder.

"To write?" Dr. Garth repeated and coughed. "To write? Humph. To the Prince of Orange, I take it? Well, he is come to Windsor, he'll be in town anon. Doubtless you'll hear from him, monsieur."

"Is he so near?" cried Beaujeu smiling. "*Bien*, then I can wait. Yes, doctor, I think I shall hear from him," and he lay and chuckled.

But Dr. Garth looked at him gravely, and Nancy turned away shivering and hid her face.

So M. de Beaujeu, blindfolded, passed a happy day, and ate marvellously.

On the morning of the morrow Dr. Garth came to him again, and "Well, monsieur, well, how goes it now?" says he, bending over the bandages.

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"Why, vastly well. But 'tis irksome to be blindfold."

"Irksome, eh?" says the doctor, stopping a moment to look at him. "Egad, monsieur, if I was you I should thank God I could still breathe."

"I will when I can see," says Beaujeu smiling; and Dr. Garth opened his mouth to speak—then shut it and went on with his work. "Well, doctor, am I to see to-day?" says Beaujeu lightly. "May I slough my bandages?"

"Monsieur," said the doctor, "the bandages are off."

"What?" cried Beaujeu, and started up in the bed and swept his hand across his brow, and turned wide eyes to the doctor. "What? . . . Oh, I see—I see. I am blind"; and his fists were clenched, and he sat leaning a little forward, breathing hard, and waves of blood swept across his thin face.

Then Dr. Garth said gravely: "Monsieur, if you are alive now, it is by the marvellous kindness of God."

At that Beaujeu laughed long and loud—then was silent awhile—then laughed again—and then: "I hope that I thank Him duly," he said.

"You will perhaps yet," said Dr. Garth. "I will wait on you again to-night."

Beaujeu watched him go with sightless eyes. "If I need you," he muttered to himself, then rose, and slowly feeling before him moved to the bell.

In a moment Dubois came running in and fell on his knees and caught Beaujeu's hand and kissed it. "Ah, monsieur, monsieur," he muttered. "*Hélas*, and it was for me. Ah, monsieur——"

"My dear Dubois," says Beaujeu in his passionless voice, "I do not feel pathetic. Shave me."

So M. de Beaujeu, mighty fine in his black periwig and his blue velvet, came slowly downstairs. His left hand was still swathed in linen, and his steps faltered a little, and the tall figure was bent. He came into his room above the river and stood by the window in the sunlight. The wash of the tide,

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the watermen's cries came to him, and he tried to think of the darting wherries, the changing golden gleam of the waves. The sun was warm on his cheeks. It must be bright, very bright, he told himself, and the sky would be clear and blue. Not dark blue—not in December—no, it would be pale blue, like the coats of his own old regiment. The regiment! Ay, he could see that still—long ranks on black horses and pale blue above, broken with the grey gleam of steel. *Pardieu*, how they wheeled into line and rushed down the hill when they brought off Ginkel's musketeers! Black horses, and pale blue coats all level, and the swords agleam, they hurled the French cuirassiers, one tangled mass of steel, into the river, and the brown Rhine foamed and was white with the Frenchmen's plumes.

Well! That was long and long ago. He would never see the regiment again. He laughed. Faith, if he was to count the things which he would never see again he would need live some time. And that (he was smiling at the sunshine), why, that was scarce worth while. No, scarce worth while. He felt for a chair and sat down by his desk and rested his head on his hand. No. He could be no use in the world more. Faith, 'twas a little hard, for he owed some debts. Healy—he could have desired to serve Healy a little—a little in requital of much. And Rose—Rose—sure, he could never have given her enough, but at least he might have served her all his life. And now, bah! he was not as useful as a footman, he was a burden, a curse—he groaned and hid his face. Captain Haggan had well chosen his blow.

The door opened gently and Mr. Healy, his bright eyes dimmed, his face very sorrowful, came to Beaujeu and put his hand on one broad, quivering shoulder. "Beaujeu, my dear," says he softly. Beaujeu started up and stared at him, and there were tears in the blind eyes.

"Healy?" he asked hoarsely.

Mr. Healy put an arm about him and held him hard. "My dear," he muttered, "my dear," and so the two stood

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awhile together. "She is safe and very well," said Healy at last.

Beaujeu started away from him. "For God's own sake, keep me alone!" he cried.

Healy looked at him sadly and then began to smile. "You'll trust me," says he. "I'll have to leave you a little while." He caught Beaujeu's hands. "Man, promise me you'll be here when I come back," he whispered.

Beaujeu laughed. "*Bien.* Do not be long," he said, and Mr. Healy went out in a hurry.

But Mr. Healy had been gone but a moment when Dubois came to ask if monsieur would receive M. de Bentinck. Beaujeu waved his hand, and muttering to himself, "Best end it," stood with his back to the window waiting.

M. de Bentinck came in with a smile of satisfaction on his sallow, bony face. "M. de Beaujeu—I am here to inform you," says he pompously, mouthing the words, "that you are deep in his Highness's displeasure." Beaujeu started and stood stiffer, but the white hawk-face was in shadow, and M. de Bentinck, peering, could see no sign of feeling. M. de Bentinck continued his oration. "I recall to you, monsieur, that his Highness censured you for a gross neglect last week. You carried it off boasting and blustering. You professed, monsieur, that you would return to your duty in London. You returned to London. At once the town broke out in riot. There has been plentiful disorder and pillage. I do not know what you have gained in it, monsieur, but the good name of his Highness's cause has been shamed. Finally, monsieur, finally," says the orator, licking his lips, "when King James fled you were so besotted that you sent us no word, and his Highness was left to hear of it by rumour. The safety of his enterprise was put to hazard. I tell you, monsieur, that his Highness had been better served by a footboy." M. de Bentinck paused for a reply. But Beaujeu stared down at him and seemed to see the sneer on his thin pale lips and said no word. "Do you answer me?" cried Bentinck sharply.

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"Nor you—nor your master," said Beaujeu.

"Then, monsieur, I inform you that his Highness dispenses with your services. I demand your commission."

"It shall be sent," said Beaujeu.

"I require it now!" said Bentinck.

Beaujeu shrugged his shoulders. "You may continue to require."

"Do you defy me, sir?" cried Bentinck. "Here is the order," and he held out a paper under Beaujeu's eyes.

Beaujeu flushed. "I have, monsieur," he said slowly, difficultly, "the fortune to be blind."

"Blind?" cried Bentinck starting back and staring at him. Then in a formal tone: "M. de Beaujeu, do you inform me that you suffered in the service of his Highness?"

"No, monsieur, in a private quarrel."

"Ah, your wench I take it," said Bentinck in a moment. "Well, I await your commission at Whitehall. Permit me to observe, monsieur, that if you had cared for your duty you might have escaped these disasters."

Still pleased with himself, M. de Bentinck departed. He was of all men the most agreeable to the taste of King William III.

CHAPTER XLII

M. DE BEAUJEU PLAYS WITH HIS SWORD

M. DE BEAUJEU sat down and began to laugh. There was comedy in the end of it all. Egad, but his Asthmatical Highness was a grateful soul! Behold the Saviour of England, William III. the Magnanimous Liberator, in his beautiful nakedness. His Highness was comical — and the polite Bentinck was comical—and blind M. de Beaujeu the most comical of three. So he laughed loud.

But faith, the laugh sounded strange. 'Twas doubtless himself that was laughing but—eh, but there was no longer a self. No more than a stupid something that could suffer. . . .

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A week ago, and he would have played a hand with little Hooknose. Ay, *pardieu*, played a hand and won it. . . Well, and why not, even yet? He held the cards still, and Healy would stand by him, and Wharton, and—bah, his brain was gone as well as his eyes! Sure there was nought to play for, nought any man alive could give him now. The best a blind man could hope was to hide himself. Yes. One could still hide.

But indeed it was comical! He (God save him!) would have asked a command; he would have been a Turenne—he, the blind man. Behold a Turenne with a dog on a string and a stick. Generalissimo Gravelblind. Oh, certainly, it was comical . . . This nonpareil Beaujeu had been too great a man for Rose!

Her tall lithe beauty, the black curls on her round white throat, her glowing golden eyes came to him clear in his darkness. . . . Rose. . . . Rose. . . . He found himself muttering that—then cursed himself for his folly. Sure, it was vastly sweet to babble her name, to remember all that he had brought her of pain, to know that he had nothing to give her at last. . . . Oh fool, fool! She must never come to him now. He must not trouble her more . . . never hear her voice . . . never hold her again . . . never.

The fire was burning ruddy, the sun was gone. In the shadow M. de Beaujeu felt his way along to the arms-rack and took down his sword and came back with it to his seat by the window. Never hold her again . . . never hear her voice. The words chimed in his brain. M. de Beaujeu drew off the sheath and began to play with his sword.

The lithe wrist tried its poise, and the steel shimmered cold in the pale light. A good blade. Faith, it had served him even too well. It had saved him to live through this last hour. Too well, egad. Ruins of hope were not comfortable company. Sure, God was daintily cruel: to let him conquer and give for guerdon helplessness, to let him live while he knew himself dead. Ay, he had been a fool to hope so high, to hope

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at all, but to live yet—well, it was a good blade. Might serve him once again, never yet so well. M. de Beaujeu laughed to his sword and caressed it.

He stood up and walked to the corner, feeling his way along the wall. He set the hilt in the angle of the wainscot, and steadying the blade in his bandaged hand stepped back to get his distance. Then, with the point set against his heart, paused for a moment. Other fortunes than his own troubled suddenly the thoughts of M. de Beaujeu.

Thus far he had been a curst bad friend, a curst bad lover. Was there aught he could do still? For Rose? No. The hour was past for that. To her he could be only a wretched burden, such as she must not bear. For Healy? Ay, Healy had begged a promise to wait his coming. Healy wanted something, perhaps. Bah, but what could a blind man do? *Enfin*, he had promised. He would wait. M. de Beaujeu made his way to the window, nursing his sword. Of instinct he yearned for the light.

But the sun had passed to the west, the fire was no more than quivering red ash, and Beaujeu stood in shadow and shivered.

Soon the latch clicked, there were footsteps, and the rustle of a dress, and a gay voice cried, "Beaujeu!"

M. de Beaujeu turned with the naked sword in his hand.

"Beaujeu, 'tis I—and my wife!"

"You? You are Jack, I think?" says Beaujeu slowly.

Jack had come close to him and stared, round-eyed.

"Egad, have you forgot us?" he cried. "Jack Dane and Nell."

Beaujeu bowed at the sound. "Pardon. You see I—I do not see very well. I am blind."

"Blind!" Jack gasped, and started back, and Nell came running forward crying

"Monsieur!" and caught his hands on the sword in hers.

"Pray do not be distressed," says Beaujeu in his passionless voice. "Did I understand, Mr. Dane? May I give you joy?"

"Ah, monsieur, am I not to care?" says Nell very softly,

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clinging to his hands. "You fought for me. May I not remember?"

Beaujeu, standing very stiff, stared over her head for a moment, then bowed swiftly and kissed her hands.

"But, Beaujeu, man, how were you hurt?" cried Jack.

Beaujeu shrugged his shoulders. "Does it matter?" he said, and laughed.

There was silence awhile, and then, "Will you hold this still, monsieur?" said Nell, tremulously trying to take the sword.

"Why, the touch is pleasant," said Beaujeu smiling, "and one likes one's little pleasures."

Nell's lip was trembling, and Jack came heavily forward to take the blade away, but she stayed him with her eyes. "At least you will sit with me, monsieur," she said, and she drew him to a chair and sat beside him with her hand still on his, and Jack stood comically on guard by his right arm. "I do not know how to thank you——" Nell began.

"*Corbleu*, do not try!" cried Beaujeu sharply. "It is one of the few things I think of with pleasure." There was silence awhile, and to break it, "You are new come from Surrey then?" says he.

"How do you know that?" cried Jack.

"Ah, Mistress Nell has heather in her dress."

Nell looked down at the little grey sprig on her shoulder, then turned in surprise to the blind eyes. "But how could you guess?" she cried.

"Have you never met the wind from the heather after rain?" said Beaujeu smiling.

"Ay, a west wind on Monument Hill," says Master Jack, laughing at Nell. And Nell blushed. "Faith, Nell has never been there!" and daring her frown, he laughed wickedly.

"'Tis a place where one does foolish things," says Nell, with a toss of her head.

M. de Beaujeu began to understand. "At least you were happy in the scene," he said smiling.

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Jack stared at him. "What?" Jack cried. "Do you know it?"

"I have ridden through your shire," says Beaujeu quickly.

"What a pox where you doing on Monument Hill?"

"On it? Eh, nothing at all."

"Yet you know how it looks," says Jack frowning. "Egad, how do you know it at all?"

Beaujeu shrugged his shoulders. "A chance. I was riding from a village—Repley is it? Ripley? yes—and across by a plank bridge, I——"

"That bridge has been broke five years," said Jack, sharply. "Now when did you cross it?"

"I have been in England before," said Beaujeu. "Eh, but you weary me with your bridges and hills. I——"

The door opened. Mr. Wharton stalked in gaunt and grim. "'Tis Tom Wharton, Beaujeu," says he, and took Beaujeu's hand and gripped it a moment. "I have but just seen that sallow skeleton Bentinck and heard. I have consoled him with a character of himself and his curst master. But begad you'll try a pass with little Hooknose yet, and damme I'll back you through hell!"

"Thank you. But did Bentinck tell you that I was blind?"

"Ay," growled Wharton, and bestowed an oath on M. de Bentinck's narrative style.

"*Bien.* I will let his Highness rest. He cannot give me my eyes."

Mr. Wharton fell back a step. He did not argue it. Mr. Wharton himself did not discover much in life for a blind man. Then his deep-set eyes fell on Jack and began to glitter. "So you have found your cousin?" says he.

"Cousin?" cried Jack.

And Beaujeu started up and dropped his sword. "Do you jest with me, now Mr. Wharton?" he said harshly.

"I call you——"

Beaujeu sprang at the sound. "I had your word," he muttered.

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"Oh, damn my word," says Wharton easily. "I call you Tom Dane. Cousin Tom—Cousin Jack"; he presented the two to each other.

"You are mad!" cried Beaujeu to Wharton.

"You are my cousin then!" cried Jack to Beaujeu.

"Cousin Jack talks sense," says Mr. Wharton.

"I might have known," Jack muttered, while Beaujeu stood biting his lip.

"Well, begad, so you might," Mr. Wharton agreed. "And now that you do——" he looked a conclusion.

Jack turned frowning to Beaujeu. "But, egad, why did you say you were dead?" he cried.

Beaujeu smiled slightly. "In effect I am," says he.

"Why would you have me take your land?"

"I remind you of what I said," says Beaujeu in his passionless voice. "Can my father's son take what your father has held?"

"Would you have me so base as to keep it?" cried Jack flushing.

"Mr. Dane, I have not much left but some pride. Pray leave me that."

They were all gazing at the white face, Jack and Nell in sore distress, Mr. Wharton with a heavy frown, when the door opened again and Mr. Healy came softly in, smiling.

"Monsieur," cried Nell, "monsieur, would you shame us?" and caught at his hand.

Beaujeu quivered. Mr. Healy came up behind and put a hand on his shoulder. Beaujeu started round. "Healy?" he cried.

"'Tis myself," says Mr. Healy.

"Will you take them away?"

"I will that," says Mr. Healy. "Come now," and he waved them to the door.

"Damme, Healy, will you be a fool?" growled Mr. Wharton.

"But you do not know——" cried Jack, as Healy urged him on.

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"Do I not?" says Mr. Healy. "Do I care for him less than you? Come away now, come away," and he shepherded them out.

Mr. Wharton, looking back as he was pressed on, saw Beaujeu turn and move slowly, feeling before him towards the grey glint of the sword.

CHAPTER XLIII

M. DE BEAUJEU COMES TO HIS OWN

Now more than ever was the sword desirable. M. de Beaujeu had discovered what it was to be pitied. He did not intend to be pitied again.

Feeling before him, he stooped, and the cold blade met his hand. He raised it, and moved on unsteadily to the side of the room. Then he turned sharp, and, with his right shoulder keeping touch with the wainscot, sought the corner; he made an odd picture, the tall stooping figure nursing his sword like a child, and moving slowly, purposeful.

Rose stood in the doorway, and saw. Then she sped to him, and cast her arms about him, and she cried low, "My dear——!"

There came the long clatter of a fallen sword. Turning in her arms, Beaujeu gazed blindly, and the hawk-face flushed dark. "Rose?" he said hoarsely.

"Who else?"

M. de Beaujeu stood erect, and his hands were clenched at his side. "Why have you come?" he cried.

Still she clung to him, and glowing eyes looked close at the proud haggard face. "Dear heart!" she said tenderly, and gave a little sad laugh.

"Healy brought you. . . . I will speak to Healy," says Beaujeu. "You were wrong to come, child. I'll not have you stay."

Rose drew away from him a little, and caught his hands

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and held them. "Nor I'll not heed you," she cried, and blood tinged her white cheek. "I stay, Mr. Dane. 'Tis my right."

"Right?"

"Do I not love you? Do you not love me?"

"Love?" Beaujeu laughed loud. "Child, what am I to talk of love?"

The girl's bosom rose stormily; the light died in her eyes; she blushed. "Will you shame me again?" she said in a low voice.

"Not that!" cried Beaujeu, starting and flushing. "Oh, God knows you've a right to say it. . . ." He groaned and bit at his lip, and tears stood in the blind eyes.

"Dear, I did not mean it," Rose cried, pressing his hands, while a shrill wild laugh broke from her. "I could not think it. I—I—I said it to make you . . . ah, my dear . . ." and her voice broke in a sob.

Beaujeu took one hand from hers, and, groping, put it on her shoulder. "Rose, you have not forgot what you said to me," he said in a low voice. "You denied me; I was too great for you. Now I—'tis I would be the burden. I am dismissed. I have nothing in the world. I am blind. Shall I be less proud than you? Sure, you'ld not let me think shame of myself. You are come in pity. 'Tis more than I can bear. I'll face it out alone. Go, you, and forget."

Rose let his other hand fall. She stood alone, fronting him in her tall beauty, and her eyes glowed. "Sure, Mr. Dane, we are both proud!" she cried. "Nor you nor I will take aught from the other. No! You'ld rather turn to that sword." Her voice rang out with scorn, and she flung out her hand in a wide gesture of disdain. "That—before me. Pray, will you not use it on me first?"

She waited flushed, and her lips were parted for the quick breath. Beaujeu quivered as he stood, and turned away groaning, and stumbled and staggered. Then she ran to him, and caught him in her arms. "Dear heart," she whispered,

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"am I never to be happy? . . ." Then betwixt laughing and crying, her face all rosy, "Faith, you've not made me very happy ever yet . . . pray will you not ever, Mr. Dane?"

Beaujeu cast one arm about her and drew her closer and she laughed. Then, tilting her chin in his hand so that his blind eyes looked down to hers, "Child, can I?" he said hoarsely.

"Wilt try?" Rose asked smiling.

"God help me," Beaujeu muttered, holding her close; and the two were silent awhile.

"Dear, 'tis just Rose that used to run over the heather," says Rose, clinging to him and talking low to his ear; "Rose in her russet gown, and she knows nought of being great nor famous nor all the silly things; 'tis just Rose of the Red Barn, and sure she wants nought in the world but Mr. Dane, like the poor silly maid that he kissed in the pine-wood. But indeed he has forgot that, I think."

"Never," says Beaujeu, and caught her closer yet, and she sighed in his clasp and he pressed his lips to hers.

So M. de Beaujeu came to his own at last.

In awhile they went together to the window and sat there and she nestled against him with his arm about her talking low of the old days when they walked through the heather, and watching him smile.

There came a loud knock at the door and the two rose together, and Rose slipped her hand in his. "Pray come," she cried smiling.

Came somewhat bashfully Jack and Nell. "Healy said we might come," says Jack flushing. "Mistress Charlbury, I—I—I——"

"Indeed, sir, I am glad to give you joy," says Rose gently, and held out her hand. Jack came awkwardly to kiss it, and thereafter stood up very red and speechless. But Rose was looking at Nell and smiling. In a moment Nell ran to her and caught her hands.

"Oh, but I am glad to know you at last," she cried, and the

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two fair women waited a moment gazing into each other's eyes. Jack and Beaujeu must needs stand humbly apart.

"And now will you help us—again?" said Nell softly.

"Indeed, yes, if I can."

Nell smiled. "Why 'tis with M. de Beaujeu," says she, "and I think you can. You know we have M. de Beaujeu's lands—and unjustly! But he"—she looked reproachful at monsieur, and Rose's eyes went with her—"he'll not take them from us. He'ld have us keep them as if he hated us. Indeed 'tis mighty well to be proud—oh, I do not mean to hurt——" Beaujeu's lips had quivered and Rose turned to her with darkening eyes. "Indeed, indeed I do not mean to hurt," cried Nell flushing.

Jack stepped up to Beaujeu. "Cousin," says he in a low voice, "you know well enough 'tis no charity, this. You must know I cannot hold Bourne. God knows the shame of the past is mine, not yours. And you——" Beaujeu held out his hand and Jack's heavy frown lifted as he gripped at it.

Beaujeu turned. "Nell, I think I have been proud long enough," says he smiling.

* * * * *

In the corridor over the river Mr. Healy and Mr. Wharton paced up and down together. Mr. Wharton was morose to see and silent.

"You will be philosophising?" Mr. Healy inquired.

Mr. Wharton looked up with a scowl. "Begad," says he, "I am wondering why our curious God could not let Sherborne's bullies finish their work."

"Sure 'tis amiable to complain," Mr. Healy remarked.

"Oh, life is a damned boon," says Mr. Wharton sneering. "And here is a poor devil that has learnt to live for his plots and his fighting is told he must lose them all and live out his seventy years as helpless as a blind puppy. Zounds, what has he left that he cared for? Beaujeu, that is prouder than

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Lucifer, has to be fed and led for a forty year. Damme, 'tis terrestrial hell!"

Mr. Healy, contemplating his toes, did not answer for awhile. Then he looked up and spoke very slowly: "Faith, 'tis himself should be more worth to a man than his work. . . . I have thought, do you know, that at whiles God will be spoiling a man's work to save the poor soul's self."

Mr. Wharton stared at him. "Humph," says Mr. Wharton with a shrug. "I do not know Beaujeu's chances of heaven, but on earth he is sure of hell."

Mr. Healy beheld afar on the stair the dainty grace of Nancy Leigh, and he watched her vanish before he turned again to Mr. Wharton. He looked with a whimsical smile at the ugly scowling face. "Sure 'tis something in life to make one dear soul happy," says Mr. Healy.

Mr. Wharton gave forth a scornful laugh, but a door opened behind them and Mr. Healy turned away from him. Down the corridor towards Mr. Wharton's wondering eyes came Beaujeu and Rose. His hand lay in the girl's arm, her cheeks were daintily flushed, she smiled a little and her eyes glowed like dark gold. M. de Beaujeu walked with a free light step, he bore himself soldierly, the blind eyes were bright and he too was smiling.

"Oh, damme!" says Mr. Wharton.

The Editor has the pleasure to announce that a new Serial by Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell, entitled "A Face of Clay," will commence in the December Number of the MONTHLY REVIEW.

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

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The Editor of the* Monthly Review *is always happy to receive MSS., and to give them his consideration, provided that they are type-written or easily legible, and accompanied by a stamped envelope for their return if not accepted. In the case of all unsolicited contributions the Editor requests his correspondents* (i) *to excuse him from replying otherwise than by formal printed letter;* (ii) *to state whether he is offered the refusal of the MS. indefinitely or only for a limited period. Where the offer is indefinite, the Editor cannot be answerable for time or opportunities lost through his adverse decision after long consideration; nor can he in any case be responsible for the loss of a MS. submitted to him, although every care will be taken of those sent. They should be addressed to the Editor, "Monthly Review," 50a Albemarle Street, London, W.

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THE ANGLO-FRENCH AGREEMENT AND WHAT IT MAY LEAD TO

SEVERAL times in the history of the last eight hundred years there have been cordial understandings, drawings together of France and England, from which far-sighted individuals might have been excused for prophesying a union of interests so complete as to be almost the grafting of one tree on another. Then these short-lived alliances have been rudely broken by some conflict of ambitions—generally due to territorial greed—and a war has intervened, which for a time has created a wholly factitious hostility between Englishman and Frenchman. I am careful to say "Englishman"; because whenever the Scottish and Irish have been able to conduct their own relations or express their own sentiments they have been strongly drawn towards friendship with France, perhaps because they remembered more vividly than did the Francicised-Englishman how much—almost everything, in fact—Great Britain and Ireland owed to France in the matter of civilisation. It is only of quite recent years that the spread of education amongst the mass of the people has been enabling the English to appreciate to what an extent our history has been mixed up with that of France and how much we have learnt, irksome though the lesson may have been sometimes, from those that came from French shores and brought with

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them wave after wave of the knowledge of better things. Our British civilisation, in fact, is two-thirds French in origin (Roman, Gallic, Breton, Norman, Gascon, Angevin, Burgundian, French), one-sixth Flemish and Dutch, one-twelfth Spanish, one-twenty-fourth Italian, and one-twenty-fourth German. The language of England, of part of Wales, and of the greater part of Scotland and Ireland, is an amalgam of Low German and Scandinavian, powerfully influenced in pronunciation, grammar and vocabulary by Norman French, modern French, and that Latin which was brought to us time after time through France from the days of Cæsar to the time of Elizabeth. The Latin brought by the Romans affected the British and Irish languages, and through them the Anglo-Saxon and Scandinavian; while later on Latin through the Roman Church enriched the Anglo-Saxon vocabulary. Latin and French have so crept into our modern speech—still more into the language of the pen—that although fundamentally English is a daughter of the Low German branch of the Teutonic tongue (powerfully modified by Norse intermixture), an Englishman knowing no speech but his own would be absolutely unable to understand the drift of a printed sentence in any of the German or Scandinavian languages; whereas even if he did not know a word of French he could often follow the meaning of a paragraph in a French book or newspaper, simply because he shares in common with the Frenchman so many expressive words in French or Latin.

The history of England between 1066 and 1688 was far more concerned with France than with any other European country. The dynasties of our kings by the actual origin of their founders or by intermarriage with French princesses were almost as much French as English. The two last of the reigning Stuarts were the sons of a French mother and the grandsons of Henry IV.

The eighteenth century began whilst Britain, Holland and Southern Germany fought against the attempt of Louis XIV. to make himself master of all Western Europe (in which

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ambition without Marlborough and Rooke he would have succeeded). It came to an end during the first phase of the struggle with Napoleon, a struggle which but for the intervention of England would quite conceivably have ended by Napoleon making himself master—for his lifetime—of the civilised world. Waterloo finished Napoleon, and for just ninety years we have not fired a gun at France or broken a peace which has been of incalculable benefit to the peoples on either side of the English Channel. Once indeed, fifty years ago, British and French troops marched as allies in a somewhat sorry cause, but with the intention of preserving the balance of power in the Eastern world. Then our relations with France became less satisfactory, this being due as much as anything to the vacillation and shortsightedness of the statesmen who ruled over Britain's destinies (and ruled but indifferently, so far as foreign affairs were concerned) between 1855 and 1875. We stood by, running no risks but vaunting greatly our Liberalist notions, while France poured forth money and men to make Italy a great and independent nation; and when Napoleon III. sought to indemnify his country for the sacrifices she made in that direction by adding to France Savoy (a small tract of absolutely French-speaking country south of the Lake of Geneva) and a few miles of Mediterranean coast (Nice), we said and wrote the most insulting things about French greed. Later on we expressed some cheap and pious satisfaction at the defeat of France by Germany, and defended Germany not only for taking back to herself Strasburg and Alsace (in which she was right, judged by historical associations and community of language) but also Metz and French-speaking Lorraine (in which—judged by the same tests—Germany was wrong). Then in 1881 and 1882 (just prior to our own descent on Egypt) came the usual denunciations of France for entering Tunis (by prior agreement with an English statesman) to found the Protectorate in that part of Africa which has been one of the best examples that can be cited of how a European country should educate an African State and raise it without injustice

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to the degree of civilisation which its position and history merit.

However: let bygones be bygones; France has sometimes been unjust to us; it is waste of space discussing the past. Dare we prophesy better things for the future on the part of both nations? Because if Great Britain has been stupid, selfish, ungracious, and ungrateful, France has often shown herself passionate, scurrilous, greedy and boastful. France has received from Fate that drastic punishment for her sins of omission and commission which Russia is now undergoing and which Great Britain mercifully escaped at the time of the Boer War (but which she will richly deserve if she does not now set her Governmment machinery, her War Office, her Senate and some other institutions in order).

There is one strong link which ought to bind France and ourselves and the rest of the Western nations together in a firm friendship and in a common policy in most matters which affect the welfare of mankind. We, together with France, Belgium, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, Italy and North Africa, are constituent portions of that greater Western Roman Empire that has never really died, that Empire which of all States has conferred the greatest blessings on mankind. The civilisation of Great Britain and Ireland, Belgium, France, Spain, Portugal and Italy is a Latin civilisation, and perhaps no League of Alliance (saving that between Great Britain and the United States) could be more natural than the drawing together of the Daughters of Rome.

Now that our eagerness for territorial acquisitions has abated, now that both France and England are beginning to realise through the purse and through many a bloody and inglorious campaign that the task of founding Empires in Africa and Asia is often thankless (since we are merely training up new nations of black men and yellow men who will some day become independent and will bear us no more gratitude than we have borne to the memory of Rome), what subject of first importance can divide the interests of Britain

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and France, of Britain and Spain and Portugal and Italy and Switzerland and Belgium? On the other hand, if we were united by a firm alliance, an alliance which must of necessity include an unspoken, unwritten pact with the United States of America—nay, I would make bold to say with the whole of America, since what is not Anglo-Saxon there is Latin—we could dictate peace to the whole world. A league like ours could view without jealousy a friendly Germany building up and cementing an Empire of the Nearer East Germany which has always hung about the flanks of Latin civilisation and which unconsciously did so much to virilise and urge the work of Rome or of Byzantium: we could see that great nation of sixty millions of people (who, as their Emperor said the other day without much exaggeration, are the salt of the earth—who are co-equal at any rate with us Britons, with the French, and with the Americans)—bring law and order into the Balkan Peninsula, civilise and (where it be empty) populate Asia Minor and restore the glories of Mesopotamia. We could see without envy or uncharitableness a regenerated Russian Empire devoting itself to the exploitation of the incredible riches that man's labour will produce from the fertile soil of Russia and the mines and forests of Siberia, the rocks and oil-springs, the orchards and vineyards and fisheries of Persia. We could watch without alarm the growth of the Japanese Empire and its revivification of China. If we could only bring about this Latin Alliance the great wars of the world might come to an end and the human race would for a time—all human arrangements are fleeting—be grouped under five great leagues or alliances—the Latin League, headed by Britain and France, the American League, closely allied thereto, the German Empire of the Nearer East (with perhaps Scandinavia as a close friend), the Russian Empire, and the Japanese. Indeed, Britain might be the agency which would link three of these great alliances together, the bond of union between America and the Latin League, and between these two and the Japanese.

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We are perhaps soaring too much into the future, becoming too rhapsodical. Let us return to the more prosaic details which would attend an Anglo-French Alliance that should widen into a league of Latin nations. For a long time to come the component countries of this League would be (1) the British Empire with its dependencies in Europe, America, Africa, Asia and Australasia—territories roughly 11,391,000 square miles in area, with a population of 388 millions; (2) a French Empire with its possessions in all the continents of 4,089,000 square miles in extent, and 95½ millions of inhabitants; (3) the Kingdom of Italy with its present and its future territories in Northern and Eastern Africa (709,000 square miles including Tripoli and Barka, with 36 millions of inhabitants); (4) the Kingdom of Spain with its possessions in North, North-West and Equatorial Africa and the archipelago of the Canary Islands (275,363 square miles: population, 19 millions); (5) the Kingdom of Portugal with the Azores and Madeira, with large and rich colonies or dependencies in Western and South-Eastern Africa, in India, China and the Malay Archipelago (838,442 square miles; population, 14,200,000), making a total area of the earth's surface within this league of 17,802,000 square miles with 552,700,000 human beings, white, black and yellow. Holland, Belgium and Luxemburg might from international necessities have to make a league of their own, on equally friendly terms with both the German Empire on the one hand and the Latin League on the other; while Switzerland, though continuing to entertain the warmest sympathy and friendship for England, France and Italy, might also prefer her happy isolation which has served her people so well during the last ninety years. To the territories above-mentioned, however, when the Turkish Empire is modified by the approaching changes in the Balkan Peninsula and becomes a ward of Germany (Syria and Palestine passing to the Jews, Egypt to the suzerainty of Britain, Tripoli to Italian protection) must be added Arabia. Great Britain has no earth hunger so far as this scorched peninsula

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of Arabia is concerned; but as it is the headquarters of the Mohammedan religion and is the only piece of land which separates Egypt from the seas of India, it is a matter of vital importance to Great Britain that Arabia shall not come under the domination of either Germany or Russia. This great peninsula therefore may have to be placed either under a British Protectorate for the time being or under the joint tutelage of France and England. Already Britain has secured by treaty a sphere of influence stretching from the eastern frontier of Aden right round the south coast of Arabia to the State of Oman, and it is only a treaty between Britain and France which prevents the former Power yielding to the request of the Imam of Maskat and extending a British Protectorate over Oman, to join on with the British Protectorate of Bahrein, on the south-western shore of the Persian Gulf. Egypt under British suzerainty occupies the Sinai Peninsula. Therefore, so far as practical British control is concerned, the only gaps to be filled up on the Arabian coast-line are that of Koweit, at the head of the Persian Gulf, and the Hedjaz or coast of Medina, Mecca, and the country of Yaman. What we shall strive for will be an eventually independent Arabia, able to defend herself against attack from Germany or Russia and obliged to remain on perfectly friendly terms with the countries of the Latin League.

It must be clearly understood that I am only advocating an alliance, a league for the protection of the joint interests of the countries taking part in it, for the maintenance of the peace of the world where that peace is threatened by unwarrantable action on the part of other empires or leagues. Each country or empire taking part in this Latin League would preserve to the fullest degree its own internal independence, its own Army, Navy, Diplomatic and Consular services, its own tariff, framed to suit its home requirements. But the mere cessation, for example, of French and British rivalry in Africa and Asia, the feeling that if France opens up a new territory or if England does the like, it is almost if not quite as

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beneficial to the commerce of the other members of the League —all these considerations would give this association immense power. Hitherto Germany has often forced herself into this or that favourable position in Africa, Asia, or the Pacific by playing on the rivalry between France and England—in other words, by threatening to reopen the Egyptian Question or by dragging France into intervention in the affairs of South Africa. The terror of offending France by the temporary occupation of Delagoa Bay (through friendly arrangement with Portugal) alone hindered us greatly in bringing the South African War to a rapid conclusion. It was doubtless Germany that inspired France with the idea (when France was sounded before the South African War broke out as to what her attitude would be) to impose on Great Britain (out of respect for French susceptibilities in Madagascar) the condition of not occupying any point whatever on the Portuguese coast of South-East Africa, even by agreement with Portugal. Britain, however, herself has learnt much during the last ten years: amongst other things, that she has more to gain by preserving the friendship of Portugal and the integrity of the Portuguese possessions than by outraging the susceptibilities of that little Atlantic Power for the purpose of adding to the already vast dominion of Great Britain on the African continent.

H. H. JOHNSTON.

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THE BRITISH FRONTIER TOWARDS RUSSIA

LORD KITCHENER, in fighting the Government of which he was a member, supported his alarmist policy by referring to reports concerning the military preparations of Russia in Central Asia, the Viceroy in Council so far yielding to him as to burden India with large sums for the purchase of land and the building of cantonments on the extreme frontier. In reply to a question by me in the House of Commons in June, the Secretary of State for India refused to say where the land to be purchased was situated, but it is, I believe, the fact that it is intended to create two new military stations on the Afghan frontier. The policy of stationing an increasing number and proportion of native troops of the Indian army in this frontier territory is a doubtful, and the unpopularity of such stations with the white army an ascertained, fact. No necessity has been shown for the creation of these new cantonments.

It has been repeatedly stated, and I fear without the connivance of some who are favourable to the new policy, that the Russians have recently increased their force in Central Asia to 200,000 men. It is, however, certain that the more accurate information before the home Government goes to show that the Russian force has not been largely increased, and numbers only between 70,000 and 80,000 men for the entire Turkestan and Central Asian Empire and Protectorates.

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I doubt myself whether it reaches 70,000 men, including the best of the local militia. The Russians themselves were frightened at the beginning of the war, and expected local trouble. Some small increase of their force took place, but it is as low as local necessities permit, and totally unable to undertake offensive operations, or even defensive operations against any serious attack, though the latter is rendered impossible by natural conditions.

Russia has always found it convenient to strengthen her diplomacy against our own by scaring us in respect to Afghanistan. Mr. Balfour has adopted with regard to this matter the position, which is undoubtedly sound, that there is no question of Russian attack on India, but that we have to perform our promises to help the Amir to resist attack upon "the North-West frontier of Afghanistan." It is the case that we cannot allow Russia to absorb Northern Afghanistan, otherwise known as the Balkh Province, or North-Western Afghanistan, known as the Herat Province, and to advance her railway to within striking distance of Kabul, without maintaining the pledges extorted from our necessities, even in the time of Mr. Gladstone, by making on behalf of Afghanistan either official or "unofficial" war. Those pledges, however, backed by the real weakness of Russia, have been sufficient to maintain peace, and will continue to be sufficient to maintain it. Russia has found, in the case of Japan, the extreme difficulty of concluding peace. It is in the highest degree unlikely that, without being able to strike directly at us, she will ever embark upon hostilities with Afghanistan, from which no peace would be likely to result. To do so would be the deliberate opening of what must become a festering wound. The Afghans are never really strong for defence until their regular army has been defeated or destroyed. It is after the completion of that operation that the difficulties of the invader begin. No Russian scientific officer who has written for his comrades and his countrymen upon this subject has failed to recognise the fact that, although it is easy to

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bridge the Oxus and to invade the Balkh, and easy also either to "rush" Herat or to besiege and take it, the troubles of Russia in Afghanistan after the first success would be stupendous. All such writers have assumed that we should not be fools enough to take the gigantic transport difficulties upon ourselves, and to incur the suspicions of the Afghans by marching an organised army across the Afghan desert, but that we should raise difficulties for Russia in other parts of the world, attack her (if we had an alliance) in those of her dominions which in the future may be most open to attack from the Pacific, and supply the Afghans with every military necessity of which they might stand in need.

The policy of the officers directing the Indian army has not always been one of conspicuous wisdom in regard to this subject, but Lord Kitchener's has been even less Indian, and more coloured by the ideas of Berlin than has usually been the case. It is clear from the despatches of the Government of India, especially from their great pronouncement signed by the Viceroy in Council, with every name attached, save Lord Kitchener's, that the Indian Government understand what their Commanders-in-Chief have not always recognised, namely, that the mode of defence against Russia is that presented in Mr. Balfour's speech, now reprinted in the pamphlet "Imperial Defence" (Longmans).

We are now threatened by the alarmists with a new Russian railway to the Afghan frontier, in addition to the single line which at present runs from Merv to the frontier in the neighbourhood of Herat. This new line, which it will take, I believe, a long time to make, and which will probably have to wait for a return, if ever, of a more settled state of things in Russia, will reach the Oxus in the direction of Balkh. To march a strong regular force over the main chain of the Hindu Kush to the Balkh Province of Afghan-Turkestan is beyond the power of the British Empire or of mortal man. Any resistance to eventual, and as I think highly improbable, Russian operations in Afghan-Turkestan must be Afghan or irregular. Where the great

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force which is to be brought from home, according to the Kitchener scheme, is to undertake operations against Russia, or is to meet the Russians, cannot be conjectured, unless it be first assumed that the Russians have conquered the Afghans, and have crossed the Hindu Kush, or first seized Herat, and then advanced by gradual stages from that city.

The ideal defence of India is a desert belt. The next best is that which actually exists—a most difficult country, desert so far as regular operations are concerned, but inhabited by a fierce and almost unconquerable people. The home Government have not been strong enough to resist outright Lord Kitchener's proposals, backed as these were to some extent by his opponents of the Viceroy's Council. It has, however, been admitted by the defenders of the Government at home that the Russians in any hypothetical future advance towards India from Herat will have to be accompanied by their railway. Sir Thomas Holdich has shown that the direct routes are impracticable. From Herat to Kabul there is no direct road, and the mountain tracks are not passable by a regular army. It is necessary to bring the Russian railway or to march from Herat far to the south-east, and then northwards again to Kabul. The distance is great, and, as Sir Thomas Holdich says, even this roundabout but better route crosses "wide spaces, sandy and waterless," and is "flanked throughout by the fiercest and most fanatical tribes of the Afghan community." Those who remember our own last Afghan War will be aware of the fabulous number of camels which were killed in marching a comparatively small army along the good roads of Afghanistan for distances far shorter than those which would face the invader who came by way of Europe.

The new suggested line of Russian advance by way of the Balkh Province must lead to one of three passes, generally described by the name of one of them as "the Bamian Pass." The late Amir made with difficulty a road at this point across the Hindu Kush which allowed some guns of his to pass; but Sir Thomas Holdich does not believe in the practicability of

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the route, and states that all three branches of the pass "could be rendered quite impracticable for military purposes at many points." The inevitable route then of any considerable advance on India must be, as was foreseen a quarter of a century ago, by the south of Afghanistan, downwards from Herat, and up again to Kabul. The passes into India south of Kabul are easy indeed when they are reached, but they lead past the heads of our strategic railways, the lines of our principal cantonments, they afford the best field of operations for a

defending Indian army, and, if this army were ultimately to be defeated or driven back by superior strength, the invader would have to cross the Indus in a most difficult country, and then find the Indian desert in front of him.

Inasmuch as I believe that the Russians are not, and are not likely to be, in a position to engage in a successful attack on Afghanistan, I fail to see where a large British reinforcement from home can be needed for immediate use. If the policy of Lord Kitchener were to be carried out an immense force of transports would have to be convoyed from the Channel to India at a moment when the fleet would have other most pressing duties. We have some ground for complaint of the official information upon this subject which

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has been given to the country, inasmuch as it appears to have been used for the purpose of supporting inconsistent arguments at different recent times. It is not very long ago since the present Government thought of keeping reinforcements for India in South Africa, and at that time we were told in the name of the Cabinet that the Admiralty could not undertake on the outbreak of war to convoy reinforcements from home to India, but could do so from the Cape, with shipping which could be collected in South Africa, or easily brought thither from Bombay. It is now assumed by the same gentlemen that the duty which two years ago the Admiralty declined to undertake could undoubtedly be fulfilled.

While the Indian Government, who have shown that they do not agree with Lord Kitchener, may be reproached for having yielded in large part to his views, the home Government are to be blamed for having nominally adopted Lord Kitchener's views, while showing very clearly that they rejected the grounds upon which those views were based. It is rumoured that Lord Kitchener's own memoranda in support of his proposals have been seen by many non-official persons in this country, some of whom are by no means his supporters. We have to look for his opinions in the military articles of great English newspapers which espouse his cause, or in the article entitled "The Call of Lord Kitchener," which was written by an Anglo-Indian, who had facilities for acquainting himself with the facts, and appeared in the *North American Review*. It would seem that the instructions to Sir Louis Dane for his recent mission to Afghanistan were based by the home Government upon Lord Kitchener's opinions. If there is any foundation whatever for the various statements which have been made with every appearance of authority as to Lord Kitchener's demands, and which were on one main point exactly confirmed by a speech by Mr. Arnold-Forster in the House of Commons, Lord Kitchener pressed for facilities in Afghanistan for the construction of strategic railways, and suggested the possibility of defending Afghanistan by British

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troops at a considerable distance from our frontier. This policy was certain to be rejected by Afghanistan, and it was equally certain that no British Government would risk war with Afghanistan for the purpose of forcing it on an unwilling Amir. Had the Amir unfortunately been willing, the policy itself would, I am convinced, have been in a military sense imprudent; but here I am on dangerous ground. It is absurd to set any military opinion of my own against that of Lord Kitchener, and I can only point out the enormous transport difficulties which Russia, I feel certain, will never face, and could not conquer if she faced them, and which it seems a reckless policy to take in any portion on ourselves. If we go forth to meet a possible eventual advance of Russia with a sufficiently large regular British army we bring upon ourselves all those difficulties, probably insuperable in either case, which the Russians have foreseen. The strategic advisers of the Cabinet at home have now, it is clear from Mr. Balfour's pamphlet, adopted the policy here set forth, and not that on which Sir L. Dane's instructions from the India Office had been founded.

That in the event of war in India we should have to send reinforcements from home, or from other portions of the Empire, may be admitted. If it were only to enable the whole organised regular army to be disposable against eventualities, it would be necessary to be ready to provide additional garrisons for certain stations far removed from the North-West frontier, as well as to see our way in time to supply losses by diseases, and, if hostilities should in the long run come about, casualties in the field. The reinforcements needed by actual war would, however, not be speedy reinforcements, and those required for the sedentary garrisons need not be composed of well-drilled regular troops. The problem, therefore, is far less difficult than has been suggested in the most recent discussions on Lord Kitchener's supposed views.

That our military danger in India has recently diminished, instead of increased as some supposed, there can be no doubt.

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This is not a purely military question. It is certainly not a merely Indian military question. Lord Kitchener has alluded to the improvement of the Russian means of communication between Tashkend and Merv. On the other hand, the vulnerability of Russia on the Pacific, to which I have always pointed as a matter to be taken into account, has now been demonstrated to the world, as has that "miserable military administration of Russia" of which I wrote thirty-eight years ago, as certain to be exposed whenever she undertook operations on a large scale at a great distance. While, then, the need for reinforcement for India will continue, that reinforcement will probably be on a smaller scale than that which might have seemed necessary ten or fifteen years ago.

It has often been said of late, especially by members of the Government and representatives of the War Office, that the Indian danger is so great, and the force needed for India so stupendous, that readiness to meet the Indian demand covers ability to meet any other call upon our military resources. If examination of the Indian problem in the light of recent facts, while leaving the drain of the peace garrison of India where it is, goes to show that the war requirements of India are not so serious as is supposed, this fact involves separate considerations of the other probable war calls upon the British army service across the seas. What can be negatived is only the declaration that the requirement of India may be taken as the measure of the demand upon us in time of great war.

The Japanese Alliance could not be directly utilised for resisting in Afghanistan an attack by Russia. Happily the facts stated demonstrate that there can be no need for the display of timidity which would be involved in marching foreign troops across India for its defence.

CHARLES W. DILKE.

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UNDERGROUND JACOBITISM

"IF England," said Dr. Johnson, talking with Dr. Taylor in 1777, "were fairly polled, the present King" (George the Third) "would be sent away to-night, and his adherents hanged to-morrow. If," he went on, "a mere vote could do it, there would be twenty to one; at least, there would be a very great majority of voices for it. For, Sir, you are to consider that all those who think a King has a right to his crown as a man has to his estate, which is the just opinion, would be for restoring the King who certainly has the hereditary right, could he be trusted with it; in which there would be no danger now, when laws and everything else are so much advanced, and every King will govern by the laws. And you must also consider, Sir, that there is nothing on the other side to oppose this; for it is not alleged by any one that the present family has any inherent right; so that the Whigs could not have a contest between two rights." Taylor, "as violent a Whig as Johnson was a Tory, was roused by this to a pitch of bellowing," but finally admitted that a poll of the people of England on the question of right would be in favour of the House of Stuart. (Boswell, under above date.) Probably, were the whole truth known, Johnson out-bellowed Taylor; in any case accurate statistics are not to be looked for in casual dinner-table talk on the politics of the hour. The point, however, is not how far Johnson may have been wrong in his estimate, but how far he must have been right. That

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he could have spoken as he did unless a strong survival of English Jacobitism were notorious is not to be conceived.

If, then, there was any considerable amount of Jacobitism extant in 1777, how is it that we find so few traces of it between 1746 and 1760; a period when an organised Tory opposition might actually have sent an unpopular foreign Prince to, say, Osnaburg, and retorted on his Ministers the axe of Tower Hill and the ropes of Kennington and Carlisle? No doubt the Whig monopoly of the machinery of force and corruption counts for much, when we find the Hessian mercenary a common object on British soil, and see Highland gentlemen condescending to the business of salaried Hanoverian spy. No doubt, moreover, there were mutual distrusts, lack of leadership, impossibility of personal enthusiasm for King James, and irreparable loss of it for Prince Charles, dread of Rome, and surfeit of civil war, to account for more. But evidently none of these things, separately or together, account for all. It seems certain enough that while Scottish Jacobitism was evaporating in sentiment, English Jacobitism—which had never been of a sentimental sort—was what popular medicine terms "striking in." Its almost effaced vestiges must be tracked through very unlikely places: secret societies are not apt to record their real purposes, or to preserve decipherable minutes of their ostensible proceedings.

An entrance to the misty region of underground Jacobitism, so far as tradition is trustworthy, is still visible in the door of a commonplace tavern in Aldersgate Street, apparently indistinguishable from other commonplace taverns even by its title of the "Lord Raglan," referring, not to the historic loyalty of the House of Somerset, but to the public enthusiasm for the expedition to the Crimea in 1854. Until this date, the "Lord Raglan" had been the "Mourning Bush," standing on the site, preserving the sign, and—so far as sites and signs may—maintaining the continuity of the tavern whose host had dared to drape his bush in crape during the murder of King Charles. There was political continuity

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also in the history of the "Mourning Bush," if it be a fact that an underground passage from its vaulted cellars emerged outside the "Aldersgate," thus enabling Cavaliers, and subsequently Jacobite plotters, or Catholic priests engaged upon illegal errands, to pass to and fro without attracting attention either to themselves or to the tavern. These cellars are certainly remarkable for their extent, and as a fine example of early brick archwork, containing portions of the old city wall. The "Aldersgate" was not pulled down till 1761. Whether its demolition, and the building of the "Castle and Falcon" inn on its site, revealed any trace of a concealed subway, is not recorded. But at any rate there is the tradition of a plotters' passage from the reign of Charles the First, or, indefinitely earlier, into that of George the Third; and unfounded traditions are rare.

From the political tavern to its offspring, the political coffee-house, is but a step; and thence to the political Club only a step further. The old Cocoa Tree Club, for example, which claims establishment in the significant year 1746, was certainly the direct heir of the famous chocolate-house called the "Cocoa Tree," of which Defoe says that "a Whig will no more go to the Cocoa Tree than a Tory will be seen at the Coffee House of St. James's." If, or how long, high play cloaked high treason subsequently to Culloden is a question without an answer. But it is unquestionable that Jacobitism wore many more seemingly innocent disguises elsewhere. The impeachment of Dr. Sacheverell in 1709 for preaching against "the late happy Revolution" associated his sympathisers throughout the country into Clubs, of which several acquired the sort of prestige on which a society may outlive the sons and even the grandsons of its founders. At least one case in point is supplied by a Club held at Coleshill, near Birmingham, where the Squires of the neighbourhood used to drink to the White Rose. Its members could boast, by way of prestige, of having given confessors to loyalty in the persons of Dr. Kettlewell, deprived of the Vicarage of Coleshill as a

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Non-juror, and of the Rev. Thomas Jacomb, who had lost the mastership of the Free School at the same place for the same cause; moreover, of having, by the attendance of two hundred of them when Dr. Sacheverell, despite his inhibition, preached at Sutton Coldfield, started a cry of "Down with the Whigs!" that spread in formidable riots eastward to Norwich, westward to Bristol, and northward to Manchester; where, in the Duchy of the Red Rose the White Rose was pre-eminently the people's flower.

The mention of Manchester brings the Jacobitism of the Clubs down to a later period upon surer ground. "John Shaw's Club," held at a punch-house kept by one John Shaw, an ex-dragoon, near the Smithy Door end of the Old Shambles, had been established in 1735, and was keeping up its convivial, though presumably not all its political, traditions in 1892. It had thus honoured its solemn toast of "Church and King"—or Queen, "and down with the Rump" with the same unbroken punch-bowl through an unbroken succession of a hundred and fifty-seven years: and may be for three more. That excellent Jacobite, Dr. John Byrom, physician, poet, and wit, was one of its fifty members till his death in 1763. Indeed, its actual Jacobitism scarcely falls short of living memory, inasmuch as John Shaw continued to be its host till he died in 1796; as its first recorded president, Mr. James Massey was among its prominent members, till he also died in the same year; and as Mr. Thomas Gaskell, who, having been president for sixty consecutive years, was still president when he died in 1833. He, whom still living men must have known, would thus have drunk many a tumbler of punch brewed by a host who had helped to welcome Prince Charlie into Manchester in 1745. In the very year, 1777, of Dr. Johnson's talk with Dr. Taylor, one Samuel Curwen, an American, kept a journal of a visit to England. While at Manchester he enters for June 8:

> Attended public worship at a Dissenters' meeting-house, both services. Walked to the end of Deansgate, and drank tea at our companion Nelson's

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lodgings, and were amused by the free and unrestrained chat of his landlady, named Hudson, a Quaker in religion and a Jacobite in political principle. The number of the latter description since the English Prince [George III.] mounted the throne is somewhat lessened here, as I am told by our landlady, who was in the abdicated family's interest, *which is here openly professed*; all of that party putting up large oak boughs over their doors on the 29th May to express joy at the glorious event of the restoration of the Stuart family to the English throne; many such I saw. The ladies, who if they take a part are very violent, scruple not openly and without restraint to drink Prince Charlie's health, and express their wishes for his restoration to his paternal kingdom. I saw the house wherein the Prince, as he is called, dwelt whilst here (at the time of his invasion); the gentleman and his family still remain in it, and steady to their principles.

Nor was John Shaw's the only club in Lancashire to represent the less visible side of the popular politics of 1777. The parent society appears to have been the "Corporation of Walton-le-Dale," established in 1701, its successive presidents from 1709 to 1714 being such eminent personages as the Duke of Norfolk, Mr. Charles Townley, the Earl of Derwentwater, Sir E. Stanley, and Mr. Rowland Eyre. This club was still extant in 1766, and another on the same lines, the "Corporation of Rochdale," in 1760. The youngest of the brood came into existence so late as about 1771, under the grotesque name of the "Oyster and Parched Pea Club," whose members bore such titles of office as Speaker, Oystericus, Secretary, Auditor, Poet Laureate, Cellarius, Chaplain, Physician-in-Ordinary, Surgeon-General, Minstrel, Master of the Rolls, Master of the Jewels, Swigmaster, and Clerk of the "Peas." The club is stated to have been in convivial survival so late as 1841. And, if the tradition is to be trusted, the important "Gentlemen's Concerts" of Manchester, which closed quite recently, were originally and for a long period a musical pretext for Jacobite meetings, one of which Prince Charles himself is said to have attended as a member of the society in 1745.

The most notable instance of the continuance of Jacobitism into later times is found in the neighbouring counties of Cheshire and Denbighshire about Wrexham; that is to say, in the country of Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn. There are few

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more curious historical puzzles than the suddenness with which Jacobitism went out in once universally and enthusiastically Jacobite North Wales. It has been plausibly suggested that it was due to the preaching of Whitefield, whose influence burst over Wales as if by way of compensation for the consciousness of a lost cause. Wesley—the son, by the way, of an obstinately Jacobite mother, the brother of an active Jacobite plotter, and himself unquestionably influenced by the principles of the Non-jurors—never made appreciable headway in Wales. But the sensational Calvinism of Whitefield, born and bred within sight of the Welsh hills, set the whole Welsh heart on fire with infinitely more exciting themes than the rights of earthly kings. Probably more to the point is the gradual loss, since the Great Rebellion, by the Welsh people of the faith of their fathers. Wales, during the Rebellion, was Catholic and Cavalier; during the Revolution, Catholic tradition still lingered in the dynastic principle with which it had become connected. In any case, as one would expect, it is among the Welsh gentry, among whom the Catholic faith still appreciably survived the decay of all religion throughout a naturally religious people, and who were inappreciably affected by its Calvinistic revival, that we must trace the later Jacobitism of North Wales. In the "Memorials of Charlotte Williams-Wynn" occurs the following entry in that amiable lady's diary for December 5, 1843:

> I am suffering under a bad headache to-day, the consequence of a terribly hot dinner of thirty people last night, when a club, called "The Cycle" held one of its meetings. It was a Jacobite association, set on foot the day that Prince Charles Edward was born. The Sir Watkin of the day was always the president, and his wife the only lady allowed to dine with them. The health of the Pretender was drunk with great solemnities; and I believe the club did much to keep up the old Jacobite feeling.

This is the latest contemporary reference in print to the "Cycle of the White Rose," which, founded in 1710 (ten years before the date given by Miss Williams-Wynn), continued to meet till between 1850 and 1860, its last surviving member

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living to represent it for some thirty years more. The earliest known copy of its rules, dated 1728, is signed, in the form of a round-robin, by sixteen representatives of the principal families within seven miles of Wrexham. Descendants of some of them are still recognisable in Pulestons of Emral, Eytons of Leeswood, and Hanmers of Hanmer Hall. The meetings were to be held every three weeks at the houses of the members in rotation (whence the name of "Cycle"), when "all points relating to and according to the sense and meaning of these articles" were to be discussed and determined—which, translated into plain language, signifies the constitution of a Jacobite Council for North Wales. In course of time the extension of the club shifted its centre from Wrexham to Wynnstay, and lengthened its radius to about fifteen miles. The meetings came, for convenience' sake, to be always held at Wynnstay, and the Master of Wynnstay to be appointed Hereditary Patron (not "President") of the Cycle of the White Rose. The Sir Watkin of 1745 was credited with the ability to bring a thousand men into the field without calling on the members of the Cycle, and with the intention of proving it, had not the retreat from Derby frustrated the whole plan of campaign. The well-informed writer who uses the pen-name of "Owen Rhoscomyl" holds that

> the chief reason for the scantiness of records of Welsh Jacobitism lies in the fact that, as it never had an opportunity of taking the field, so it was never broken in battle. . . . The Government thought it best to let sleeping dogs lie, and not add troubles in Wales to troubles in Scotland. . . . This "wisdom" of the Government gave time for the destruction of all incriminatory documents among the Jacobites themselves; and in the lack of trials for treason we have a lack also of those legal indictments and documents from which so much of the history of English and Scots Jacobitism is known. (Letter in the *Royalist*, vol. viii. p. 29.)

Certain it is that all the documentary remains of the Cycle of the White Rose of Wynnstay are its innocently worded Rule; some coarse stanzas on George I.'s intention, in 1717, to bastardise the Prince of Wales; a couple of cards showing the rota of the members for the ensuing four years; and the

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bellicose club-song, called the "Chorus of Robin John Clark." Obviously written subsequently to Culloden, later variants show its maintenance as the club-song, with all its unveiled Jacobitism, into indefinitely later times. And one may be sure that "The Pretender" was not the form of any toast honoured by the thirsty gentlemen who made poor Miss Charlotte Williams-Wynn's head ache so late as 1848.

Except for a curiosity of folk-lore, the not less prevalent Jacobitism of South Wales appears to close with the death on the gallows at Kennington of David Morgan of Pengraig, taken in arms with the Manchester Regiment at Carlisle—"appears," for the curiosity in question puts a startling different complexion on the matter. It is to be found in a chapbook published at Carmarthen in 1847, entitled "Prophwydoliaeth Myrddin Wyllt" (Wild Merlin's Prophecy), and containing two ballads on the theme of Owen of the Red Hand—one of those many popular heroes who are some day to wake from death-like slumber and to work wonders in the world. And in one of the ballads is the couplet:

Yr Owen hwn yw Harri'r Nawfed,
Sydd yn trigo 'ngwlad estronod.

("This Owen is Henry the Ninth, Who dwells in a foreign land.") The ballad, therefore, cannot have been written before 1788; and argues an unexpected familiarity among South Welshmen with the title of Henry, Cardinal of York, to the throne of George III. Nor familiarity with his title only, but his identification with the revival of national glories at the waking of Owen of the Red Hand.

What Sir Watkin was to the North-Welsh Jacobites the Duke of Beaufort was to the South-Welsh; and his country was not bounded by the Severn. The Gloucestershire Society, originally a Cavalier Club dating from the latter years of the Commonwealth, acquired a Jacobite tradition. It would not otherwise have retained "George Ridler's Oven" as its club-song under Whig rule. That weird chant, seemingly a tissue

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of incoherent nonsense in uncouth dialect set to what can scarcely be called a tune, turns out, when the key has been applied, to be the whole creed of a good Cavalier who kept up a stout and loyal heart in evil times, and of a good and like-hearted Jacobite to follow. Nor was "George Ridler's Oven" a feature of the Gloucestershire society's meetings only. Its cryptic character only stimulated its popularity among the tavern-parlours and farm-kitchens of hill, forest, and vale, where it may still be heard, though its meaning be forgotten; and a musical society existing at Cirencester, within earshot of Lord Chancellor Bathurst, in 1776, invariably opened its performances with a song that no mere uninitiated musician would have endured.

From Cirencester to Oxford is less than forty miles. But the history of a Jacobite survival in the "home of lost causes and impossible beliefs" is outside the scope of an attempt to trace its endurance as a cause not held to be lost, and as a belief not to be eradicated by the slaughter of "Hieland Kerne" on a far-away moor, or by mere hangings and beheadings that were matters of course in the party politics of a hundred and sixty years ago. That an inert and academic Jacobitism lingered in Oxford long after Dr. King's often-cited interview with Prince Charles Edward at Lady Primrose's London house in September 1750, is abundantly certain. It even filtered down into the "Movement." But obviously it is among such societies as have been exemplified, where Jacobitism was covered by a more or less transparent veil, that we must seek for any potential development of principle into action. It has been asserted that the convenient machinery of Freemasonry was utilised for serious plotting; and John Radcliff, who but for attainder would have been fourth Earl of Derwentwater, was a sort of apostle of Freemasonry as well as an enthusiast for the cause of King James. He must have been initiated into the craft under the Grand-Mastership of Mr. E. Wortley Montagu while still a child: and during his short career—he died at eighteen—founded

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a lodge of Jacobite exiles in Paris and another at Arras, presently returning to England, with what projects one may guess with little risk of guessing wrongly. There is no known evidence of the results, and the connection of Prince Charles Edward himself with Masonic mysteries is more than doubtful. Nevertheless there is at least one curious link between Masonic and Jacobite history suggestive of a whole chain. Readers of the "Dunciad" will remember how—

> Next, bidding all draw near on bended knees,
> The Queen confers her Titles and Degrees.
> Her children first of more distinguished sort,
> Who study Shakespeare at the Inns of Court,
> Impale a Glow-worm, or Virtu profess,
> Shine in the dignity of F.R.S.:
> Some, deep Freemasons, join the silent race
> Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place:
> Some, Botanists, or Florists at the least,
> Or issue Members of an annual feast,
> Nor passed the meanest unregarded: one
> Rose a Gregorian, one a Gormagon:
> The last, not least in honour or applause,
> Isis and Cam made Doctors of her Laws.

Now what is a "Gormagon"? A note to the passage explains "Gregorians" and "Gormagons" as "a sort of Lay-brothers, slips from the root of the Freemasons." Elwin and Courthope's edition of Pope gives the further information that these "Gormagons" were further satirised by Hogarth, in a print stated to be very rare. They were in fact an "Order" founded by the eccentric Duke of Wharton—"Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days," as Pope styles him—on his secession from Freemasonry, because the lodge of which he was Master refused to have Jacobite airs sung or played at its banquets. Whatever may have been the extent of secret Jacobitism among orthodox Freemasons, there can be no question of the politics of an offshoot notorious enough for the honour of contemporary satire. According to Elwin and Courthope, the Order of Gormagons was dissolved in 1788

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consequently upon a condemnation of Freemasonry by Pope Clement XII. in that year. But there is no reason for supposing that a Papal decree would have any effect upon its Protestant members: and an extant badge of the Order bears so late a date as 1794. Another queerly named body, no other than the "Ancient Society of Cogers," is credited with a Jacobite origin, though it was not established till 1755. According to a recently published history of the society, by Peter Rayleigh:

> When the Cogers' Society was founded, Mr. Paynter and a number of Jacobites at once joined. If the reports of the earlier meetings which I perused are to be believed, the reason why there was not a general rising of the Jacobites all over the country, and especially in London, after the Pretender reached Derby, was partly owing to internal dissension, but mainly to the paralysis which overtakes all movements into which spies have wormed themselves. . . . Whether they [the Jacobites] looked on the society as one which might be made to further the cause of the Stuarts can only be conjectured; but that they formed, if not a majority, at least a considerable proportion of the members is certain from the fact that the debates were of so violent a character that the "grip" was instituted to keep out the spies of the Government.

Moreover, the first meeting-place of the Cogers was the notoriously Jacobite "White Bear," now the "St. Bride's Tavern," in Bride Lane. It was here that, eight years earlier, a sensationally desperate plot is said to have been formed for the rescue of Lord Lovat, whose pipe, tobacco-pouch and snuff-box came into the Cogers' keeping and remained among the treasures of the society until, between fifty and sixty years ago, they were suddenly missing the day after a resolution had been passed for their destruction.

Mr. Cadwallader Bates' "History of Northumberland" records the proclamation of "King James the Third" from a stile in Elswick Fields by the keelmen of Newcastle-upon-Tyne during a strike that lasted seven weeks in 1750, as evidence that "the attachment of the working classes to the Stuart cause was much deeper than might be supposed." And if, as most persons hold, a people's songs are the best evidence

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of a people's sentiments, then the most popular of Tyneside songs—

> Oh weel may the keel row
> That my laddie's in!
>
> . . . . .
>
> He wears a blue bonnet
> With a snow-white Rose upon it—

certainly does seem to indicate a lasting affection for the "Rose that's like the Snow" among the "Keel lads o' coaly Tyne": for the words of the song belong to a period (they were not in print till 1793) when the signification of the "snow-white rose" was perfectly well known. Newcastle, moreover, is not far from Hexham, where, says Mr. Bates, even after George III. was prayed for in Catholic chapels on the relaxation of the penal laws in 1780, Jacobites would walk out at the first mention of his name.

Altogether, how soon, or rather how late, the Jacobite yeast that leavened England lost its fermenting quality is difficult, if possible, to determine. Symptoms of activity are to be detected in 1770 when the Duc de Choiseul was understood to have adopted a project of Prince Charles Edward, then in Paris, for another attempt at a Restoration; when the Wilkite agitation had prepared the political waters for further troubling; and when American revolutionists were considering, instead of the establishment of a republic, the substitution of a King Charles for a King George. And there is at any rate one letter from among the papers preserved at Danby Hall in Wensleydale that seems to point unmistakably to projected activity among Jacobites so late as its date of 1784. It is signed "Sim—— S——" [Simon Scrope], is addressed to "Mr. Stapleton," and contains the following passage:

> I have the favour of yours, and should very readily comply with Lord Fitzwilliam's and your request were I convinced of the propriety of it, but must own my want of conviction, the more so when I reflect of the oath we lately took to his Majesty King George the Third, and him will defend to the utmost of my power against all conspiracies and attempts whatever that shall be made against his person, crown, or dignity; this last word is so strong that I can't get

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over it. Whether you'll think fit to show this to Lord Fitzwilliam, I should doubt it; but I should think better not. You may be assured I shall not show the list of subscribers to any one.

Now this very year 1784 was a period of violent political excitement, which Dr. Johnson, in conversation with General Oglethorpe, had no hesitation in ascribing to George III.'s defective title to the throne. The Scropes of Danby Hall had a notoriously Jacobite record. Their house had been searched for arms, and with ample reason, in 1715; and among its inmates was a refugee from Culloden, who, by the way, was still an inmate of Danby Hall when he died in 1815 or 1816 at the age of ninety-one. Thus we find the grandson of a Jacobite of the '15, and himself a protector of "rebels" hot from Culloden in the '45, only restrained by an oath of allegiance from entering into "conspiracies" against the crown and dignity of King George, but promising not to betray the names of less scrupulous persons. One certainly would not expect to find that of Lord Fitzwilliam in such a connection. But then it would be rash to say of any political leader that he never made compromising relations during a great constitutional crisis such as was then proceeding—the last attempt of a Minister to govern without a Parliamentary majority: and in any case there would be nothing new in an attempt of plotters to make capital out of great men's names, whether with little authority or with none.

The latest official recognition of a Jacobite survival is found in Lord Liverpool's answer to an inquiry from Canning, the then Foreign Secretary, whether the Court ought to go into mourning for the ex-King Victor Emmanuel of Sardinia, who died in 1814:

My dear Canning: As to the abstract title of King, I could not answer, but the Sardinians are all relations, and *there are those who think that the ex-King was the lawful King of Great Britain*—

(That is to say, as the heir of the Royal House of Stuart after the extinction of the direct male line in 1807.)

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—*to the day of his death.* We must, I think, *therefore*, mourn for him. Ever yours, L. ("Some Official Correspondence of George Canning," edited by Edward J. Stapleton.)

For the subsequent disappearance of eighteenth-century Jacobitism as a continuous factor in popular politics there is no occasion to account. The evolution of new questions and conditions; the French Revolution, with its world-wide consequences, throwing all else into the shade; the transformation of German into British Kings; the death of the last of the Royal Stuarts, leaving scarcely known foreign Princes to inherit mere historic claims—these are but some of the more obvious reasons. Among the less obvious are the extinction of the tradition of the Non-jurors for lack of a Bishop to transmit their orders after the death of Bishop Boothe in 1805, and the alliance of Catholics with the Whigs as the party of religious liberty. None the less, it is evident that English Jacobitism stands in need of Charles II.'s apology for having been "such an unconscionable time in dying." That is to say, unless, like Owen of the Red Hand, it did not die, and only waits for waking.

R. E. Francillon.

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PUBLIC SCHOOL EDUCATION

MR. BERNARD SHAW says somewhere that it is one of the things that will probably be regarded in more enlightened ages with a species of incredulous horror, that we should herd children together into class-rooms, and beat or punish them for inattention to a teacher whose remarks would not be tolerated for five minutes in ordinary society.

It is very strange to reflect how hard a rigid old tradition dies. Unimaginative men, of rectitude and conscientiousness, will always be found to discern reasons for the continuance of venerable established practices, however unreasonable they may be. There was at Eton, in pre-historic days, an inn, "The Christopher," in the centre of the College precincts, which was an endless source of mischief to the boys, because of the facilities that it gave for obtaining unlawful refreshment. It was earnestly debated among the masters, when the lease fell in, as to whether the inn had not better be removed; and one of the elder men said, with profound conviction, that it braced the moral nature of the boys to have a temptation close at hand. An irascible colleague, endowed with more common sense, interjected abruptly, "Oh, the devil will do that without your help!"

The question which must at present exercise the mind of all liberal schoolmasters is whether school teaching need necessarily be so unproductive and dispiriting a business as it generally is. I do not know what the experience of others is, but

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in the nine years that I spent at school I can hardly at this moment recollect a single hour devoted to class-teaching with a real sense of pleasure or interest, except a few hours which were enlivened by disciplinary crises with which our instructors were incapable of dealing satisfactorily.

That is not, perhaps, a perfectly fair statement. I do remember some half-dozen hours, generally at the beginning of a school-term, when an intelligent and lively master gave an interesting lecture, of a biographical or literary kind, on a subject which we were going to read. I remember, too, a few hours of individual teaching, when an exercise on which I had expended thought and taste was generously appraised by an indulgent tutor.

But the ordinary routine of construing, of saying by heart, of grammar papers, of composition, how unutterably dreary it all appears! Even if one admired an author—and I was by no means destitute of literary appreciation—the effect was spoiled by the crawling pace, the dry comment, the unnecessary detail, which encumbered rather than illustrated the text.

The system of construing lessons is a complete anomaly; it is an attempt to combine two processes; it is a mixture of lecturing and examining; the theory of it is that a master takes samples of his class to see that the lesson is well prepared. Together with that is combined a species of Socratic inquiry, together with explanatory comments. But for this process to be profitable it is essential that the attention of the whole class should be obtained, and to conduct a Socratic inquiry, to enliven a lesson by illustrative comments, and to test the knowledge of the boys at the same time needs a man of brilliant, humorous and dramatic mind; it is a process, too, which requires in the teacher an immense intellectual agility and freshness; and even if the majority of public-school masters were of this type, the amount of drudgery required of them in the course of a school day makes it impossible for all but men of exceptional vigour to conduct the game effectively. Moreover, if it is conducted ineffectively, it is an almost ideal

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device for alienating attention. The system is, in fact, one which puts too great a strain on the capacities of the ordinary teacher. It is not enlivening, for there is too much of the examination about it; it is not businesslike, for it is impossible to call up enough boys in an ordinary school hour really to test the knowledge of the majority of the class. It often indeed tends to be only individual work performed in public, and the boy who is called up is often the only boy who profits by the lesson. As a practical reform, the examination process ought to be briskly and effectively conducted, with all sorts of varieties and surprises, for part of the hour; and for the rest, the lesson ought to be sensibly and interestingly lectured upon. But again this would be a great strain upon the energies of the over-worked teacher.

The net result of the system is that the boys tend to regard the process as a futile one; they probably would call it by a plainer name; and the ordinary disciplinarian, in his secret heart, tends to think that it rather redounds to his credit if he can preserve a rigid order, under circumstances where intellectual interest cannot be expected to contribute to peace and contentment; indeed, it is not extravagant to assert that a good many public-school teachers would regard it as a species of priggishness, which was rather to be suppressed than encouraged, if the boys manifested a lively interest in a construing lesson; and a master who observed such a spirit prevailing in his form might be excused for thinking, under present conditions, that it was only exhibited in a spirit of mockery.

If one talks to the defenders of the existing classical system they will gravely say that the mind requires fortifying and bracing; that it is good to set boys to work that is hard and uninteresting—"the old grind," they will affectionately call it—that grip and vigour result; that boys will have plenty of uninteresting work to do in the world, and that they must learn to attack a subject briskly, without being dependent on interest as a motive.

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But is not all that an entire fallacy? One might as well say that because boys will many of them have to go into business, when they will have no opportunities for bodily exercise, they ought to learn at school to do without exercise. The real fact is, that behind the uninteresting work which men have to do in the world there is generally a very potent motive indeed, the motive of earning a living. And it is the absence of any cogent motive in the austere curriculum of school that makes it so uninteresting a business. The boys do not see that it leads anywhere; they do not find the method grow easier by practice. They do not arrive at a sufficient mastery of the classical languages to be able to get at the interest of the literature; all they know about their classical books is that none of their elders who have escaped from the necessity of perusing them ever take them up for pleasure, and they rejoice at the thought that the day will come when they too will be emancipated.

We induce boys to grow strong in body by encouraging them to play games which they enjoy; we do not bind knapsacks on their backs, and make them trudge for hours round a gravelled yard. Yet that is the way that we try to produce intellectual vigour, by keeping boys in a perpetual condition of mental tedium and fatigue.

And what is the net result of it all? That we are one of the most unintellectual nations in Europe; that we send out generation after generation of schoolboys, hating the high literature on which they have been so rigorously trained; and while they think of their school games and the free companionship of school with pleasure and delight, they think of the teaching hours as interludes of unvaried dreariness.

Now there must, of course, be a certain compulsion in the matter. These restless creatures who hate fixed engagements, and delight in the sun and air, will not willingly resort to schoolrooms by preference. But I am sure that we might provide a better entertainment for them when they do come.

What boys want, in the things of the mind, is variety above

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all things; they desire to have their interest aroused and their imagination kindled. I have sometimes, after ploughing through a lot of dry hard work, attempted with pathetic patience by thirty sensible, honest boys, suddenly suspended the proceedings, and told them a fine, generous story, with plenty of simple detail, out of the despised classics; and for half an hour a deep stillness has reigned, while I have sat under the fixed glance of thirty pairs of animated eyes.

Now supposing that this narrative had been the preface of a lesson, and that the boys had then been required to express in the best English they could the story that had been told them, there would be hardly a boy who would not attempt it with pleasure; it would have stirred what Hawtrey used to call the sweet pride of authorship, it would have trained memory and style alike.

That is only a simple instance of the kind of experiment that might be tried; but this, to our conservative, high-principled teacher, is pure dilettantism. "It is not our business to interest the boys," said a great educator in my hearing, when the discarding of an interesting book in favour of a dull one was being deprecated.

It seems to me that only through interest can anything be achieved; it is the one quality that can be absolutely depended upon in boys, this sensitiveness to interest. Once interested, they will take in a single hour an amount of trouble that they will not take in twenty dull and formal hours.

At present, for the average boy, it is all, or nearly all, gymnastic. There is no freedom, life, or elasticity about it. There is little motive for exertion, because the boys do not believe in either the interest or the usefulness of what they do. Little boys will indeed toil with consummate blitheness and cheerfulness at the most tiresome work, if they care for their teacher and can hope to please him. Big boys will work with British common sense if they think the work will be ultimately useful. But big boys will not work at subjects which they do not consider to have any possibilities of ultimate usefulness,

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unless they are interested. And it is the early cynicism about intellectual things which is the flower and fruit of our educational system.

Of course a difficulty lies in the question of how to obtain teachers. But this difficulty would soon be solved if education were a less dreary business. Now the men who embrace education as a profession are either those with a high enthusiasm for the subject they are going to teach, or men with a dry love of detail, or men fond of exercising coercive discipline, or men who have got to earn a living, and think schoolmastering an obvious way to do it.

But the enthusiasts are tempted to neglect the less intelligent boys in the face of a system which lends a weakling no encouragement; and the task comes to be mainly discharged by men who love the very deficiencies of the system, its precision, its aridity, its opportunities for driving an unwilling team; or by men who have no real interest in the matter, and are content to fall in with the system that prevails.

It is only just to say that these duties are discharged by public-school masters, as Englishmen are apt to discharge duties, with endless zeal and conscientiousness, and with serious conviction; and this very thing is another grave obstacle in the path of the educational reformer, because English people have a way of forming an opinion early in life, in a dogged way, on the merits of an existing institution, and of subsequently admitting no evidence which tells against their view.

The one thing about which all teachers seem to be agreed is that the curriculum is hopelessly congested. The subjects all tread on each other's toes. But simplification can only be arrived at by compromise, and teachers in conference, instead of trying to arrive at a simple and philosophical scheme, seem as a rule mainly preoccupied in claiming as many hours for their own particular subject as they can.

Another incidental, but highly unsatisfactory, result of the complexity of subjects is that public-school teachers are apt

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not only to feel cynical about the value of other subjects, but not even to take the pains to repress the expression of such suspicions before the boys. The scientist tends to feel that the classics are a frigid and unreal subject; the classical man to think that science is a species of conjuring entertainment; both alike will probably contemn the customary methods of teaching modern languages as an elaborate waste of time. This is not an imaginary evil at all; and as a rule it may be said that the more enthusiastic a man is about his own subject the more he is likely to disbelieve in the intellectual value of other subjects; but it is a tendency that must be sternly resisted; and no good can be done till we have masters who thoroughly believe in the educational value of the whole curriculum, and encourage the boys with all their might to believe in the intellectual value of all subjects alike, whatever their private conviction of the proportionate values may be. In this matter there ought to be a wider and more elastic intellectual sympathy among masters than there is, which can only be arrived at by a more liberal view of the varieties of intellectual interest which exist among boys, a view which the rigidity of existing curricula does not encourage.

Since I ceased to be a schoolmaster I have often asked men whom I have met their feeling about their education; I have hardly met a man who is not profoundly dissatisfied with it; I have not met a dozen who give it more than a tentative approval; not half a dozen who are enthusiastic about it. The common criticism is that it was neither useful nor stimulating. This is triumphantly met by educationalists with the argument that it has been useful, only those who have profited by it do not know that they have thus profited. But surely there is no process in the world except education, aiming at the production and development of certain qualities, which could be upheld in the face of the almost universal condemnation of the results, by those who have been submitted to it?

And the saddest thing of all is, that the public-school system is, on its general lines, one of the finest things in the world. It

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develops generosity, common sense, amiability, and public spirit. But though its basis is theoretically intellectual it does not produce intelligence. The machinery, the materials, are all ready to hand. Can we not dare to modify pedantic theories in the face of unmistakable facts? Can we not abandon dignity in favour of common sense? Must we continue to sacrifice the possibilities of intellectual development to the preservation of a system which has been proved in countless instances to be futile, unprofitable, and unsuccessful?

The truth is that, owing partly to temperament and partly to the accumulated inheritance of a bad tradition, English boys require to be tactfully and ingeniously wooed to the delights of literature. They have no innate craving for it; at present they are driven like sheep into a pen, and coerced to feed, when the very appetite is wanting, on the driest of provender. There are germs of intellectual life in many boys which die a natural death in the unfertilising atmosphere of school. The boys' own traditions are all against interest in work; and it is not to be wondered at, because, except in the case of boys of high ability, the system is so austere; and it is eccentric and unnatural for the average boy to be interested in subjects appropriate to professorial intellects. The literary effects aimed at are so recondite and austere that they never fall within the ordinary boy's horizon. And more than that. This is a time when, owing to the multiplication of literature and periodicals, to the increased facilities of communication, a thousand interesting questions concerning the world, its nationalities, its history, its constitution, are palpitating all about us. Hardly one of these matters comes within the range of the classical curriculum at all; it confines itself to history that is half legendary, and to knowledge that is pre-eminently unscientific. If the education itself was of a stimulating character, boys would perhaps be induced to look into these other matters for themselves. But the dreary routine of grammar, idiom, and philology drives them for amusement to the study of tangible things, batting averages, and sporting events, of which, at least, from their

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own experience in such matters, they can understand the elements. If education dealt with modern history and modern languages, with geography and science, the boys would be in a position at least to interpret, however incompletely, the events of modern times. Plenty of boys are ready to be interested in Trafalgar who are not seriously stirred by the manœuvres of a few triremes off Corcyra; plenty of boys would find their imagination stirred by an account of the Japanese system of chivalry who feel but a languid interest in the constitution of the Athenian ecclesia. "Oh," says the classical enthusiast, "the boys can go into all these modern questions for themselves." It is undoubtedly true that they can; but the vital question is whether they do; and the answer is unhesitatingly in the negative.

I do not wish to see a system of premature specialisation, I wish education to be general and liberal. At present it is certainly not general; and its liberality is confined to just a few boys who by virtue of a real linguistic and literary gift are capable of entering into the usages of the hard ancient literature.

Take the case of a boy of average intelligence who has been through a public school and a university. What are his intellectual accomplishments? He knows a very little Latin and Greek, and he endeavours to put them out of his mind as fast as he can; he knows a little science; perhaps a little history, mostly ancient. He cannot generally calculate correctly in arithmetic; he knows no modern languages to speak of; he cannot express himself in simple English, and his handwriting is often useless for commercial purposes. He can play some games, and he believes in the virtue of games with all his heart; he reads the *Sportsman* and a few novels. He is a thoroughly good fellow as a rule, simple-minded, good-humoured, and sensible, but he has not learnt these qualities in the class-room; there he has learnt to think the processes of the mind dreary and unprofitable, to despise knowledge, to think intellectual things priggish and tiresome. His code of

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morality is not always perfect, but he has learnt to live as a man among men. Suppose that the intellectual discipline were subtracted, he would be much the same as he is.

Supposing, indeed, that the masters were relieved from their duties of instruction, and set free to live more with the boys, there would probably be a distinct gain in the moral feeling of school communities, which at present goes through alarming fluctuations, and the intellectual results would not be very different. If we frankly admit that we do not care about the intellectual side of the matter at all, but look upon public schools purely as the training-grounds of character, then let us devote ourselves whole-heartedly to that excellent object, and give the masters the opportunities of exercising a vigorous moral example, which at present is restricted by their heavy burden of prescribed intellectual work.

But if we believe in the intellectual side of the matter at all, then let us adapt our system to the needs of the boys, instead of fruitlessly trying to adapt the boys to the exigencies of the system.

A well-known public man once said to me, when I was a schoolmaster: "Is it not possible when the boys enjoy every conceivable athletic and social advantage at a public school, that they should enjoy some intellectual advantages too?" I replied frankly that it undoubtedly was possible, but I could not honestly say that I thought that they did enjoy them.

Of course it may be freely granted that vigour and clearness of mind are two very important results at which we ought to aim in education. But if these are attainable at all, they can be attained without sacrificing the greater part of education to the attainment of them, with the result that they are not attained. The reason of our ill success is that by using too elaborate and complicated an instrument, by requiring bricks to be made without clay, the processes by which we endeavour to arrive at the result are unintelligible to the average boy. You cannot arrive at clearness of thought unless the medium with which you work is a fairly familiar one. An exercise in précis-writing, a statement being made orally by a teacher, or

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a short printed correspondence being given to a boy, an analysis of the statement or the correspondence being then demanded, would be a far more effective instrument in the majority of cases for arriving at clearness and precision of expression than an exercise in Latin prose, for the simple reason that the process of thought is not encumbered by any doubt as to the meaning of the words employed.

Again, a copy of Latin verses, an admirable exercise in the case of a clever boy who has some knowledge of vocabulary and some idea of usage, is a useless exercise to a boy who has neither. It neither trains his literary taste nor even his accuracy, because accuracy is not obtained by perpetual fumbling over little bits of work, but by constant practice in a medium which is moderately familiar. Even the written English exercises are not so useful as they might be, because boys tend to prefer copying out of books to expressing their own opinions in their own language. To make written English exercises effective, it ought to be contrived that the subjects should be set so that the boys could not have recourse to books for their answers. As it is, a master can hardly be expected to recognise at a glance exactly how much a boy's written English work is taken from books; and thus a carefully written exercise, which is really only mechanical copying, tends to get more credit than an exercise which is less mature in form, but into the production of which a boy has really put something of his own thought and effort.

But the main fact is that while the medium is a medium which is unfamiliar to the boys, so long will exercises tend to be a niggling over small points. An exercise in Hebrew would be quite as useful to many boys as an exercise in Greek. That is why I should like to see French substituted for the classical languages in the case of boys of average and inferior capacity, because an amount of time could be given to it which would enable boys to become really familiar with the language, and because it could be begun in childhood and easily supplemented in a boy's holidays.

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To turn to the higher aims of education, the weakness of the classical system appears to me to lie in this, that it has so little contact with reality. Even the personages of the classical world with whom boys are brought into contact, with a few exceptions, are not very real figures. Comparatively little is known about them, and that little is largely legendary in character and often very rhetorically adorned.

Compare, for instance, the vitality and reality of such a figure as Hannibal, darkly impressive as it is, with the vitality and reality of a figure such as Napoleon. And yet a classically educated boy hears far more about Hannibal in the course of his education than he does about Napoleon.

What one wants to do in education is to pour a stream of fertilising influences over the minds and souls of boys; one desires to bring them in contact with noble examples of humanity, with great personages, with lofty thoughts. But even so, much depends upon the way in which such figures are presented. No literature can be inspiring which is not intelligible; and can it be seriously affirmed that an average boy who has been through a course of classical education has really been brought into contact with the literary influences and personalities of Greece and Rome?

Of course, if the study of the great personalities of ancient history could be attended by copious illustrations from the examples of modern statesmen, generals, patriots, the thing might be brought home in a certain degree to the intelligence of average boys; but the classical teacher has not the time, nor in many cases the knowledge, to do this. His own education has been conducted on narrow and recondite lines, and he cannot be expected to teach what he has not learnt.

Then, again, the influence of literature upon the mind depends largely upon the association of words. Words cannot be inspiring unless they have an attractive beauty and grace of their own, unless they are loved. And the result of having to struggle with two difficult languages, besides

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keeping up a multiplicity of other subjects, is that it is not conceivable that the ordinary boy should learn to love the classical languages; and thus the thought enshrined in them loses most of its charm, if not all. The words "Shan chieh wu shêng" may contain a lofty and impressive thought in Chinese, but who would love a thought so presented unless the words themselves were endeared by literary association?

If the classics are retained for the education of ordinary boys because of the high literary value of classical writings, it is surely imperative that the boys should arrive at a literary appreciation of the language; and I do not think it can be maintained that they do.

My own sincere belief is that an immense amount of conscientious labour is now being wasted on a system which is unproductive, and which is bound to be unproductive because it is not adapted to the needs of the boys. My opinion has been largely confirmed of late by finding many intelligent young men at the university who are profoundly dissatisfied with the education which they have received. I do not claim any infallibility; I may be entirely mistaken; I only maintain that believing intensely, as I do, in the possibilities of intellectual education, I have tried to judge the classical system as fairly as I can by its results, and I see that those results are in many cases so unsatisfactory and so negative that experiments are urgently needed. Simplification seems to me to be the one essential thing. If the classics are to remain, let them have a fair chance and let the other subjects go; but I do not honestly believe that that is the solution of our difficulties, or the cure for our present discontent.

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON.

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TO THE LAMP-BEARERS

CURIOUS it is to note what images will strike the mind before impressions that themselves bear no reference to the thing suggested. Memory links these diverse ideas and sense connects them for us, so that joy or sorrow may lurk in a scent, darkness or light in a sound.

My *calystegia pubescens* climbing in the arms of a large *araucaria imbricata*, or monkey-puzzle, always reminds me of De Quincey's attack on Goethe. There is the same display of energy, beauty, and futility in each case; for as well may the convolvulus seek to strangle this giant conifer from Chili in fleeting bonds and fret of flowers, as De Quincey, with magic of style and adornment of rhetoric, attempt to ridicule or discredit one so much mightier than himself. To watch him and know Goethe, is to see a wave broken into liquid dust against the forehead of some ocean-facing cliff. There is a gleam of rainbows and the wave has vanished. Now happily has that biography so petty, so narrow, so unworthy of the pen that wrote it, vanished from the pages of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" and given place to a juster and saner appreciation. One reads De Quincey's biographies less and less as the years pass; but there is much of pure scholarship and poetry that is imperishable, and the style remains a miracle as of yore. It is subject for mourning that to this rare spirit the rational thinker should always be anathema: under a curse. Dogged and inveterate was his bitterness; for free thought his sharpest arrow was ever at the string; and yet constant service blunted it and

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robbed its point of the venom there. De Quincey had an unvarying argument against those who thought not as he thought and looked with larger tolerance than himself upon the world of ethical ideas. Such beings were always mad. They must be mad to differ from those dogmas that De Quincey held. Lucretius, Goethe, Shelley—all who stood outside his fold—suffered from actual insanity, or the near threat and terror of it. Lucretius is "the first of demoniacs" labouring under "the frenzy of an earth-born or a hell-born inspiration." Shelley is "a lunatic angel" whose intellect was "already ruined before the light of manhood had cleansed its darkness." As if the light of manhood were not that light of lights, the light of reason. Goethe, indeed, he dares not denominate insane; but the poet's escape is an accident; had Goethe been called upon to face tribulation and grief, he must surely have repeated "the mixed and moody character of his father." His natural mind was "corrupted and clouded"; and this because he regarded his Maker not with awe but curiosity. Strange amalgam of piety and venom mixed is this impotent assault; yet an utterance to study and from which to learn. In phrases that mingle like the classic figures from a frieze, or the interlacing of lovely foliage, he utters these vain things. The rationalist—whether poet, philosopher or artist—must endure his jewelled scourge; and it is interesting to mark how other inspired stylists have displayed a like intolerance. Milton, De Quincey, Ruskin—what remembered music haunts their names; yet who shall say that even in their gardens are not fruits of dust and flowers without sweetness. Milton may be forgiven, for he lived at a time when faith demanded blind allegiance to stay the rot at a nation's heart; but for Ruskin I conceive no excuse. His page is blotted with the narrow bitterness of personal disappointment and the unreasoning wrath of fanaticism. When he speaks of science and, without reverence, utters the august name of Darwin, again I see the little convolvulus—a frail and fleeting shadow against the deep-rooted strength of forest trees.

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De Quincey was my familiar friend through boyhood and beyond it. How often have I slept with him beneath my pillow! And I can grasp a little of his morbid suffering in the eternal struggle for perfection of utterance; I can share a part of his æsthetic torment over cacophony, redundance, obscurity, and all the thousand minute delicacies and subtleties of resonance and dissonance, accent and cæsura that only a De Quincey's ear appreciates and seeks to achieve or evade. How many care for these fine things to-day? How many are concerned if De Quincey uses a word with the long "a" sound, or spends a sleepless night in his endeavour to find another with the short "a," that shall at once answer his purpose and crown his sentence with harmony? Who lovingly examine the great artist's methods now, dip into the secret of his mystery and weigh verb against adjective, vowel against consonant, that they may a little understand the unique splendour of this prose? And who, when an artist is the matter, seek to measure his hopes as well as his attainments, or praise a noble ambition perhaps shining through faulty attempt? How many, even among those who write, have fathomed the toil and suffering, the continence and self-denial of our great artists in words? This neglect arises in a measure from the common confusion of thought that puts prose and poetry in antithesis, whereas it is a mere platitude to say that poetry is not a form, but an element common to prose and verse alike. We forget that some of the greatest prose in the language is poetry, and while we shrewdly examine the measure and plan of verse, too often overlook the workmanship of great prose, too often underestimate the cost to the artist.

Oh, "average reader," would that I could waken you into a higher ambition and a truer perception touching the business of art. If, for example, before tumbling through your next box of story-books from the circulating library, you would take Aristotle out of his dark corner, shake him, dust him, open him and ponder the "Poetics"! There are, indeed, those who hold that this master-spirit cannot be proved to contain all the truth,

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and that upon high art and its infinite horizons he is no longer the paramount sun; but he will more than suffice your purpose and the purpose of those who write for you. Consider a moment what he requires and determine with yourself that you also need these qualities and must obtain them. You probably dislike tragedy. You choose rather that everything shall end happily in your story-books, "because in real life everything does not do so." Too well I know your dreadful arguments! But why do you, who are a truthful soul in your life and in your relations with your kind, tell me to lie to you and weave the thing that is not, because in your hour of leisure you refuse to look upon the thing that is? Do you, readers of the magazines, perceive the insult you put on those who write them? No, no, you neither perceive nor understand. But just for this one evening, to oblige me, wrestle with the great Greek and try to comprehend. Consider what a tragedy means. He will tell you. His six essentials in that sort are Plot, Character, and Diction, Thought, Scenery and Song. They go to every great story now as then: now as then it is necessary, if a man dare profess and call himself artist, that he shall fight and toil to weld these ingredients in one balanced, perfect unity, so that from his revelation of life there shall spring like a dawn within the reader's soul that salutary "*Katharsis*"—the solemn, purifying principle wrought of pity and of fear. That is man's work! And it is for you to demand it from the story-tellers who proclaim themselves men. Comedy likewise may well be asked to bear these six essentials, and had the mighty mind of Aristotle thrown light on that art also, he had perchance demanded not only those qualities, but also shown how, instead of fear and pity, our high comedy in its supreme expression must touch the human heart to tolerance, lift it to love, and warm it with great, sane laughter, such as Rabelais and Cervantes awakened in the world.

Now, "average reader," your work is cut out for you if you are going to apply one poor span of the Aristotelian

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standard to your modern fiction, either of the stage or book-stall, and I warn you to be patient. We who write your tales cannot meet you in a moment with better art. Expect no immediate masterpieces from us; look for no Greek grandeur, Latin beauty, Elizabethan humanity in the spring lists of 1906, because they will not be there; but develop a desire in yourself towards these things; survey your own contemptible requirements and cease to be content; observe that your abject taste in fiction redounds neither to your credit, nor to the advancement of high art—nor any sort of art at all.

Lastly, be short and sharp with those who guide you in this matter; explain to the critics that they too must seek their prototypes in the company of the bygone great, and call for a loftier note and nobler ideals; that they must shake us from our slumber and blow Aristotle's trumpet in our ears; that they must put a period to the ceaseless, thin rattle of their unconsidered praise, and henceforth pay our mediocrity with the scorn of silence.

And then—think of it! you are an "average reader" no more; and they are "average critics" no more; and we shall need swiftly to mend our ways, or follow our feeble stories, vulgar puppets, mean diction, sentimentality, and nebulous thinking down into the dust of oblivion, where such offences properly belong.

But as well may De Quincey, with his foam of fine phrasing, endeavour to splash the marble front of Goethe; as well may my little convolvulus attempt to strangle the life out of the tree that carries her aloft, as any word of mine seek to teach our "average reader" that real story-telling is toil for strong men and women, not a tawdry burlesque of life spun by mental weaklings to help him through a leisure hour, to assist his digestion after dinner, or kill his time in the train. No, it is useless to appeal to his understanding until we have educated it. We must teach him; he cannot help us; and, in order to lift him, it is necessary first that we lift ourselves. To despise him is folly; to chide him is unreasonable. Deny his hungry demand

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for trash—that is the wiser way. Elect a Parliament of Letters and suffer nothing calling itself a novel to reach our "average reader" until authority has passed it! Give him what is better far than the rubbish he cries for; look to it that he shall have from you what your other children have: the thing they need, not the thing they want. And that you may the better judge for him, stand back a little from the rush and hurry; scan the old roads; keep higher literary company yourself; adjust your self-estimate and your perspective by study of the great of yesterday, not comparison with the small of to-day.

For we writers of fiction stand at a significant point in time. The dawn of a new age of thought is flushing the sky; the old order fades; the old faith, creatress of much glorious work, now dies the natural death of all faiths that have strengthened the feet and lifted the hearts of men through their appointed centuries. Reason is crowned, and the trumpets of her ministers, Science and Justice, proclaim her. In these high moments of change, let the lamp-bearers cling close to their sacred torches; cherish the flame against storm and tempest, and keep clear their ancient altar-fires, even though they cannot keep them bright. Then the great unborn—those who shall follow to expand their genius in conditions of culture, tolerance, and knowledge we know not—may say, even of this, our time, that despite perishing principles and decaying conventions, despite false teaching, false triumphs and false taste, there were yet those who strove for the immemorial grandeur of their calling; who pandered to no temptation from without or from within; who followed none of the great world-voices, were dazzled by none of the great world-lights, used their gift as a stepping-stone to no meaner life; but clear-eyed and patient, neither elated nor cast down, still lifted the lamp as high as their powers allowed, still pursued art singly for her own immortal sake.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

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ITALIAN PAINTING IN THE PRADO GALLERY

I

THE Prado Gallery is a foundation of Ferdinand VII.

The real history of the Gallery [says Ford] is this. When Ferdinand married his second and best wife, *La Portugaise*, one Monte Allegre, who had been a Spanish convert in France, persuaded him to refurnish the palace with French papers and ormolu clocks and chandeliers—his particular fancy; thereupon the quaint original cinquecento furniture, much of which was of the period even of Charles V. and Philip II., was carted out and the pictures taken down and stowed away in garrets and corridors, exposed to wind, weather, and the worst plunderings of Spanish *Custodes*. They were fast perishing and disappearing when the Marques de Sta. Cruz, *Mayor Duomo*, Mayor or Lord Steward, and the Duque de Gor, one of the few grandees blessed with a particle of taste or talent (and our authority for this anecdote), persuaded the Queen to remove the pictures to the Prado. She advanced £40 a month towards repairing a few rooms for their reception, and by November 1819, these saloons were got ready, and 311 pictures exhibited to the public; the extraordinary quality of which, especially of Velasquez, instantly attracted the admiring eyes of *foreigners*, who appreciated the merits of the Old Masters of Spain much better than the natives. Ferdinand VII., seeing that renown was to be obtained, now came forward with £240 a month, and the *Museo* was slowly advanced, one more saloon being opened in 1821. Thus he earned the title of Augustus, as cheaply as our George IV. has the credit of "presenting to the public" the fine library formed by his father. This he had bargained to sell to Russia, when one of his brothers put in a claim for a share of the proceeds; his Majesty thereat, having graciously condemned him and his books to a warmer place than St. Petersburg, bundled them off in a huff to Great Russell Street.

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To-day the *Real Museo de Pintura del Prado* is a gallery of masterpieces, a more catholic Pitti Palace, an immense Salon Carré. And unlike the Louvre, for instance, or our own National Gallery, while it possesses almost the whole work of Velasquez, it is very poor in early Italian pictures, is without an example of the English school, and possesses but one example, a poor and early picture enough, of the supreme work of Rembrandt, the perfect work of Holbein.

And yet while a host of critics and archæologists deny any historical value to the Prado Gallery, its worth as a Museum, as that which, alas, a Museum so often becomes, a mere record of work good or bad done from time to time, to me at least it is valuable for that virtue not less than for the beauty of the pictures hung there so thoughtfully; for while in so many Galleries in Europe it is possible to trace the art of painting from the earliest time even to yesterday or to-day, here in the Prado you may see, not without surprise perhaps, the marvellous and immortal art of Titian, surrounded by the works of his disciples, some of the greatest artists of all time.

The Father of the Prado is Titian; his work perfect in sweetness and strength and wisdom—the sweetness of youth in all its perfection; the strength of manhood, its endless desire, its achievement; the wisdom of old age, its renunciation, its passionate sincerity and peace—was the nucleus as it were of this almost matchless collection, and it is the work of those painters who own him as their master, Greco, Velasquez, Rubens, Vandyke, Poussin and Watteau, that for the most part we may find to-day hanging beside his splendid and fading canvases, witnesses to the immortal beauty and vitality of his genius, the indispensability of his art.

Critics of Titian have sometimes spoken as if the only characteristic of his genius were a wonderful sensual, or at least sensuous, strength expressing itself in colour, and apparent, for instance, in such a picture as *La Bella* in the Pitti Gallery. Others have found in him an extraordinary vitality running to

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coarseness, from which ideas are excluded, in which we see merely the delight of one so strong, so full of life, in flesh, that under his hand has certainly put on immortality, but that is how much less than the clear truthful work of Velasquez, the unhappy profound work of Rembrandt. But for some of us, it may be, his work seems still the most beautiful and the most vital that has ever been given to us by an artist. He seems to have summed up the Renaissance for us just as it was passing away, and in a more splendid and living fashion than Raphael in his perfect and learned way, a little pedantic, a little fearful perhaps of the immense vitality of life; or than Michelangelo, that great and successful genius, whose work seems ever to be about to rise from the dead, were able or willing to do. He has created with joy. The beauty of his work is always an expression of life, he has never permitted thought to kill life till it is little more than a suggestion, as Michelangelo has done so often. Without the humility of Raphael, without the overwhelming and fastidious taste of that divine epicurean whose conscience was, as it were, a faculty of the intellect, his genius was only to be held by his own will; he is never reticent, never almost meaningless, almost just a decorative painter as Raphael too often is, in his easel pictures at any rate; he is always expressive, and while not always as splendid as in his greatest pictures—the *Bacchus and Ariadne*, for instance, or the *Young Englishman*—he is always, as it were, at the height of the situation; nothing has come from his hands that does not live—legions of figures, men and women and children splendidly naked, beautifully clothed, horses and dogs, and bulls and trees and mountains, and the sea. He is like a natural force in his profound energy, he is like a god without a rival in his creative power, he makes ugly things and brutal things, and mediocre things, and they are all beautiful. So passionate was his conception of life, so extraordinary his apprehension of everything that is vital, that people who have never lived, or who have been dead many years, or who have missed life in some blind mediocrity, receive

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life from him, really live because of him, and yet his virtue is not less. His work is immense, fabulous in its quantity; yet he was an artist in life, too, and understood the value, the extraordinary richness of such a nature as Aretinos, was wise enough to find pleasure therein, and to seize life with both hands, and to enjoy it to the utmost; yet it seemed that he might live for ever, for he did not die until he was ninety-nine years old, and then it was by chance that death found him, coming to him promiscuously as it were, since he could not tire him out, in the midst of a plague that devastated the city.

Beside him those disciples of his, Rembrandt, Rubens, Velasquez and the rest, are just pupils, each with something of the virtue of the master, some side, as it were, of Titian's character developed at the expense of the rest. Thus Rembrandt, almost unrepresented in the Prado—just there, perhaps, is its chief defect—is too sombre, too gloomy, to stand for a moment beside the splendid laughter, the profound joy, of Titian's work. That Northern painter, unfortunate in so much, so intense a student of nature, of life in its more sombre moments, joyful only with an almost brutal laughter, insolent as a barbarian, full of the insane light of the North, is ashamed before the pagan loveliness, the human beauty and perfect joy of Titian, whose profound smile, lighting the world, might have made him afraid as no sorrow or gloom or brutality that came to him, that he found everywhere in the world, was able to do. And if you find Rubens, that man of the world who painted for love or for fame, armed with an immense sensuality that he had learned from his master, how insane it is, how merely technically beautiful, beautiful that is as art rather than as life, if you compare it for a moment with the sincere and human delight in the body, everywhere to be found in Titian's painting, that passion has redeemed from lust as from mere delight in the flesh. Beside the marvellous women of Titian, those beautiful-made courtesans and fine ladies, whose golden flesh has excited the love and pity of the world, Rubens

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Three Graces, for instance, seem like *poseuses* painted by a *fanfaron*. They are as decorative as three exquisite vases, and can never die: they are without the immense pathos of life that you find here in Madrid, even in so thoughtlessly brutal a picture as the *Danäe*, and in their perfection of paint, their wonderful bravura, proclaim their barbarian origin, being rather perfect animals than human beings capable of thought or emotion, of love, of sorrow.

On coming to the exquisite work of Velasquez here in the Prado it is quite another side of Titian's genius you see developed further, and with a more fastidious distinction than he had time for, perhaps; and while in his cool and grave pictures you will find less originality of thought than you may almost discern everywhere in Rembrandt's work, and certainly a less profound vitality than that which informs the work of the great Dutchman and of Rubens, you will find a perfection there which is wanting in both those great men, and which you will come upon but seldom in the work of Titian himself. How fastidious, how distinguished Velasquez always is! Just there, it might be seen, is the virtue that has entranced the modern world, so that you find painters to-day so in love with their art, so satisfied with just that, that recognising this reverence in Velasquez for the material, as it were, of his work, his contentment with it as sufficient for him to express just what his eyes have seen, they have been willing to call him "the master," the greatest painter of all time, ignoring, not unwillingly, a certain lack of originality, of just genius, as it were, that no perfection of technique, no dignity of thought, no distinction of manner, may altogether hide. His work is so beautiful that we are content to forget everything else while we are with him; and, indeed, it is part of his secret that the charm of his work, in the true sense of the word, its magical truthfulness, for instance, obliterates our dreams, and for the first time perhaps we see ourselves, not as we really are, scarcely ever that, but as we appear in a perfectly felt, a perfectly expressed impression, in a moment of languor or pride or

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gracious forgiveness. He is a painter who is always lurking in the shadow, whose light is so refined upon that he scarcely dares to bring the sunshine into it, lest something of its distinction, its temperance, should be lost in the splendour of the world, in the strength of the sun, or beside the energy of the sea. You will find no nudes here, scarcely any women at all, but queens and princesses and little children and men who are so full of pride that they seem to thrust the ground away with their feet, or to beat it with the hoofs of their horses in contempt, a contempt that is not passionate at all, but a sort of coldness, as though they were unaware of anything but their own gravity or importance.

Quite by chance on leaving the room where the beautiful picture of *Philip IV. on Horseback* hangs, you come, in the long gallery, on Titian's *Charles V. entering the Battle of Muhlberg*. Beside it are two theatrical compositions by Rubens, masterly and full of the immense sensuous vigour that is sometimes a little wearying in that Fleming. It is as though the monotony of his low and mediocre land, which submitted so easily to every tyranny, which only he has made beautiful, had forced him into an over-emphasis of life. Well, to-day in the Prado you look at Titian's *Charles V. on Horseback*, really the original of all equestrian portraits, beside the work of this sumptuous barbarian. The quiet, serene, everlasting strength that it presents always, even in Titian's slightest work, is, in this magnificent canvas, consummate in its perfection. And it vanquishes, if we may use a word so disastrous, even the great equestrian portraits of Velasquez by means of just beauty. It is life, while the work of Velasquez only continually seems to be life: it is more than life, it is truth, it is beauty.

How fortunate Titian was, you may think, perhaps, fortunate beyond Rembrandt or Rubens or Velasquez in having people so much greater to paint, a city so much more beautiful to live in, a world so much more living, so much more human, as it were, than those painters who followed him enjoyed.

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Well, "the ages are all equal," says William Blake, "but genius is always above its age"; and if this be so, certainly in Titian's genius the age of the Renaissance expressed itself so completely that anything which came after had the sense of a repetition almost, a variation, as it were, on the work of the great Venetian. And yet how original and how wise was Rembrandt, and willing, too, to express so much that is but indicated in Titian's work, anxious, above all, it might seem, to express himself, since he seems to lurk, yes, the very rugged, beautiful, strong face itself, in so many of his pictures. And if with Rubens you seem to come upon something less sincere, or less racy, as it were, than with Rembrandt, how perfectly musical is every line, every contour, how full of well-being and delight, a little boisterous, it may be, but full of strength and the joy that enjoys itself is his work here in the Prado, naturally almost without effort, as a bird sings. While, after all, to look at Velasquez is to understand the truth—that so various thing, light dancing on the water, that is gone e'er you can say it is there. He is so truthful that for the moment everything else seems beside the point.

Something like this seems to me to be my impression of the Prado Gallery; to be what that collection of masterpieces means to me. And if pictures are, as it were, "receptacles of so many powers and forces," if they "possess, like the products of Nature, so many virtues or qualities," to discover not their value compared with one another, but their ultimate value for oneself, is the first step of all true criticism whatever, useful and necessary on our way to see them, as in themselves they really are.

II

Italian painting is represented in the Prado both by the work of Titian, so splendid in its quality and abundance, and by the work of Raphael, which here time seems to have robbed of nearly all its fame. And splendid as are these two painters

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of the high Renaissance, their work scarcely makes up to us for the entire absence of any painter of the fourteenth century in Italy, while the fifteenth century is only represented by examples from the work of two men, Fra Angelico and Mantegna. Here and there in these almost numberless rooms you come upon work so flower-like as Giorgione's, so unimpassioned as Correggio's, so innumerable as Veronese's and Tintoretto's, so ineffectual as Andrea del Sarto's, so charming as Tiepolo's; but for the most part Italy is here just Venice at its best in Titian, or Rome dowered with all the beautiful learned work of Raphael, the imitative work of his pupils.

That early Tuscan painter, who dreamed continually of Mary Madonna, to whose keeping God had confided the desire of the world, who seems to have built up in his pictures the kingdom of heaven on earth, so that he finds the same flowers by the wayside of those streets of gold as in the valleys of Tuscany, the same sweet light upon the hills there as he had seen in a vision at evening, or heard of from an angel, who surely stayed his flight during some sweet half-hour at noonday, so that those naïve eyes might never forget the least fold of his garments, the most secret thread of golden hair, may be found here, so far away, in Spain, that has understood scarcely at all the perfect humanism that is everywhere in his work, in a panel of *The Annunciation*, that reminds one in some far-off fashion of the fresco of the same subject in S. Marco, different in colour though it may be, and in the addition here in the Prado picture of an expulsion from Paradise, while below in five octagonal compartments you find certain scenes from the life of the Madonna.

In Mantegna's picture[1] of the *Death of the Virgin*, a small panel from the collection of Charles I. of England, you have a work so much more initiated, so much less a chance falling of sunlight upon the wall, in which Angelico, for instance, seems to have seen a vision, than that beautiful and holy picture of *The Annunciation*. So much more initiated I said, and it is

[1] Morelli has thrown doubt on this picture, needlessly perhaps.

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really just that, an initiation, as it were, into the world, so noble, so splendid, so full of great things, that you discern in the really profound work of the great Paduan. His work is full of intellectual strength, joyful too, as happy indeed in its way as Fra Angelico's, only where Angelico has divined something that he cannot understand, that he accepts deliciously as a child might do, Mantegna has always understood, has mastered everything that he expresses, first of all with his mind; it is a nobility in him, a duty almost from which he will not excuse himself. It is strange, remembering the delight of his work, his love for sumptuous things, saved always from a too great fondness for them by his perfect sanity, his intellectual rectitude, that in this picture some strange asceticism, some unfortunate, unnecessary self-denial, as it were, is to be discerned; unnecessary and therefore unfortunate, since in denial in itself, for its own sake, there is nothing admirable or beautiful: it is merely a cruelty to one's self that, having suffered, to-morrow we shall be ready to inflict on another.

In these two pictures we seem to discover the awakening of the spirit of man from its long sleep that was after all but a preparation for the dawn that is already risen in Fra Angelico, and, still a little bewildered by dreams, has seen the beauty of the world; that in Mantegna is even now aware of the whole long day of love and thought to come, that in him at any rate is already awaiting it, with the serenity of a child, the courage of a young man.

To turn to the work of Andrea del Sarto from these sincere and simple pictures is to understand how ineffectual a painter he really is. The "faultless" painter, as he has been called, in truth he seems to be incapable of fault, to be really a little effeminate, a little vague, too bewildered by his own *sfumato* as it were, lost in enervating, sentimental dreams. It is no intellectual passion you find in that soft troubled work, where from every canvas Lucrezia di Baccio looks out at you, posing as Madonna or Magdalen, or just herself, and even there

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beautiful, unsatisfactory, discontented, unhappy, because she is too stupid to be happy at all. If she were Andrea's tragedy, one might think that even without her his life could scarcely have been different. In the best of his pictures here she is Madonna[1] seated on a flight of steps perhaps, holding the Child, who stretches out His arms to an angel, who kneels before Him holding an open book, while St. Joseph gazes at Madonna, and in the background a woman hurries away leading a child by the hand. It is a characteristic picture, insignificant, as it were, facile without depth or force. Andrea can do better than this and worse, and while in this picture you may discern something of that Michelangelesque manner that was so unfortunate in one who was a colourist, the only colourist of the Florentine school, it is not so mannered, nor so futile an imitation as the *Madonna dell' arpie* or *The Assumption* in Florence. Yet it is how much less than the beautiful *Dispute as to the Trinity*, or the wonderful series of portraits of himself, or his wife. Just there he seems to touch life as never, or almost never, in his compositions. How simple and straightforward, for instance, is the portrait of a sculptor in the National Gallery, how vivid, how truthful the portraits of himself, how expressive those of his wife! That damaged but still lovely picture of Lucrezia di Baccio, here in the Prado, really redeems him for once from a charge of insincerity, grandiosity or sentimentalism. How beautiful she is, how living, how full of possibilities, still young, and unacquainted with the sacrifices that her mediocrity will presently demand of her! It is then as a portrait painter, who after all has left in his pictures "an autobiography as complete as any in existence," that Andrea del Sarto comes to his own; almost a great painter, anxious rather to make his confession to a world that was so ready to excuse him and to worship him, just

[1] Of the pictures here in the Prado, Mr. Berenson ("The Florentine Painters," 1898, p. 98) only accepts as del Sarto's *The Sacrifice of Isaac*, a copy of the Dresden picture. Mr. Ricketts, in his admirable work, "The Prado" (Constable, 1904), p. 113, accepts only the two pictures I name.

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because he failed to show his superiority to it. As a Florentine painter he seems ever among strangers; and it is really as a Venetian, exiled in Florence, one who had been forced by some irony of circumstances to forego his birthright in the invigorating and worldly city, that might have revealed to him just the significance of the life which we miss in his pictures, that he appeals to us; a failure difficult to explain, a weak but beautiful nature spoiled by mediocrity.

It is something less admirable that you find in the majority of pictures that bear, in this Gallery, the most "beloved name in art," the beautiful name of Raphael. Something, I know not what, seems to have befallen them, they are so much less lovely than their reputation. It is as though on a day in the sunshine of the long summer that makes of the noisiest of cities the most silent place in the world, gradually, little by little, they had died, had suffered that extraordinary change, that at first seems to make so little difference, even to add some beauty by a sort of simplification, as it were, an obliteration of everything but the necessary and elemental things of character of individual life, and then suddenly to destroy for ever the loveliness that had only blossomed to die, after many years of impassioned effort. Those famous pictures, *Lo Spasimo*,[1] *The Virgin of the Fish*, *The Visitation*, *La Perla* (from the Gallery of Charles I. of England), *The Holy Family*, *Del Lagarto*, seem to-day almost inexplicable as the work of Raphael; they are dead pictures, from which the beauty has fled away, leaving only the brutal signature of death, the hideous suggestions of the skeleton. And while in such a picture as *The Virgin of the Fish*, for instance, we may find the hand, the clever imitative hand, of Giulio Romano, it is yet difficult to explain our indifference to most of Raphael's

[1] The only thing of which we may be certain is, that neither in composition nor in execution is Raphael's hand visible in this picture. It is, as it seems to me, a picture full of "lamentable obscurities," in which many suggestions from Raphael's work have been remembered and reproduced; only the figure of Christ may be from Raphael's design.

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easel pictures which are not portraits. *La Perla*, for instance —"the pearl," as Philip IV. said, of his Gallery at the Escorial, when he bought it for £2,000 at the brutal sale of the Crown property by Cromwell—how may we excuse ourselves for finding it so hard, so impossible as the work of the man who painted *La Donna Velata* at Florence, or the magnificent *Portrait of a Cardinal* in this Gallery? It has not even the marvellous decorative qualities, the splendour and learning as it were of the frescoes in the Stanze of the Vatican. It cannot move us with its hard perfection, it seems to be scarcely painting at all, to possess some dreadful mechanical origin, in its crudity, its callousness. And again in the *Christ bearing the Cross—Lo Spasimo*—we are moved only by surprise that anything painted, as it might seem with brick-dust, informed with so grimacing an insincerity, should even bear the name of Raphael.

No, these pictures can never have been painted by Raphael at all, it is impossible to pronounce his name before them; they are the work of those disciples who were his chief enemies, they are the brutal interpretations that the neophyte always thrusts upon the work of the master. It was with the same mad passion that St. Paul destroyed the beautiful thoughts of Jesus, it is from a like enthusiastic imitation, careful, done with much labour, that virtue, which, in art at any rate, is by itself so utterly useless, so vicious, that every artist has suffered, and will continue to suffer, since imitation is an attribute of man. That Raphael should have signed these works is impossible, in every line you may discern a forgery, in every colour a mockery, a mimicry, aping him in every gesture. Something it may be, a perfection of space, as it were, a certain quietness characteristic of Raphael, that you will find even in his most dramatic work, still suggest themselves to you as you look at these old hard pictures; but if you compare them for a moment with *The Holy Family* here in the Prado, in which the Child plays with a lamb, or with the beautiful and almost miraculous *Portrait of a Cardinal*, or even with *The Madonna*

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of the Fish,[1] in which Raphael's part is seemingly so small, and yet visible enough in I know not what delicacy and perfection, shining there behind the hard academic work of Giulio Romano, you will understand in a moment either that something has befallen them, that they have been repainted, or spoiled by cleaning, really skinned as it were, in which brutal process, so delightful to the old professors who ruled the Galleries not so long ago, their beauty has vanished away; or that they were never the work of Raphael at all, merely passing as his with Princes since they came from his Botega, and one was so anxious to boast, so eager to believe that among the lesser pictures that made the background of the Royal Gallery, a Raphael had really blossomed at last, it may be after much effort, and the sacrifice of not a few priceless things.

It is in the *Portrait of a Cardinal* that you really come face to face with Raphael's work at its highest. With what clarity of mind and art he has painted that unknown figure, how perfectly he has expressed everything, simply concealing the subtlety of his art! It is almost a miracle of simplicity, living there in the beautiful painted panel by some means hidden from all, about which we may know nothing, perfect as a flower or any other thought of God. It is not often you may find Raphael so easily master of the art of his time; in his quiet and humble way he seems at last to have expressed everything in a quiet assured voice, after the rather terrible gestures, the exquisite insinuations of his fellow painters, who have really failed to convince us, not so much of life as of its perfection, its sufficiency, its beauty, that after all will content us only because it is living.

It is a lesser painter, or at least a younger, less complete and learned, one who has not yet known how to transform everything in life into art, but still speaks with an accent, here assuredly Leonardo's, that you find in *The Madonna of the*

[1] Mr. Ricketts, *op. cit.* p. 109, denies Giulio Romano's part in this picture. He suggests Penni as the painter. Mr. Berenson, *op. cit.*, p. 173, gives it to Giulio Romano.

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Lamb. He has been too much impressed with the *St. Anne* of the Louvre, he cannot forget the gesture of those beautiful hands, and the smile, that still lights up the faded old picture, flickers shyly, pensively, with I know not what suggestions of assent in this small panel that is painted well, almost like a miniature, and without forgetfulness of the wide valleys and soft hills of Umbria, the devotion to all that is so visible in his master, Il Perugino. And yet while Leonardo has understood that every living thing is our brother, that the very flowers have loved us, and we must love them too, so that we find him adding certain blades of beautiful grass irresistibly, as it were, to Verrocchio's dry, cold picture of *The Baptism of Christ*, Raphael, even with Leonardo's picture before him, fails to understand that others beside men and women, less articulate even than children, have life, and move beautifully with as subtle a rhythm as ourselves. How wooden the lamb, which the Child bestrides with so dainty an eagerness, really is! Painted in 1507, just after the Ansidei *Madonna* of the National Gallery, and just before his departure for Rome, something of that larger life seems to overshadow this picture, in a kind of prevision, faint enough it may be, but assuredly to suggest itself nevertheless in a certain charm of maturity, as though he had here taken the first step in a new life really before it was necessary, to please himself, as it were, to make sure of himself, of his power to assimilate, and not to be overwhelmed by, the great world, or those strong and immortal artists he was about to encounter with so much gladness and expectancy, and yet so humbly withal.

It is to quite another school of painting you come in the work of Correggio, that joyful painter who always seems about to burst into song, as though paint, less expressive than words may be, was not quite adequate to the lyrical impulse that possessed him. Born in 1494, he belongs to the North Italian school of Bologna, Ferrara and Parma, is indeed, as Mr. Berenson has pointed out, the great painter of that district, holding "the same place there as Raphael holds among the

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painters of central Italy."[1] His chief work here in Madrid, a "Noli me tangere,' is, as it might seem, a rather strange rendering of a subject so "spectral," so suggestive of tragedy. And yet it is a lovely picture enough, into which all the still beauty of the woods and fields at dawn enters not without a solemn sort of gladness. A lesser picture, *The Virgin, the Infant Jesus and St. John*,[2] is, if it must be given to Correggio, a feeble work enough, dark and repainted, perhaps, and without the delight common to all his work; while the other pictures here that pass under his name even the catalogue of the Gallery repudiates.

In passing now to the Venetian pictures, we come upon the great Italian treasure of the Gallery, without which the Prado would rank certainly much lower than it does among the Galleries of Europe. If we miss the work of the earliest Venetians, Carpaccio, Jacopo Bellini, and his two sons, Gentile and Giovanni, we have yet in a genuine work of Giorgione that dayspring of the Renaissance in Venice, one of the rarest things in the world, which, while it may not compensate us for our disappointment at finding the so-called Giovanni Bellini here a copy, is itself so precious a thing that looking on it we forget that grotesque forgery altogether in the surprise and joy of finding Giorgione at last almost justified in his reputation. That almost fabulous painter, whose work continually eludes us in the Galleries of Europe, and is quite faded, as a vision might fade, from the Palazzo Tedeschi in Venice, has gradually been robbed by critic after critic of almost all that used to pass under his name, so that now only some fifteen pictures scattered up and down the world, in his birthplace, the little town of Castelfranco, not far from Padua, in Berlin, in Dresden, where Morelli discovered his *Venus* under I know not what over-painting, in Vienna, in Buda-Pesth, in Florence, where three pictures still pass as his, in Venice, where there are four, one

[1] "The Study v. Criticism of Italian Art," by Bernhard Berenson (London, 1901), p. 40.

[2] No. 135, in Long Gallery.

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of them in private hands, in Vicenza, in Rome, in the Villa Borghese, in Paris, and at Hampton Court, where *A Shepherd with a Pipe*,[1] all that is left perhaps of a larger picture, shines like a precious stone among much that is worthless, much that is only less rare than itself. But indeed we might think that even with Morelli, Crowe and Cavalcaselle and Mr. Berenson against us, to name no others, who have done so much for the history of painting in Italy, we may still believe, not altogether without reason, that Giorgione had some part in *The Concert* of the Pitti Palace, which after all passed as his altogether for two hundred and fifty years; was bought indeed as his in 1654, by Cardinal Leopoldo de Medici from Paolo del Sera, a collector of Venice. That figure of a youth, so ambiguous in its beauty, could any other hand than Giorgione's have painted it? Does it ever appear in Titian's innumerable masterpieces at all? Dying as he did at the age of thirty-three, Giorgione must have left many pictures unfinished, which Titian, his friend, his disciple almost, may well have finished, and even signed in an age when works almost wholly untouched by a master were certainly sold as his. However this may be, whether indeed all the Giorgionesque Titians that now pass under his name are really his, or whether some of them, *The Concert*, for instance, and the *Ariosto* of the National Gallery were his only in part, really finished by him but begun by Giorgione, there is yet remaining to us enough work incontestably Giorgione's own, or rather for the most part uncontested as his, for us to understand in some measure the enthusiasm that always surrounded his name, the immense fame that followed him to the grave. Here in Madrid there is a precious panel, *Madonna enthroned with the Child between St. Antony and St. Roch*.[2] Dressed in a long robe that trails over the marble step on

[1] Mr. Ricketts (*op. cit.*, p. 123) tells us that he was able to see a suit of armour beneath the "spurious" drapery of the shepherd. Myself, I cannot see it, though I have tried several times. I have not, however, examined the picture without its glass.

[2] This picture was first discovered to be by Giorgione by Signor Morelli.

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which the throne where she sits stands, Madonna holds the Child standing on her knees, a little languidly, wrapt in some divine contemplation, as indeed are all the figures, as though an angel were about to pass by, or God were about to declare Himself. Behind her, as in a picture by Bellini, a curtain hangs, only over the curtain a white-figured stole falls behind her head, bringing I know not what delight into the picture, a certain delicate superiority that is emphasised by a branch of white Madonna lilies that seems to have fallen there on the floor before her from the eager worshipping hands of Gabriel, or the timid brown fingers of some little child who has just passed by. It is a picture full of attention to some influence unseen, unheard by the spectator, of which he is aware only by chance. It is as though we had surprised these people and overheard their prayer. And while certainly a certain mystery disengages itself from that sweet improvisation, in which for once, as Pater foretold of it, Painting has attained to the condition of Music, so that you feel not only the beauty, obvious enough both in the painting and in the matter of a thing that is really a divine interval, but you are puzzled too by the symbolism that is suggested, so unobtrusively, in the scattered leaves on the marble, the fallen lilies, the closed book. And why has St. Roch a fragment of unhewn marble beneath his foot?

Some of those whom the gods love die young; but Titian, because the gods loved him, lived to be very old, fabulously old, almost till he had accomplished everything that was possible for him in his day, carrying the art of painting really as far as it could go, always within its strict limitations, apprehending them perfectly, as indeed did all the school, never for a moment going beyond them in search of effects really unlawful, as how many a painter since has tried to do? To-day in the Prado you may see his work, at first so youthful, so lovely with dreams, in the Giorgionesque *Madonna, with St. Bridget and St. Hulpus,* passing into the enthusiasm and joy of *The Garden of Venus* and *The Bacchanal,* the strength and wisdom of the portraits of Charles V., the profound passion of

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The Entombment; and while you miss a portrait in the Giorgione manner, such as the *Ariosto* of the National Gallery, broadly speaking you will find here examples of the work of his whole life, closed by the magnificent portrait of himself.

Titian was born about 1476–1482, the exact date is uncertain, in Bieve di Cadore, a little town of the Venetian Alps. He appears to have been the pupil of Gentile Bellini, that strangely intellectual Venetian painter, whose work is so decorative, and so cold, and yet lovely too, by reason of certain intellectual *ascesis* that you may discern in it, that is not to be found in the work of his brother Giovanni, whose emotion, a certain apprehension of just beauty, is so much stronger than anything of the sort to be found in Gentile's work. Nothing remains to us that shows Titian at work in Gentile's studio; but there is little doubt that he met there the great painter, only a little older than himself perhaps, who was to influence him so profoundly, whose friend he became, whose executor he was, too soon, to be. That beautiful *Madonna and Child between St. Bridget and St. Hulpus*—how loyally it suggests the work of Giorgione, work that was the object of an immense enthusiasm, it might seem, an enthusiasm it was so natural, so incumbent upon one, so easy, too, to feel for a thing as lovely as that *Giovanelli* picture, for instance, or the *Fête Champêtre* of the Louvre, just then come into the world, and full of I know not what new beauty long sought after and only dimly apprehended till then, but for once magically expressed, really, as it might seem, by a miracle, in a serener sort of genre-painting, full of new superiorities. And then what poetry, what humanism, as well as a certain unity of the arts of painting, music, and sculpture, one might, if one would, find therein! If Titian is really the sole painter of *The Concert* and the *Ariosto* and the *Lady* of the Crespi Collection in Milan, how loyal he has been to that new spirit, how perfectly he has understood all that Giorgione was able to express! Here in the Prado, so fortunately preserved among the many pictures of later date, that precious panel of *Madonna and*

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Child between St. Bridget and St. Hulpus is of the same company, almost perfect in preservation, while the others have suffered so grievously. And even after Titian has passed under a very different influence, is indeed beginning to emancipate himself from what had been the dream of another after all, you find a certain remembrance of Giorgione in the *Sacred and Profane Love* of the Borghese Gallery. That period in which he produced the *Adoration of the Shepherds* and the *Noli me tangere*, both in the National Gallery, to name no others, is not represented in the Prado, but the years that immediately follow give us *The Bacchanal* and *The Worship of Venus*, two works in a manner, as it were, only completely expressed by the *Bacchus and Ariadne* of the National Gallery. *The Bacchanal*, spoiled by some too brutal process of restoration, in which the sky, for instance, has been entirely repainted, is even to-day one of the great treasures of the Gallery, full of the immense joy and strength of youth, of youth that is about to pass into maturity, that is sure of itself at last, just for a moment before it is gone for ever. "*Chi boist et ne reboit, ne çais que boir soit*" he has written on the leaf of music that is spread out before the beautiful woman who holds a bowl aloft to be filled with wine. What is this company of men and women that has passed singing over the hills and is come to the sea shore? In the background a naked figure, shaggy and splendid, has fallen upon the primitive wine-press, and the juice of the grapes pressed by his weight flows down to the sea. It is from this purple stream they are drinking as they dance or throw themselves on the ground in the shadow of the trees. Who are they that are so joyful on a summer's day, so thirsty in the genial heat? And, above all, who is she, that beautiful nude woman whom they seem to have come upon by chance, as it were, while she is wrapped in "a passion of sleep?" Is it Ariadne? One might almost think so, for far away a ship with beautiful white sails seeks the horizon. Has Theseus stolen away while she slept, will she awake before long to find him gone? The picture is like a gesture of joy, irre-

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sistible in its beauty and delight, that is about to be interrupted by an irreparable disaster.

In the slightly earlier picture of *The Garden of Venus* we see an immense crowd of little Loves, winged really with the wings of the sky, playing together furiously beneath great trees in a garden before the statue of Venus. It is as though you heard an exquisite incomprehensible laughter in the woods at midday. Two women are just within the picture; one is about to fling herself before the statue in some joy of mad worship; the other, more serious, less frantic, looks away as though doubtful of her desire. Something of Rubens' work seems to be suggested in the exuberant vitality of this work, and yet it has a certain sunny reserve and sweetness, a simplicity too that is so often lacking in the work of that painter. It is really but a shadow of itself, its shape having been changed, though it is less repainted and cleaned than *The Bacchanal*.

When we next see Titian's work here more than ten years of his life have passed away, ten years in which he has produced the *Assunta* of the Academia of Venice, the *Altar-piece of Ancona*, the *Altar-piece of the Vatican*, the *Assunta* of Verona, the *Entombment* of the Louvre. For the first time he has come into touch with the Court of Spain. Charles V., on a visit to Mantua in the end of the year 1532, may well have received the so-called portrait of Alphonso d'Este here in the Prado as a present. We know at least that it was a portrait of the Marquis of Mantua, by Titian, that gave him the desire to possess a portrait of himself from Titian's hand. He had met Titian in 1530 at Bologna, without much enthusiasm we may believe, since the Mantuan envoy complained in the Senate at Venice of the Emperor's want of liberality; but the portrait of the Marquis of Mantua, which may well be the *Alphonso d'Este* of the Prado, and which the Emperor saw two years later when he visited Federigo Gonzaga at Mantua, seems to have converted him in a moment to a belief in the extraordinary merit of Titian's work. However this may be, Charles V. sat to Titian in Bologna in 1533, when two portraits were painted;

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one of these perished later in Spain, while the other is the beautiful full-length portrait in the Prado to-day. This magnificent portrait of the Emperor in gala costume, his right hand resting on a dagger, his left on the collar of a great hound, and with I know not what suggestion of weariness in his face, was almost certainly for a time in the Collection of Charles I. of England. Given to him by Philip IV. on his adventurous journey to Spain in the company of Buckingham, at the sale of the royal pictures which followed his death, it was bought by Sir Balthasar Gerbier for £150, who sold it later to Cadenas, the Spanish Ambassador. This was but the beginning of the Emperor's lifelong friendship for Titian. In a patent dated from Barcelona on May 18, 1553, he created Titian Count Palatine, "Count of the Lateran Palace of our Court, and of the Imperial Consistory." Other honours, too, came to him, he was dubbed Knight of the Golden Spur, with certain privileges, that of legitimising illegitimate children for instance, and the Emperor tells him that these honours are in recognition of "your gifts as an artist, and your genius for painting persons from life, the which appears to us so great that you deserve to be called the Apelles of this age. Therefore, following the example of our predecessors, Alexander the Great, Octavianus Augustus, of the which one would be painted by none but Apelles, the other only by the greatest masters, we have had Ourself painted by you, and have so well proved your skill and success that it seemed good to us to distinguish you with Imperial honours as a mark of our opinion of you, and as a record of the same for posterity." There appears about this time to have been some question of Titian's going to Spain, both the Emperor and Empress persuading him to undertake this journey. But Titian excused himself; and though he met Charles again in 1536 at Asti, and again at Milan in 1541, and at Busseto in 1543, nothing of what was then accomplished has come down to us; it was not until after their meeting at Augsburg in 1548 that we have any record in Titian's work of his friendship for the Emperor.

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During the period from 1533 to 1548 several pictures now in the Prado seem to have been painted; the historical picture, *The Marchese del Vasto addressing his Troops*, for instance; the *Portrait of Isabella of Portugal*, the *Ecce Homo*, and the *Venus* (No. 459), once in the Collection of Charles I. of England. Not a very interesting or very splendid group we may think when we remember that to this period belong the marvellous *Young Englishman* and the portrait of *Cardinal Ippolito de Medici* in Florence, and find that the *Marchese del Vasto* picture is a ruin; the portrait of *Isabella of Portugal* a mere restoration; the *Ecce Homo* so disappointing that we suspect the intervention of another hand; and the *Venus with the Young Man playing an Organ* so coarse that even its colour, its naturalistic power, its visible truthfulness and strength, are not enough to redeem it from a sort of brutality.

It was in January 1548, when Titian was about seventy years old, with nearly thirty years of work still before him, that at the command of the Emperor he went to Augsburg "per far qualche opera," to do some work, as a letter from Count Girolamo della Torre, introducing him to the Cardinal of Trent at Augsburg, tells us. It was the first time that he had journeyed out of Italy, though he had wandered as far as Rome not long before, meeting there among others Michelangelo himself, who praised his work, and yet seems to have been dissatisfied with it, not unnaturally, as we may believe, when we remember that Michelangelo was rather a sculptor than a painter, one of the greatest draughtsmen that ever lived, not because his drawing is always correct or perfect, but that it is always expressive, and by it he lived.

Perhaps the first picture Titian made on his arrival at Augsburg was the magnificent *Equestrian Portrait of Charles V. at the Battle of Muhlberg*, which to-day hangs in the Long Gallery of the Prado between two great canvases of Rubens. There is but little to describe after all in a picture that is the prototype of all equestrian portraits that have since been painted. In a rich and beautiful landscape, on the verge

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of certain sweet miles of park, the Emperor rides alone to battle. With what sadness he seems to go, like a solitary prisoner, the prisoner of himself in his own dream of a world! How melancholy is that pallid grey face, hardened by ambition and the inevitable sacrifice that one must make in order to realise even the tiniest of our dreams! He sits his horse easily, is indeed perfectly a part of it, firmly grasping his spear. An immense dignity, the tragic splendour of all his House, seems to isolate him almost from the world, to thrust upon him divine honours. And indeed he is like some sorrowful opposed god, about to make a gesture of command, of attack in some battle to the result of which he is really indifferent. He is so alone that we are made afraid. And yet how human in its impotence against disease and death which have already looked him in the face steadily enough, and without relenting, is that noble dignity which isolates him even from the sympathy of man! He seems to have understood everything, to have been unable to decide with himself, to find any satisfaction save in the scornful silence that alone is worthy of us, since our enemies who will demand of us the utmost that we may give, are so implacable, so much stronger than we. It is thus he has understood the vanity of glory, the noisiness of fame, since God has drawn near to him and driven him mad with promises that he has dared to believe.

Mr. Ricketts[1] finds certain restorations in the picture, but where so much remains that is still splendid in spite of the darkness that has crept almost like twilight over the canvas, it is but a thankless task to point out the spoliation of fools. Titian is at his greatest in this miraculous work, perhaps the finest picture in the Prado Gallery; to compare it with the work of Velasquez or Rubens is but to realise that he had forgotten more than they had been able to learn, that even with this picture before them they were not able to produce a composition equal to it in decorative beauty, or to endow their work with the same strong suggestion of life.

[1] *Op. cit.*, p. 141.

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It was for Mary Queen-Dowager of Hungary that the two immense figures, the *Prometheus* and the *Sisyphus*, now in the Prado, were painted. Taken to Spain 1556, when the Emperor definitely returned there, originally there were four of these pictures, but the *Ixion* and *Tantalus* perished in the great fire at the Prado Palace,[1] and for many years the *Prometheus* and *Sisyphus* have passed as Spanish copies of Titian's work by Sanchez Coello. To-day, however, since they are visible really for the first time, we may assure ourselves[2] that in the *Prometheus*,[3] at any rate, we have a really fine work from Titian's hand, and if the *Sisyphus* is less satisfying it can hardly have been the work of any other painter, since its colour is so suggestive, already hinting at the miracle of the *St. Margaret*.

The splendid and beautiful *Portrait of Prince Philip* belongs to the year 1550, in which Titian, who had returned to Venice in November 1548, again crossed the Alps to Augsburg. It remains one of the most beautiful portraits in the world, with a magic of colour—Mr. Ricketts calls attention to the "astonishing use made of the whites" so characteristic of Titian—a profound charm, interesting us by I know not what subtle beauty of vitality that seems to disengage itself from the dark old picture. It was that very canvas that was sent to England when the marriage of Philip with Mary Tudor of England was being arranged. To-day it might seem as though nothing we know or may read of Philip, the recluse of the Escorial, is so full of understanding as this picture. Already he seems condemned to the solitude that was his birthright, and that he hugged to him more tightly as he grew older, that at last he really "embraced as a bride" dying daily in a world that

[1] Crowe and Cavalcaselle state that the four pictures perished.

[2] Ricketts, *op. cit.*, p. 142, gives them to Titian, for instance.

[3] The *Sisyphus* and the lost *Ixion* and *Tantalus* were painted in the first part of 1549; in August of that year they were already in place in the Summer Palace at Binche. The *Prometheus* was not painted till 1553. The Queen took them with her to Madrid, where they hung in the Alcazar, naming the room there Pieza de las Furias.

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had already deserted him. He stands there so coldly listless, his hands on his sword and on his helmet, like a ghost almost, with all the dignity of the dead, their immense indifference, their distinction. And it is really as the son of Charles V., passionate about nothing save God as it were, that he appears to us with his Father and Isabella of Portugal, in that strangely beautiful picture, *La Gloria*, where, before the Holy Trinity, among a crowd of saints and martyrs, the King of Spain, the Emperor of Rome, wrapped in a winding-sheet with his crown at his feet, really just risen from the dead, worships the Omnipotent and Divine God, the mysterious Trinity that seems to have haunted both father and son so unfortunately almost all their lives. In all that crowd of figures, Moses, who holds aloft, not without assistance, one of the Tables of the Law; Noah, who thrusts the Ark, typical of the world's salvation, towards the mysterious cold majesty of God; there is but one who still keeps a certain humanity about her, Mary Madonna, who hesitates not far from the feet of Christ. Much that is strange in this immense picture, so full of energy, the equal Majesty of Father and Son,[1] for instance, their aloofness from humanity, may be explained perhaps as the will of Charles, here for once, at any rate, imposing itself on the old painter. And if it is here rather than in such a picture as the *Prometheus* that he touches the colossal dreams of Michelangelo, as a painter he still excels him as light excels twilight, though as a draughtsman he may be said to fall short of him who was the greatest. Yet in painting at least Michelangelo has scarcely produced anything so magnificent in its daring energy as the Moses of the *Gloria;* and while in the *Last Judgment*, that tremendous and restless fresco, in which Man seems to

[1] There is, so far as I am acquainted with it, nothing else in Italian art at all like this picture in its religious idea. Charles kept the *Gloria* with him to the end of his life, taking it to Madrid in 1556, and to Yuste too. When he died and was buried, it accompanied his body to the Escorial, where it remained till the beginning of the nineteenth century. See German, "Titian" (London, 1904), p. 179.

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accuse God, he has forgotten the world and the visible loveliness of the earth, losing himself in thought, Titian has remembered just that, unable to forget it even in heaven, since for him those outward things were so important, and since, as we might say, for Titian, rather than for any other painter in history, the visible world exists.

In 1552 Titian had painted the *St. Margaret*, where a beautiful distracted woman in olive-green garments flees from a dragon over the rocks, while far away stretches a landscape as lovely as any he has painted. It has the very gesture of life, this beautiful picture, impassioned and desolate.

In the *Danäe*, painted in 1554, which is so superb and yet so coarse in its splendid sensuality, you find the same passionate and tragic reluctance almost to forego the exterior things of the world, to make the sacrifices that age was demanding so insistently, even of so splendid a vitality as Titian's, as in the *Actæon and Diana*, so suggestive in its subject, at any rate, of the price that must be paid for having overmuch loved anything that rust and moth doth corrupt. Painted in 1559 for Philip II., the *Actæon and Diana* was given in 1704 to the Duc de Grammont by Philip V., from whose hands it passed to the Galerie d'Orléans, sold in London in 1798, when it was bought with three other Titians by the Duke of Bridgewater. It is strange to find a picture so profoundly religious, so full of a passionate eagerness of love as *The Entombment*, belonging to the same year as the *Actæon*. It is as though amid all the splendour of a world he at least had found so splendid, an immense grief had swept over his soul, overwhelming everything but life itself, just for a moment, some incredible disaster seems to have befallen, incredible in any other hands than Titian's. If you compare it for a moment with that earlier *Entombment* in the Louvre, you will understand at once the simple and yet profound way in which at last Titian has come to understand that tragedy, all tragic things that is, as though for a moment he had really understood that he must die. It is too grievous for eloquence, this hiding away of the body of the

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Saviour of the world, in the new tomb of Joseph, of the body of man, too, in the earth where horrible things await it, things that will insist upon confounding its beauty with themselves. And it is in a sort of explanation, chiefly to himself perhaps, of what, after all, is inexplicable, or in a sort of rebellion against so unspeakable a disaster, that we find Titian painting the *Fall of Man*, really a hymn to physical beauty, that has ever something fatal about it, perfectly happy during a single heart's-beat, while Eve, reminded by Adam, hesitates to take the fruit, not from a devil, but from Love—yes, it has come to that—in the midst of the garden among the flowers! Spoiled though it be, those two beautiful naked figures against the immense and spacious sky, surrounded by the nimble air, about to kiss one another, seem to explain everything in a moment, and to reconcile us with death, too, since it was the price of love, of an illuminating kiss of recognition without which how lonely would have been our happiness, how poor a thing the beautiful unsmiling world!

Something like this seems to me to be suggested, dimly enough it may be, in that sad, eager, impassioned old face that seems about to speak in Titian's portrait of himself, painted with an "impressionism" achieved in a moment, really foreseeing there, as it were, the work of Velasquez, the truthful, distinguished work of that pupil we have so loved.

He seems to have created life with something of the ease and facility of a natural force, to have desired always beauty as the only perfect flower of life; and while he was not content with the mere truth, and never with beauty divorced from life, he has created life in such abundance that his work may well be larger than the achievement of any two other men, even the greatest, in painting; yet in his work, in the work that is really his, you will find nothing that is not living, nothing that is not an impassioned gesture reaching above and beyond our vision into the realm of that force which seems to be eternal.

In the pictures of Veronese, the *Christ and the Centurion* and the *Finding of Moses*, the first is what we might expect-

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almost simple, splendid and worldly, so unconsciously, so naturally as it were, that it charms you, if at all, by just that. It is the work of a man who was able to feel only in the manner of the Renaissance. If the *Finding of Moses* is his, as Mr. Ricketts believes,[1] it is certainly one of his loveliest smaller pictures; and although Veronese is only to be understood when he is seen "at play among the fantastic chequers of the Venetian ceilings," as Ruskin reminds us, we may yet find a certain delight in his work here in Madrid, seeing that the work of the most delightful pagan of the Renaissance was appreciated by the cold fanatic Court so preoccupied with the extremes of Christian asceticism, with what Christianity had become, in the heart of a people, whose whole worldly advantage seemed to lie in exploiting it.

The great pupil of Veronese, Tiepolo, whose force and movement certainly lack something of the splendour, the "candour" of his master, suggest here in Spain, at any rate, the beautiful scornful work of Goya, its impatience, its haughty contempt of a world that was not sufficiently aware of itself as we may think. The burden of etiquette, of meaningless ceremonial, so unnatural in an Italian, that the Spanish Court had thrust upon Italy, spoiling a certain *naïveté* and frank simplicity, a candour in dealing with life as characteristic of Italy in the time of Giotto, for instance, as in the high Renaissance, and as visible to-day almost as ever, was not able to ruin the work of Veronese, but you may find it at work easily enough in the weaker, more sophisticated paintings of Tiopolo. And if Goya's work, so fascinating in its rebellious energy, its far-fetched beauty, is really a return to nature and to life, it is by I know not what devious ways he has been compelled to pass, almost through an under-world, the strange dim alleys, the far horizons of Baudelaire that even to-day much of our painting has been unable to forget.

EDWARD HUTTON.

[1] Mr. Ricketts, *op. cit.* Mr. Berenson ("The Venetian Painters of the Renaissance," 1902, p. 147) questions the right of Veronese to this picture.

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THE UNEMPLOYED AND THE UNEMPLOYED WORKMEN ACT

THE inevitable fluctuations in the demand for labour which have their origin in the ebb and flow of trade and inclemency of weather, must at times throw a greater or less number of willing labourers out of employment.

The economical disturbance caused by the South African War produced such a fluctuation, and since the peace there has been a considerable amount of distress arising from want of employment.

Similar disturbances of the labour market have of course frequently occurred in the past. In former times but little attention appears to have been paid by the Press and the general public to this recurring trouble; but in recent years public sympathy with the distress thus caused has been far more widely felt, and has shown itself chiefly by profuse, but, generally speaking, ill-organised almsgiving, with very unfortunate results.

Recently the Press has taken up the subject of the "Unemployed," and has devoted a large amount of space to it. Whether this is the cause or the consequence of the increased interest shown by the general public it is a fact that a far greater amount of attention is now given to the matter than on any previous occasion.

The coincidence of this awakening of public interest with the presumed approach of a general election offered an opportunity

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for bringing pressure to bear upon the Government to deal with the question, which was at once seized and skilfully used by those who consider that the trouble arises from existing conditions of society, and can only be cured by their alteration, as well as by those who believe that this, and other social evils, can be successfully remedied by legislation. The agitation was successful; and the President of the Local Government Board, yielding to the representations made to him, issued a scheme in the autumn of 1904, the object of which was to provide for the relief of honest unemployed workmen by assisting them to obtain work, and to save them from incurring the loss of civic rights and the degradation of receiving Poor Law relief. To assist in carrying out this intention the use of public funds was authorised.

The issue of such a scheme under the sanction of the Government must be considered as an admission by them that when honest workmen are unable to obtain employment i becomes the duty of the State to take care that they shall have it provided for them, and as expressing the assent of the Government to the creation of a second public relieving authority side by side with the Poor Law, and, like it, drawing funds from the public purse.

Having authorised this scheme as a temporary arrangement, it became incumbent upon the Government to initiate legislation dealing with the subject; this was promised in the King's Speech on the opening of Parliament, and the Unemployed Workmen Bill was introduced by Mr. G. Balfour (as President of the Local Government Board, in succession to Mr. Long) on April 14, 1905.

The Unemployed Workmen Act, 1905.—This measure, after many vicissitudes and in a mutilated form, has become the law of the land. A perception of the far-reaching effect it is certain to have upon the future social condition of the country has gradually dawned upon many who did not at first see the danger, and who looked upon it merely as a

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well-meaning attempt to deal with a growing trouble; but although this apprehension is spreading, it is doubtful whether the full extent of the danger is as yet widely recognised.

This Act involves the statutory recognition of a new principle, namely, that the State is responsible for the assistance, apart from the relief provided by the Poor Law, of workmen of good character unable to obtain employment. To some at least of those responsible for this measure, the extreme gravity of the statutory adoption of this principle must have been apparent, but, as has been pointed out, the approval of Mr. Long's scheme involved legislation upon similar lines, and it was stated by Mr. G. Balfour that the basis of the Bill was the circular issued last winter by Mr. Long, containing instructions to the Committee established under his scheme. This scheme was avowedly an experiment. It was initiated in October 1904, and had therefore only been in operation for a few months when the measure founded upon it was introduced in the House of Commons.

When action is to be based upon experiment it is usual to ascertain the result of the experiment before deciding upon the nature of the action to be taken. This course was not, however, adopted by the Government in this case, and was indeed impossible, since no conclusions could be drawn as to its real value from so short an experience.

As soon as it was made public, the scheme suggested by Mr. Long was strongly condemned by many persons of great experience in social work, who foresaw the danger of instituting under State patronage a system of relief independent of the Poor Law. They pointed out that it must tend to create a privileged class of workmen who would be taught to rely upon outside assistance for obtaining employment rather than upon their own exertions, and that it would necessarily offer a strong temptation to the more poorly paid class of workmen to relinquish their work in order to benefit by it, so that it would tend not only to demoralise the men assisted, but also to increase the number of applicants during periods of slackness of

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employment. When the Government introduced the Bill, however, there was no information to show whether or not these apprehensions were well founded. The only official knowledge then available of the working of the scheme was contained in the Blue Book published under the title, "London Unemployed Fund, Preliminary Statement as on April 14, 1905," which gave an account of the actual work done, but afforded no indication from which a trustworthy inference could be drawn of the effect of the help given upon the self-reliance of the men, or upon their initiative in searching for work. The point is of vital importance, and to form a just opinion upon it, it would be necessary to keep a careful record of the men assisted, showing whether upon the cessation of the temporary work provided for them they made efforts to find work for themselves, or returned to ask for further help.[1] Such a record was kept in one of the Metropolitan boroughs, and it showed that a large proportion of the men assisted returned and demanded further help, instead of looking for work for themselves. This is, of course, insufficient evidence upon which to found an opinion, but it goes to show that there is good ground for the apprehensions referred to. The very title of this Blue Book shows that it does not claim to be a full record of the results of the scheme.

The Government, however, entirely ignoring the warnings given, and in ignorance of the more important results of the experiment on which they declare it to be based, introduced and carried this Act, which gives statutory force for three years at least to the experiment devised by Mr. Long, as if it had been proved to be a success!

We are only too well accustomed to empirical and haphazard treatment of social questions; but that the Govern-

[1] From the figures given in the Blue Book it appears that 2349 men were employed at Long Grove, Hadleigh, the City Markets, the Green Park, and the London Council Parks, and of this number 464, or about 20 per cent., are stated to have "found work" or left "with the prospect of work." (The figures given are said to be approximate.)

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ment should deal in so crude and hasty a way with a matter of such vital importance to the State is a new experience, and creates a precedent of sad import for the future well-being of the working classes and the prosperity of the nation.

When moving the second reading Mr. G. Balfour candidly admitted that the Bill would for the first time give statutory recognition to a system of relief unencumbered by "the difficulties attaching to Poor Law administration." He recognised the danger of the step, but said that in his opinion it would be possible by the introduction of safeguards to limit the assistance provided to the class of persons defined in the Bill.

It is obvious that the Act thus restricted will by no means satisfy the demand. The history of the passage of this Bill through the House of Commons shows that the supporters of the Government were only induced to acquiesce in its passing by the excision of one of its most important provisions, coupled with the promise of the appointment of a Royal Commission on the Poor Law, whilst the Socialist and Labour Members openly stated that they only accepted the measure as a "beginning," and on the ground that its "principle" was capable of large development. In thus acting they were no doubt well advised, since it is difficult to see how the extension of the principle can be logically resisted. In view of the energetic agitation certain to be initiated, it seems doubtful whether the sublime disregard for logic which has preserved this country from so many dangers will, in this case, be a sufficient protection against the "disastrous failure" foreseen by Mr. G. Balfour as certain to attend any attempt to extend the principle of the Bill to the "vast and complicated problem known as the unemployed question." It is well, therefore, that the public should understand what is implied by such an extension of the principle contained in this Act.

The logical conclusion is that the State must eventually become the only employer of labour. This is the goal, and the stages are only too easy.

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But it may be said that these anticipations ignore the "safeguards" contained in the Act upon which Mr. G. Balfour relies as being an adequate protection against this danger, and it will be well to see how far his confidence is justifiable. The safeguards consist of:

(1) The general control of the Local Government Board.

(2) The requirement of twelve months' residence.

(3) The restriction of the provision of assistance to the central body.

(4) The restriction of the use of public money raised under the Act.

(5) The limit of the operation of the Act to three years.

(6) Discrimination between applicants.

(1) *The Control of the Local Government Board.*

The protection afforded by this depends upon the spirit in which this power is exercised. The consistent practice of this Department in the past has been to inculcate and encourage a firm administration of the Poor Law Amendment Act of 1834 by Boards of Guardians; but the absence of any real effort on its part to check the recently rapidly growing abuse of out-relief in certain districts of the Metropolis, especially in Poplar, and the introduction by the President of the Board (presumably with the approbation and advice of the permanent staff) of this measure, so contrary in spirit to the lessons taught by the evidence upon which the Act of 1834 was founded, appears to indicate a radical change of spirit in the Department, and leads to some misgivings as to whether the control referred to will be exercised in such a way as to minimise the injurious tendency of the Act. But assuming that the Local Government Board is prepared to make the best use of the authority conferred upon it, it is difficult to see how this power could be successfully used so as to check the fatal influence of the "principle" now conceded.

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(2) *The Requirement as to Length of Residence.*

This restriction will no doubt materially assist the operation of the Act by checking an influx of "unemployed" from outside into a district where assistance is being provided; but, as one of the conditions of the selection of applicants, it will afford frequent occasion for an outcry of hardness and injustice, since if it is strictly enforced it must often occur that workmen otherwise acceptable would be debarred from the benefit of the Act, owing to their term of residence being not quite up to the required period. In such cases the requirements of the Act would be certain to be frequently relaxed, and in this way it is probable that the restriction would soon cease to exercise much deterrent effect.

(3) *Assistance by Central Body Only.*

The value of this restriction so far as regards London is to a considerable extent discounted by the fact that the Metropolitan Boroughs have been for years in the habit of providing work for the "unemployed" in their districts largely at the expense of the rates, and upon conditions which vary widely in different Boroughs in accordance with the constitution of the Council, but which, generally speaking, have been "easy." Judging by what has happened recently, the terms of the Act will appear, to some at least of the Metropolitan and Provincial Boroughs, to be both harsh and inadequate, and it is probable that in these cases the Distress Committees, which are sure to represent the feeling of their Boroughs upon the question, will send up the more worthy applicants to the Central Committee and refer the less worthy to the Borough Council, who will continue to provide employment as heretofore, and probably upon easy conditions. If this should occur to any considerable extent the object of the Act, namely, that assistance should be provided for the worthy only, and the rest left to the Poor Law and to private charity, would be defeated. Recent experience has shown that the tendency of local relief

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committees is to avoid referring applicants to the Poor Law, except in those districts in which "out-relief" is freely given by the Guardians, and there is no reason to suppose that the Act will affect this tendency.

(4) *The Restriction of the Use of Public Money.*

If there were any good ground for believing that this Act would continue in force unaltered, this restriction would be of great value as a barrier against the terrible social disasters that have always followed when public money has been used for the provision of employment, but at the end of three years the whole question will come up for reconsideration. It is impossible at the present time to form an opinion as to what the outcome of this reconsideration may be, nor how far it will be affected by the result of the Poor Law Commission; but if, unhappily, the nation should then determine that the "principle" embodied in this Act shall continue to be a guiding motive of social legislation, it is quite safe to say that this clause is not in the least likely to survive and reappear in any continuing Act. Long before the time limit of this Act has expired, the well-known fact that State and voluntary contributions cannot continue to co-exist will have made itself clear; the charitable aid relied upon will not be forthcoming to anything like an adequate amount, and the financial inadequacy of the Act, fettered with this restriction, will be evident.

(5) *Limitation to Three Years.*

Experience, founded upon countless experiments, proves that when public arrangements for the provision of "relief" or assistance in any form are made, the fact of their existence itself invariably creates a demand for the assistance thus advertised. This is well known to all who have had experience of the administration of relief, and constitutes one of the greatest difficulties attending its distribution. A large proportion of the applicants thus attracted will always be persons for whom the assistance provided by this Act is not intended, and their

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presence will add greatly to the difficulty of selection. The public cannot have any true knowledge of their number, and is consequently led to believe the amount of real distress to be far greater than it really is. However carefully the weeding process is carried out, the chance of assistance is certain to lead to a great increase in the number of applicants, and to a corresponding increase in the strength of appeals to the feelings of the benevolent; it is therefore very unlikely that at the end of three years the public will be induced to consent to the abolition of the machinery created for meeting the distress: it is far more likely that a cry for a large extension of the Act will be demanded.

(6) *Discrimination.*

This safeguard, which provides for "discrimination" between applicants, is perhaps the most important of these restrictions, and, if it could be efficiently enforced, would confine the assistance provided to the limited class for whose benefit the Act is intended, and thus materially help to minimise the danger of the extension of the principle referred to by Mr. G. Balfour. The question whether this is possible is considered further on, and for the reasons there given it is concluded that in practice the effective enforcement of this restriction would be unattainable.

We see, therefore, that when examined the safeguards provided by the Act do not appear to justify the confidence in them expressed by Mr. G. Balfour.

The probable result of the appointment of the Poor Law Commission as affecting the question has still to be considered. The report of this Commission will (it may be hoped) be issued before the three years for which the Act is to remain in operation have expired. No doubt the Government expected that the Commissioners might be able to suggest some less objectionable method of dealing with the problem of unemployment than that embodied in this Act. It is, however, to be feared that no better foundation exists for

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this hope than for the confidence expressed by Mr. G. Balfour in the "safeguards" above referred to.

The basis upon which any State scheme for assisting the worthy unemployed must necessarily rest is the possibility of a just classification of applicants, and no scheme can succeed which does not secure the fulfilment of this condition. In order to discover those who should be assisted, each applicant (excluding those disqualified by age or physical infirmity) must be placed in one of two classes: Class I., consisting of the worthy; and Class II., of the unworthy.

The applicants placed in Class I. would then be considered to have established their claim to obtain assistance upon terms involving no civic disabilities, and made as little onerous as possible; whilst the conditions under which relief would be given to those in Class II. would probably be at least as severe as under the existing Poor Law, and in addition to this disadvantage there would be a public stigma attached to inclusion in Class II., which might well be a serious hindrance to industrious men unjustly or accidentally relegated to it. The method of selection is therefore one of vital importance to the applicants; and unless arrangements can be devised which will secure that it shall be just, any system of which it is the basis must and ought to fail. Are such arrangements possible? Attempts to distinguish between the worthy and the unworthy have been frequently made, and much evidence on this subject was before the Poor Law Commissioners, who in their report (1834) say, "Most attempts to administer public relief according to character, even when those attempts have been made under circumstances apparently the most favourable, have created great dissatisfaction;" and again, "In more rude hands such attempts often excite fierce discontent by the inequalities of the distribution amongst claimants who conceive themselves at least equal in merit." In another place it is said, "The whole evidence shows the danger of such an attempt; it appears that such endeavours to constitute the distributors of relief into a tribunal for the reward of merit, out of the property of others,

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have not only failed in effecting the benevolent intentions of their promoters, but have become sources of fraud on the part of the distributors, and of discontent and violence on the part of the claimants." To make a just selection a very complete knowledge of the circumstances and history of an applicant is absolutely necessary; to obtain this knowledge, even with the aid of a sufficient force of trained inquirers and ample time, is very difficult; without them it is impossible, and at seasons of distress the applicants would be so numerous that there would be no time for inquiry, even if the means of making it were available.

Assuming, however, that it would be possible to obtain the adequate knowledge, the gradations between the less worthy of the one class and the more worthy of the other are so slight that the task of deciding to which class an applicant should be assigned must frequently be one of extreme difficulty. To quote again from the report of 1834: "However diligent an assistant overseer or an officer for inquiry may be, there are numerous cases which will baffle his utmost diligence and sagacity." It would soon become evident that in practice only a rough classification would be possible. Under such a classification, however, cases of injustice would frequently occur, the public would hold the officials in charge responsible for those cases, and they would therefore naturally be inclined to place all doubtful cases in Class I. Many applicants consigned to Class II. would consider that they had been unjustly treated, and they would be certain to receive a ready support from the benevolent public and from some portions of the Press in advertising and pressing their claims to be included in Class I. The consequence would be that a continually increasing number of those who should be in Class II. would get placed in Class I., and thus, before long, the dividing line between the two classes would disappear, and with it the possibility of maintaining any distinction between relief given under the Poor Law and relief given under a scheme of State-aided provision of employment. The necessary result of failure to

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maintain this distinction would be a constantly increasing competition in the market between the State and private employers of labour, a struggle which could have but one termination—the extinction of the private employer.

The infinite variety and complexity of human nature must always nullify attempts to determine the relative merit of applicants, and there is no reason to hope that attempts which were found to be useless and mischievous in the early part of the last century would be likely to be attended with any better success at the present time, or to suppose that the Poor Law Commissioners now appointed will take a view of the question differing from that held by their predecessors seventy years since. A just discrimination between applicants may safely be considered unattainable.

Apart, however, from the question of selection, there are other serious difficulties to be encountered in devising a system of State-aided employment.

It is essential that the work provided should be of such a nature as not to impair the capability of the men assisted to resume their own trade. Rough manual labour would be harmful to men whose usual work requires delicate manipulation; a watchmaker, for example, after a period of road-making or agricultural labour would probably be unfitted to avail himself of any opportunity that might offer for returning to his own business; and the physical exhaustion and exposure of open-air labour would be likely to be dangerous to the health of men accustomed only to sedentary occupations.

Another difficulty in practical working would be caused by the varying physical capabilities of the men employed. In work under ordinary conditions, the effect of this variation is adjusted automatically: the man who does not satisfy the ganger has to go, but where relief by way of employment is provided this rough process of selection cannot be utilised; it would constantly happen that men of varying strength would be employed in the same gang, and in such a case the adjustment of work to capability must depend upon the power of observa-

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tion and the sympathy of the overseer. It is clearly impossible to provide overseers, or gangers, in sufficient numbers and of sufficient intelligence to know accurately the amount of work that should be done by each member of a gang; but even supposing them to have such knowledge and to be prepared to act upon it, since the pay is the same to all it is only natural that the strong and capable workman, trained to hard manual labour, and to whom such work is familiar and easy, should refuse to do more work than the weaker member of his gang, to whom the work, even for a short time, is a severe strain; and the greater the kindly care taken to adjust the amount of labour in these cases the greater would be the discrepancy between the work done under this system and that done under ordinary conditions. Work so done would necessarily be extremely costly, but far worse than its extravagance would be the temptation offered by such easy conditions to the ordinary capable workmen to relinquish their employment and join the "unemployed" in the hope of securing it.

It may be objected that the rate of payment might be fixed so low as to eliminate this temptation; but, the principle of public responsibility once accepted, it follows that the assistance given must be adequate, and that a workman who has established his claim must receive sufficient wages to maintain himself and his family in reasonable comfort. Besides the important point of the size of their families, the men assisted will have been in the receipt of widely varying wages, and will have correspondingly different standards of life. A rate of pay therefore which would mean comfort in one case, in another would be quite insufficient. At the same time any attempt to vary the rate of pay according to the previous history and needs of the individual would be obviously impracticable, and the only way of ensuring the adequacy of the assistance would be by paying sufficiently high wages to all, without regard to the quantity or quality of the labour given in return; but in this case it is not easy to see how it would be possible to debar workmen from giving up employment in order to secure well-

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paid work under such easy conditions. It remains to be considered whether, apart from the question of discrimination, any modification of the existing law might help in the solution of the problem.

The history of the slow process by which the Poor Law has been gradually moulded into its present shape is deeply interesting and instructive; but to form an adequate idea of the solidity of the foundation upon which it rests, and of the possibility of advantageous modification, the report of the Poor Law Commissioners of 1834, and the evidence upon which it was founded, should be read.

It is, of course, an open question theoretically, whether in the long run the Poor Law has been of real social benefit or not; practically, however, some such institution appears to have been unavoidable. Granting this necessity, it is difficult to see how relief in cases of destitution could have been more safely and wisely provided than by the Poor Law Amendment Act of 1834. A survey of the history of pauperism from that date seems to show that if the recommendations of the Poor Law Commissioners at that time had been fully acted upon, or even if the Act, as finally passed, had been firmly and consistently administered throughout the country, pauperism would long since have been reduced to a negligible quantity.

Until lately it looked as if this anticipation was being slowly realised; but in recent years the ebb has ceased, and the tide of pauperism has again begun to flow and threatens to become a devastating flood. To those who watch its progress nothing is more striking than the condition of districts in which the Poor Law has been in the past and continues to be firmly administered. Such places stand like islands of safety, and their immunity serves as a convincing proof, if further proof were needed, of the soundness of the reasoning upon which the Act of 1834 was based. The inference is obvious that it is not the law but its administration that needs reform. When the method of election of those who administer the

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Poor Law is considered, it is at once seen what powerful influences are at work to encourage lax rather than firm administration; and so long as the present system remains unaltered no improvement, except in few and isolated instances, is probable or even possible.

One way in which an alteration of the Poor Law might assist in dealing with the "worthy unemployed" would seem to be by ensuring that those persons who after inquiry are adjudged to be unworthy (assuming for the moment that real discrimination is possible) and are referred to the Guardians, should receive the necessary relief under far more unpleasantly stringent conditions than at present. If, however, it is left to Boards of Guardians, as at present constituted, to enforce the necessary regulations, it is not probable that in the vast majority of parishes they will be found willing to do so.

If this view is correct, and upon the assumption that in order to assist those who will work without danger to the country it is absolutely necessary to make relief uncomfortable for those who won't work, it would seem that the existing system must be abolished, and the execution of the law entrusted to an indirectly, in place of a directly, elected authority; that is, that it should be administered by trained officials under central control. Whether such a change would so far meet with the approval of the general public as to induce the Government of the day to propose legislation to carry it into effect remains to be seen; it is to be feared, however, that the evils of the lax administration of relief are by no means generally appreciated. On the other hand, so far as the Metropolis is concerned, there is a strong demand for an equal distribution of the cost of out-relief; and since this is obviously impracticable under the existing system, those who are in favour of it may be prepared to support a change of administration which would make it possible.

The more closely the Unemployed Workmen Act is examined the more evident it becomes that, as it stands, it can have but little direct influence upon the question at issue either

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for good or evil, and the real importance of the passing of this measure lies in the fact that it denotes the acceptance of the principle of State-assisted labour by the Government, and (seeing the difficulty of maintaining restrictions which impede its development) in the probability of the further extension of this principle. Bitter experience has shown conclusively that attempts to relieve distress by this method have always failed signally, and with disastrous results, and there is no reason to hope that their repetition at the present time will meet with any better success. It is indeed only too probable that this Act, so far from assisting in the solution of the problem of the unemployed, will add very materially to its dangers and difficulties.

Arguments drawn from this experience, which derive their force from the permanence of the tendencies of human nature, are always unpopular, and are frequently condemned as being harsh and unsympathetic, but they remain unanswered. Face to face with a question of such vital importance it might fairly have been hoped that the Government, whose duty it is to lead the community, would refuse to be led by the interests of party politics or by popular clamour, and that truth, reason, and the lessons taught by experience would be their only guides.

Unhappily, in place of following this safe but thorny and unpopular path, the Government took the easy line of least resistance, but their failure to solve the problem by no means shows that it is insoluble. There are many considerations which help us to avoid the necessity of coming to so sad a conclusion. Certainly no success can be hoped for from the operation of an Act which at the best merely provides a new method for the distribution of relief for the unemployed out of the pockets of the rest of the community, a course of action which can only result in the impoverishment of the nation and the increase of the number of the unemployed, who after all are only the outward and visible sign of a deep-seated disease, and it is with the source of this disease that we must deal before we can hope to get rid of its symptoms.

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No one can have paid much attention to this question without noticing how exaggerated an idea of the number and distress of the honest unemployed is entertained by the public. This is not to be wondered at. The philanthropist is apt to over-estimate the extent of distress upon which his mind is constantly dwelling, and to ignore the smallness of the proportion which the number of sufferers (of whose distress he is so acutely conscious) bears to the rest of the population; the Press is naturally disposed to admit sensational statements likely to interest or excite its readers; the number of the unemployed is largely swelled by those who certainly cannot be correctly described as "honest and capable workmen," but who appear at once in any place where there is a chance of obtaining relief, and who cannot be separated and deducted when numbers are given. These causes all co-operate in misleading the public as to the number of the unemployed and the real extent of distress.

The pressure of existing conditions is therefore never quite so severe as it appears, and is generally supposed to be, and there is no necessity for the haste and consequent want of organisation which has so frequently caused grave mischief. Still, after making due allowance for exaggeration, there will, under existing industrial conditions, at all times be a certain number of able and willing men occasionally unable to obtain work.

A wise writer, Mr. Walter Bagehot, has said: "The key of the difficulties of most discussed and unsettled questions is commonly in their undiscussed parts." If we consider the problem in the light of this saying we see at once that the attention both of the Legislature and of the public has been concentrated not upon the cause, but upon the symptoms of the disease; and, in consequence, the treatment it is proposed to apply, such as the Unemployed Workmen Act, is directed chiefly to the relief of the symptoms, rather than to the cure of the disease which produces them. It is natural that this should be so, and that it should be the symptomatic distress, and not the underlying cause which would attract the attention and sym-

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pathy of the public, and lead it, in a generous passion of benevolence, to welcome any action for the relief of the suffering it sees without regard to the probable result of the means adopted. It is certain, however, that so long as the cause of the evil remains the symptoms will recur.

One of the many causes alleged for the existence of this distress is that there is not enough work to go round, and that the power of absorption of the labour market has become exhausted. No doubt there must be times when this is true locally and under exceptional circumstances; but owing to the present very imperfect arrangements for securing "fluidity" of labour, the assertion has never been fairly tested as regards the general labour market. Both theory and practical experience, however, go to show that the assertion is incorrect, and that the general demand for labour will keep pace with the natural increase of the population; indeed, no device could for long avert destruction from a nation in which this equipoise should cease to act.

The distress we are now referring to arises from a more or less general disturbance of the labour market, and it is obvious that the sooner the market reverts to its normal condition the shorter will be the duration of the trouble.

In order to minimise this time care should be taken to remove as far as possible all impediments to the free operation of the natural laws of supply and demand, and to assist the return to normal conditions it is necessary to provide for the fluidity of labour. Much can be done to ensure this by efficient arrangements for the wide and prompt diffusion of information regarding the state of the labour markets amongst workmen throughout the country, and for their migration from congested areas to areas where labour is in demand; and one good point in the Act is the attempt it makes to do this. It is discouraging to find from the opening speech of the president of the late Trades Union Congress that, after referring to the Act as an "abortion born of political expediency and desperation," he went on to say that the provisions of the

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Act for the establishment of labour registries would give "the employer the opportunities to point out the over-abundance of labour on the market as an excuse for cutting down wages—and to use that machinery as blackleg recruiting depôts in times of disputes."

Too much weight need not be attached to these irresponsible utterances, but they show that arrangements which provide efficiently for the fluidity of labour will run counter to narrow and short-sighted views of the supposed interest of Trade Unions. The opinions on social questions held by these great bodies are, however, happily becoming rapidly wider and more far-sighted, and it may reasonably be hoped that they will not offer serious opposition to the development of so valuable an agency in the relief of distress from unemployment.

Another essential condition is that no temptation should be offered, by unwise distribution of relief, to workmen to remain in an area of congested labour.

In these ways the re-establishment of a normal condition of the labour market after a period of disturbance might be materially hastened.

In the attempt to cure the disease of unemployment much may be hoped from the development of labour co-partnership, a system which appears to offer a natural and satisfactory solution of the difficulties constantly arising between capital and labour, which both produce and accentuate the disease. Membership of these undertakings must tend to strengthen character, and men joining them would, by their own exertions, have placed themselves in a good position for meeting periods of slack demand for labour, and would thus have learnt the invaluable lesson of self-reliance.

The conditions under which children leave the elementary schools have a most important bearing upon this question. There is in London an apparently inexhaustible supply of situations for boys which require no special aptitude, and in which they learn nothing which will help them to secure their independence and self-support in the future. When a lad in

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such a situation reaches the age of eighteen, or thereabouts, his place is taken by a younger boy, and he is thrown helpless upon the world, ignorant of any useful trade, and compelled to pick up a casual living in the best way he can. It cannot be wondered at if large numbers of these victims of a faulty industrial system drift into the ranks of the unemployed. The pay offered is comparatively high, and the temptation to the boy of pocket-money and independence, and to the parents of a weekly increase of family earnings, is almost irresistible.

This is a direction in which much might be done. No doubt the subject bristles with obstacles, and to arrange a really efficient system which would secure the entry of elementary school children into life with a fair prospect of future economic competence would be very difficult and costly; there is, however, no reason to fear that the obstacles are insuperable, and expense incurred for such an object would probably prove to be the soundest economy.

The educational authorities and employers might usefully co-operate in solving this difficulty, and if employers could be induced to recognise their responsibility in engaging boys leaving school to undertake work which leads to nothing, and in then discarding them when just entering on manhood, it would be of material assistance in remedying the evil.

Closely connected with this part of the subject is the apprenticeship system, which by teaching lads a trade can do so much to arm them in waging the battle of life. Existing industrial conditions, however, differ very widely from those obtaining when this system flourished, and no doubt the neglect and disrepute into which it has lately fallen is largely attributable to this cause; but its great value becomes very apparent when it is recognised how very few of the men who have learnt a well-paid trade are to be found amongst the unemployed, and it is much to be hoped that the efforts now being made to resuscitate it may have some measure of success.

The remedies hitherto referred to are for the most part beyond the control of the individual citizen, except in so far

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as he may be able to influence them as an elector, and it will be as well to consider to what extent the workman can protect himself by his own efforts. Here again is a side of the question which has been but little discussed, and yet from the point of view of national progress and prosperity it is the root of the whole matter.

It always appears to be assumed apparently that the sufferers from these periodical disturbances of the labour market are powerless to avert distress from themselves and their families by their own efforts, and the advantage of thrift as a means of tiding over a bad time are generally either ignored or assumed to be impossible. The consequence is that these men are taught to consider themselves as helpless victims and encouraged to trust to the efforts of others to relieve them. No attempts are made to rouse their feelings of self-respect and independence, or to direct their attention to the best measures of protecting themselves against temporary distress.

All who have had much to do with relief work know well how rare it is to find a case of distress which is not attributable to some fault of character on the part of the sufferer. Instances of unmerited distress caused by ill health, accident, loss of savings impossible to foresee, there must always be; but their rarity is striking, and the conclusion is irresistible that in the vast majority of cases the real, although possibly not the proximate, cause of distress is some defect of character. No human being can judge another with perfect justice, and to attribute distress to this cause should not always imply condemnation of the sufferer; if blame is due it should be imputed rather to the system of which he is a part than to the individual, but it is of vital importance in discussing this question that the bearing of individual character upon it should be fully recognised.

It may be fairly said that although strength of character cannot ensure its possessor complete immunity from distress caused by a period of slack demand for labour, yet in the vast majority of instances it will enable him to minimise the strain and help him to tide over the bad time without outside help.

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Clearly, therefore, the State should do all in its power to develop, preserve, and strengthen the character of its citizens. Since 1870 (when it assumed the duty of educating its children) it has had powerful means at its disposal for such a purpose. Unfortunately it cannot be said that much, if any, use has been made of this power; the energies of the State as applied to education have been directed to the acquisition of book knowledge (much of it inappropriate and useless) by the children, rather than to the formation and development of their character. There are now, however, signs that more attention is being paid to this, and it may be hoped that as the supreme importance of this part of the education of a child is more and more fully realised, our educational system will turn out citizens morally, as well as mentally, well equipped, and thus cut off at its source the supply of that large section of the unemployed who become so owing to weakness of character.

The army of the unemployed of late years has been largely swelled by the accession to its ranks of paupers who, in too many instances, have fallen victims to the temptation offered by a lax and ignorant administration of the Poor Law. Here again the State might use its authority to check the supply with far more energy than it has lately shown. Another body which adds much to the difficulty of the problem is the great horde of beggars and vagrants practically created and supported by the thoughtless and selfish benevolence of the public. Dock labourers also supply a large contingent always ready to join in "demonstrations" of the "unemployed," and swell their number. No doubt it is a great convenience to dock proprietors that since the demand for dock labour is necessarily very irregular, they should always have the required number of labourers available at any moment without having to bear the cost of their maintenance when they don't want them; and the casual and intermittent employment involved by such a system is unfortunately attractive to a certain class of workmen, but it is obviously calculated to add to the number of

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the unemployed, and is unjust to the rest of the community, who in the last resort have to relieve the distress thus caused.

In the ways indicated much might be done to solve the problem of the "unemployed," and without risk—but much time and persistent effort will be necessary to effect a real cure of the disease, and for many years to come distress caused by "unemployment" will occur, and must be dealt with.

The following suggestion is offered as a practical way of meeting this difficulty without incurring the risks attending State-assisted employment. All are agreed that the men it is desirable to assist must be selected from out of the crowd of applicants, and that in some way they must satisfy the authorities of their merit. As stated above, experience has proved that a just "discrimination" cannot be secured officially—yet "discrimination" there must be.

Now this division of the worthy from the less worthy candidates for employment is a process that is always going on under the operations of the laws of supply and demand. The workmen who have shown themselves to be capable and industrious are first employed, then those that come next in quality, and so on, in a descending scale, to a point the position of which varies according to the demand in the labour market.

This process is natural and automatic. It is free from the difficulties inseparable from an artificially regulated system of "discrimination," and, excluding the physically or mentally incapable, it works with absolute justice to the varying shades of capability of those who are seeking employment; but however great the demand for labour at any time, there will always be a standard below which the men, from some cause or other, are unable to obtain employment. Under existing social conditions, therefore, there must always be a certain number of unemployed; the average merit of the men composing this residuum will vary inversely with the demand for labour, and therefore during periods of extreme slackness of demand, men of good character and fair capacity will be included in it.

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If, then, the demand for labour could be increased during these periods without interfering with the automatic process of selection, one of the chief difficulties in dealing satisfactorily with occasional distress would disappear. This increased demand for labour might be secured if the State were (at such times of distress) to undertake public work, such, for instance, as the reclamation of land, canalisation, afforestation, the making of public roads, &c. There must be various ways in which the National property might be developed and its value increased, which would offer a safe and profitable if not an immediately remunerative investment for National funds; and surely it might be possible in this way to prepare for periods of slackness of demand for labour. If Government were to provide themselves with reports and advice from experts upon various kinds of National work that might usefully be undertaken, then, when occasion arose, works which would require an amount of labour varying in accordance with the extent of distress might be undertaken. These works, by withdrawing the requisite number of workmen from the general labour market, would at once create the necessary demand and relieve the congestion.

Such action, however, could only be undertaken safely if two conditions are strictly adhered to—one, that such work must be invariably put out for tender, and contracted for in the usual way, the State to have no direct relation whatever with the workmen; the other, that contracts for this work should be so arranged as to allow of its being proceeded with or relinquished as occasion might require, and that they should not be proceeded with unless during the existence of exceptional distress arising from want of employment.

The condition that the work must be of an intermittent character, although no doubt troublesome, and one which would demand ingenuity and foresight upon the part of the officials concerned, does not seem to present any insuperable difficulty. To the obvious objection that to carry out such a scheme upon an adequate scale would impose a heavy financial

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burden upon the resources of the present generation, it might be answered, that whilst any system for relieving the unemployed must necessarily be costly, this scheme has the advantage of not offering any temptation to men to join their ranks, of effecting a great saving of office expenses and salaries, and of being prospectively remunerative.

The disease here discussed is protean in form, and cannot be treated only from the economical point of view; it is essentially human, and its roots lie deep in the hearts of our people; the appearance it assumes is governed by every changing influence which affects our social life, and its growth withers or flourishes as the influence is good or bad.

It is impossible in so short a space to do more than to refer to some few of what appear to be the more important aspects of the question, and the special object of the writer is to call attention to the social peril and inadequacy of the Unemployed Workmen Act—to the fact that this and other efforts now being made deal with the symptoms and not with the cause; and that the dominant factor in the production of the disease is the character of the people who suffer from it.

The inference is that it is to improvement in character, not only, or even specially, of the working class, but of all sections of the community, that we must look for the cure of the disease; and this means that the cure must necessarily be slow. As Sir Thomas More says: "It is not possible for all things to be well unless all men were good, which I think will not be yet for many years."

This was written nearly four hundred years ago, and we are still far from the goal; but, when we trace the history of social conditions through these centuries, it is impossible not to recognise that, although progress may have been slow, and backsliding frequent, the improvement since "Utopia" was written has been great, and justifies the hope that (though the time may still be distant) human nature will some day reach a state in which poverty and all its sad problems will disappear.

ARTHUR CLAY.

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INDIVIDUALISM IN THE RANKS

A REVOLUTION is essential in our system of treating the individual in military life. The recent effervescence amongst the Volunteer rank and file (not created, but merely stirred by War Office clumsiness) is but a symptom of the greater unrest existing, though without outlet, in the regular ranks.

The soldier of to-day is an incalculable improvement on the soldier of a century ago: he may be educated, he certainly has ideas of his own. Education can be subversive of the best discipline: individual deliberation is antagonistic to it. In the Russian and Turkish armies the unreasoning ignorance of the masses makes for self-sacrificing devotion in war, and perfection of discipline always; in Japan patriotism suffices to absorb self; in Germany the military system has been made cohesive by a Draconic rigour and the cruelties of caste. But it is now evident that what answered in the days of Frederick the Great is failing in these days of enlightenment and broadcast principles; we are told that democracy is gnawing at the root of German military discipline and efficiency; we have evidence that the same thing is manifesting itself in the French Army. If, then, in conscript armies the growth of thought does not harmonise with military rule, the discord must be even more pronounced in the case of a voluntary army, the discipline in which owes nothing to the factors above-mentioned. For

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these reasons: the volunteer is not in sympathy with the more numerous shirkers—he does not suffer in *common* with the multitude; he expects, sub-consciously it may be, some consideration in return for his sacrifice; and his most treasured illusion is—that he remains an individual. Yet it is for these very reasons that, perhaps, he will be the last to show his resentment actively. The fact, therefore, that there is substantial evidence of practical protest among the rank and file of our army proves how real the trouble is. It need only be mentioned here that twenty-two per cent. of the total courts-martial (12,000) held during 1904 were for desertion alone, and that out of a total of 46,000 soldiers becoming non-effective during the same period 7000 were deserters. In the other voluntary army, that of the United States, it is almost as bad, the number of desertions among recruits recently reaching ten per cent.

Modern warfare demands initiative and self-reliance in every member of a fighting force; but whatever responsibility is now necessarily accorded the soldier in the field he has none in the routine of barrack life. He still is treated as the helpless grown child, needing constant supervision; scarcely any military act of his, from "reveille" to "lights out," is done except under superintendence. In the senseless orchestra drowning the individual voice the bugle is predominant. Imagine during the wakeful sixteen hours the blurting *da capo* of a minimum of thirty-six *routine* bugle-calls, augmenting non-commissioned officers' commands and the barrack clock or gong, and pity, above the executant and harassed clerks and pay-sergeants, the self-reliant individual who must respond. Should this individual wish to go to hospital, or be discharged therefrom, should he desire to proceed to town or on furlough, should he (conceivably *without* desire) perform scullery or other domestic labour, draw his rations, his coal, or his kit, or wish to approach his officer (even, in some regiments, his sergeant-major), he must consult, be inspected, accompanied, and supervised by a non-commissioned officer, as applicable to the case

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—usually all four conditions; at his meals he is inspected; the seasons, even the air at nights, are studied for him to prevent his going insufficiently clothed; he is told how often he must bathe. In each of these performances he will be still further guided by certain subsidiary garrison, regimental, and company orders.

And if in the levelling barrack-room life the individual is unrecognised, in the treatment accorded him for offences, military or civil, he is extinguished. One prisoners' room confines alike (pending trial) the impetuous youth whose reverence for authority is immature, or whose regard for punctuality is upset by ignorance or unforeseen circumstances, and the drunken scoundrel or barrack-room thief. On every necessary occasion he is marched under charge in company with those characters, he stands with them between the escort at the orderly-room, and, if all are sentenced summarily, will drill and labour with them—his mode of punishment being identical. This state of things is of all the most harmful; for it is as a culprit that a man is reasonably most jealous of his threatened individuality.

Such, then, are some of the tangible evidences of the suppression of individualism (and self-respect, one might almost add) in the soldier. Naturally the prescribed systems to be followed in all such matters are modified at the whim of the prevailing local authorities, but in relation to what obtains in the stricter regiments what has been said is exceedingly mild.

Not only does this automatic procedure in peace militate against the efficiency of the individual in war, but it impairs discipline in the latter event. For in peace time discipline draws largely from these auxiliary trappings; on active service these fall away, and discipline is bared to the wind of utility. Nor can it altogether be covered by heightened punishments, for, except in standing camps, it is extremely difficult to carry these out. Furthermore, there is the danger, circumstances being favourable, of individuality running riot. Perhaps the lack of true discipline in the field army so noticeable through-

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out the late South African War (calling forth from one eminent war correspondent the description of the force employed in the advance on Pretoria as a "huge military *mob*") was not altogether to be accounted for by the presence of so large a body of reservists and colonials. It is at least noteworthy that, under their own officers, these latter often evinced more cohesion and thoroughness than many regular regiments, for the sufficient reason that their discipline owed its power to no extraneous influences (either of barrack routine, or inaccessibility, based on social position, of their officers), but had its foundation in common sense guided by consideration for the individual.

Though the treatment accorded the individual can therefore exercise an influence on discipline and efficiency, its effect on recruiting, to which it is intimately related, is far greater. Our best recruiting source—sons of farmers and of the middle classes, still remains untapped. These are the men who so efficiently recruit our irregular and colonial forces. Something more potent than mere prejudice against soldiering prevents their becoming regulars. They are intelligent, cautious, and no hard circumstances can colour their decisions. In their abstention from permanent service is apparently seen the exercise of a quality which ought to make them the most desirable men in a voluntary army, namely, strong individuality: it is impossible for them to accept conditions threatening their manly independence and reserve.

There are two ways in which this class might be attracted to the colours—by opening to them with special privileges and prospects the non-commissioned ranks, and by the formation of gentlemen regiments. The latter might be the better course were it reasonable to hope for acknowledgment of its practicability, but in default of that the former channel should be made as wide and congenial as possible. The ranks could not fail to be improved in every way. No plan, however, could succeed that did not recognise and encourage individualism.

Among even the less intelligent of our rank and file to-day

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there is undeniably manifest an inclination to interrogate orders, and, in the field, to question the commander's dispositions, even, among the maturer hands, to discuss points of strategy. The private has become the officer's keenest and most merciless critic, the officer is perhaps the favourite canteen topic, arising from a quite natural desire to shoot darts at the remote and unattainable. No legitimate outlet can of course ever exist for the private's personal deliberations with discipline constituted as it is; their suppression, however, is not healthy; therefore it is desirable to modify the conditions which foster this effervescence. Satisfied that he is in all ways treated as an individual the soldier will not be too prone to inquiry in matters outside his sphere. Thus would discipline gain.

It is reasonable to infer that a more sympathetic method of treatment generally—liberal privileges, including, primarily, commissions from the ranks, and abolition of unnecessary and irksome regulations, as an acknowledgment that the soldier is a *volunteer*, could scarcely fail to solve the growing problem: to stimulate recruiting by offering a congenial career to the best class of potential recruits, and also to promote content in the ranks, and consequently, extensions of service. It cannot yet be said that our army offers a real career to the intelligent recruit; nor can any career be attractive to the true volunteer unless his individuality be preserved therein. The recognition of, and due concession to, growing democracy should be of primal importance in a voluntary army; yet we seem to be the last to realise and act up to it. Not until army reforms aim at treating the individual on sympathetic, common-sense lines will there exist no internal evidence in the army of the need for compulsory service. Such evidence exists abundantly to-day.

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FORBIDDEN MARRIAGES AND INTERNATIONAL LAW: SOME ANOMALIES

"IT is, of course, well settled," said an English judge in a recent case, "that a marriage may be valid in one country and at the same time void in another." A layman might content himself with the comment that such a state of things was extremely ill-settled. Most people know, to take the most crucial example, that a marriage ceremony with a deceased wife's sister is void in England, but valid in many other countries; but the difficulties that arise from this divergence, especially as to property and the status of children, are usually considered too technical for any but lawyers. The divergence is perhaps inevitable—it must be so, so long as a union which is good by one Christian law is incest by another, but it is acknowledged that the best adjustment of it is a problem still awaiting solution. The elements of this problem are certainly worth consideration by any one not already plighted or married to a spouse of his or her own nationality. At present, if a man's marriage is valid in England but void in France, he has merely to cross the Channel to contract a further marriage with another woman if he wishes, the existence of his English wife being then no lawful impediment. It certainly seems desirable that this state of things should be amended; the rollicking sailor with his wife in every port

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would by most people be looked on as an objectionable anachronism if he emerged from romance and presented himself in a concrete form for their inspection.

Without entering into the questions of extreme intricacy which abound even on minor points of international law, it can be said broadly that in the ordinary case a valid marriage is made by the parties going through the prescribed formalities —which may vary from an elaborate ritual and double ceremony in Southern Europe to the very unexacting requirements of Scotland—and when they have done this in their own country and according to its laws, the union is good throughout Christendom. And manifestly, there could be no alternative to the many advantages of a circular tourist ticket a decree absolute could not with propriety be added, even in the twentieth century.

The complications arise when the parties are of different nationalities, or, being of the same nationality, insist on marrying abroad. If a native of one country marries a native of another in a third—not an uncommon one—further difficulties are introduced. If, in addition, the marriage is prohibited by the laws of one or two of the countries, but not of the others or other, there results a mix-up of questions beside which the constitution of a Scotch haggis might be thought a comparatively simple affair. Yet such a contingency is by no means impossible; and even that could be dealt with if an international convention could be arranged, securing uniformity of treatment in such cases by, at least, all the Christian nations of Europe and the United States of America.

Generally speaking, personal capacity to marry will depend on domicile, a thing which in some cases it is difficult to determine by law; for example, a man may spend all his working life and die in a country without being domiciled there, while another during the same period may have enjoyed half a dozen different domiciles. Moreover, each country has its own method of arriving at a conclusion on this point, and it would be quite possible for the tribunals of two countries each to

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claim the same person on identical facts. The first reform, therefore—and a very useful little reform it would be, in this and also in many other matters—would be to arrange for a uniform method of finding a man's domicile, with a last resort of appeal to an international court, if necessary.

This would clear away a preliminary difficulty, and then the ordinary case would have to be considered when the domicile of each party is indisputable. If it is identical, questions arise only if the ceremony takes place in a foreign country—and for this purpose "foreign" means under a different system of marriage law, so that for English people Scotland, Ireland, Jersey, and France are in this category. In almost every country certain conditions of residence and other formalities are necessary: but usually these present no special obstacles, and the chief difficulties arise in other matters.

That marriages so celebrated must sometimes be considered void by the country of the domicile is clear when the case of the deceased's wife's sister is considered; it was long ago held in England that an Englishman and Englishwoman thus connected could not go to a country where such a union was lawful and then come back to live in England and have their marriage there legally recognised. Such recognition would, of course, make the law nugatory.

If the couple changed their domicile before marriage to Jersey, for example, the marriage might be recognised, even in England, but if they afterwards returned to their native land their status might be difficult to determine.

To avoid the absurdity that a man may be validly married in one country and single in another, it would thus be necessary that, so long as the English law remained unchanged, the marriage of domiciled English people, widower and sister-in-law, should be held void everywhere, even in the land where the ceremony took place; and, indeed, it probably would be so held in any country which respected international comity. By the convention suggested above, such a decision would be obligatory on the tribunals of each signatory nation, and it

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would be an easy matter to put checks on a double change of domicile made to get the advantages of the native law without its restrictions.

As there must obviously be give-and-take in the matter, English Courts have declared void a marriage celebrated in England between first cousins because they were natives of a country where such marriages were forbidden, and also recognised the marriage of an English lady who became domiciled in Italy and there espoused an Italian, who was her deceased husband's brother—a somewhat neglected character in matrimonial polemics.

In these cases the English Courts gave logical decisions; but some theorists have held that certain prohibitions are prejudices which ought not to be recognised. As examples, it has been said that the marriage in England of a domiciled American negro and white woman ought to be considered valid, though void by the law of their own State; and also the marriage of monk and nun, whose solemn vows of celibacy, binding them in their own country, Protestant England does not choose to recognise. But thus to discriminate between a reasonable and unreasonable prohibition would again much confuse the matter, and in any international agreement the country of the joint domicile should certainly be the only arbiter on the question of capacity.

The matter of greatest nicety, however, is when bride and bridegroom are of different domicile and the marriage is forbidden by the law of one, and not of the other; and the English Courts have solved the difficulty in a characteristic fashion by the method known as "having it both ways." Thus, because the English law forbade it, the marriage in Germany of a German (domiciled, however, in England) to his brother's widow, a domiciled German lady, was not recognised; but in another case the marriage of first cousins was held valid, though the law of the bride's domicile did not allow it. These two cases can only be reconciled on the principle that the husband's domicile should prevail—a principle on

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which they were not decided. But it would probably be a convenient one for future usage in the case of international understanding.

In view of the attitude assumed by French jurists, the requirements of each nation as to the consent of parents or guardians ought to be considered when the ceremony takes place elsewhere than in the land of the domicile. These consents are necessary in France in certain cases where the English law dispenses with them, and, by the present French system, a domiciled Frenchman cannot marry anywhere without them; it is now fairly well known that an Englishwoman marrying a young Frenchman in England takes a serious risk. If this requirement cannot be modified, a Frenchman's marriage in England without observing it should be made an offence of equal gravity with bigamy, and, as between the two nations, within the principles of extradition.

Reform on such lines, if not epoch-making, would evolve order out of chaos and prevent many absurdities. For example, a domiciled English widower might now go to Italy and marry his Italian sister-in-law and return to England and wed his English first cousin in this country, and each marriage might be held valid by the law of the nation where it took place (though, curiously enough, a void marriage was once held valid in England within the law of bigamy). But such paradoxes cannot be commended, except, perhaps, to novelists and playwrights, who, by adroit discovery of relationships at p. 300 or the end of Act III., may thus provide their heroes both with the tow-haired heroine and her dusky but devoted rival to the satisfaction of everybody concerned—except the stricter sort of moralist. To him, therefore, may be left the problem of having English law put on a consistent footing, and also of inducing other nations to enter into an agreement which shall abolish for ever such unseemly possibilities.

ALFRED FELLOWS.

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THE KHUNAPUR MURDER

IT was about 3 A.M. one dark sultry night, the "false dawn" had just faded from the sky, when the village of Khunapur was aroused by cries of "I am beaten, I am beaten," and a further sound of what is called "striking bome," which consists of an intermittent howl produced by hitting the mouth with the palm of the hand and yelling all the time; a sign of vivid distress among the natives of India. The inhabitants of the village, most of whom had been spending the hot night recumbent in white-sheeted rows along the village street, arose drowsily, and proceeded to straggle towards the scene of the disturbance. The first to arrive was the local watchman, who had, as usual, been calmly sleeping with a sheet round his head, propped up against one of the neighbouring houses. Then came the regular policeman, who had been spending his two hours' guard in placid slumber in the guard-house. This worthy appeared with his uniform coat on the wrong way, a police boot on one foot and a sandal on the other. Then came the head-man of the village, followed by a mixed crowd of citizens in various stages of *déshabille*, and with them Afzul Khan, the police jamadar, in a loose flowing robe of white. The verandah whence the cries had proceeded abutted on the road, and all that could be seen was a motionless figure lying down, with a white sheet over it, and a groaning form writhing on the ground in the immediate neighbourhood. It was from this latter that the cries

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proceeded. "They beat me," said this dark figure, "they beat me, and they killed Bhima with an axe. It was Ramah the son of Bapoo, Govind the son of Ramah, Vinayak the son of Ramlal, Ramappa the son of Hunumuntappa, and Rajaram the son of Naga." He added, in answer to numerous inquiries: "I am Nihalchand, the son of Bulwunt; these five men came and killed Bhima with an axe and attacked me, but I called out and they ran away towards the north." The village head-man lifted up the sheet which concealed the recumbent figure, and saw that the head was separated from the body. He then remarked, with some acuteness: "This, as it seems to me, is a murder." The policeman, towards whom every one now looked, then took up his parable. "I was on guard when I heard a noise. I went to the spot," he continued in a sing-song voice like a schoolboy repeating a lesson, "whence the cries proceeded, and I saw five men, whom I did not recognise at first, going——"

"Peace, son of a she-ass," said Afzul Khan, who knew exactly how his subordinate had been passing the night; and he accompanied his admonition with so shrewd a thrust from his elbow under the fifth rib that the unfortunate policeman uttered one yelp of pain and relapsed into moody silence.

"Well," said the village head-man, "in the morning there will be a 'punch' (a jury); and now every one can go to his house and sleep." The crowd drifted away, and Afzul Khan and the policeman were left. The former had been looking quietly on, and no feature of the case had escaped his intelligence. He remarked to himself that when a man's head is cut off with an axe it does not usually remain adjusted to his neck with the hand under the cheek; and if there had been a struggle it was not easy to see how and when the body had been decently covered with a sheet. The readiness with which Nihalchand had named his assailants also struck this experienced police officer as peculiar, and he did not exactly see how they could all have been accurately recognised in the darkness of the night.

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In the early morning the whole village was astir. A jury was formed and set to work to examine the woodwork of the verandah and surrounding buildings; one sharp-eyed man, who found a speck of blood on the wall, being regarded with envy as a person who had made a really important discovery. Another member of the jury, not to be outdone, examined the ground, which was a hard piece of road, and announced that he saw distinctly the footprints of five men fleeing towards the north. The others gazed vaguely in that direction, as though expecting to see the forms of the murderers escaping on the horizon. Having completed this inspection the jury adjourned to the village "chouri" to consider the matter. It is sad to have to relate that the first idea of these worthy men was to hush the whole matter up. They were well aware that a murder was invariably followed by a visit from the police superintendent, and they regarded with dread the arrival of that officer and his police myrmidons and hangers-on in his train. One old grey-beard—*vir pietate gravis*—was particularly emphatic on this point, and he pointed out the distress that would come on the village from having to satisfy the insatiable appetites of the hordes of police—he remarked that in the old days a murder or two was not a matter of much consequence, that questions of death and life were in the hands of God; but that a police visit might be avoided by the action of man, by the simple expedient of saying nothing whatever about the crime. Afzul Khan, however, who had attended the deliberations of the jury as a friend, at this point entered a very strong demurrer. He saw his way to obtain great credit out of this murder case; and so he pointed out that if the matter was hushed up it was possible an army of "sojers" might be sent to the village in addition to punitive police. He finally observed that at all events *he* would not keep silence, but would report the matter. This settled the question, and the jury proceeded, somewhat reluctantly, to make their report. They found that "the deceased met his death by having his head separated from his

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body by an axe. There was no other cause of death. Blood had come out of the wound. No damage had been done to the floor of the verandah." They then added as a rider (they thought they might as well take the opportunity, as they were addressing the authorities) that the wall of the village chouri needed repair. They also added that cholera had appeared in the villages near, and that the Government should send a doctor with medicine. Fearing that this remark might lead to some misconception, they hastened to say that there was no evidence that the deceased had died of cholera. They also mentioned the fact that the crops were not particularly good, and that it would be difficult in consequence for the poor people to fill their stomachs. Under these circumstances they suggested that a wholesale remission of revenue would be a desirable thing. This concluded their simple wants, and the report was signed or marked with great solemnity by the jury. In the meanwhile the body had been sent to the dispensary, where the hospital assistant, who represented the most advanced medical science as taught in Bombay in the eyes of these simple villagers, was to hold a post-mortem. This distinguished surgeon reported that the cause of death was the separation of cervicular integuments from the caput mortuum; that there was a contused wound caused by an incisive instrument on the neck, and that extravasated blood (his spelling of the word "extravasated" defies reproduction) was observed on the outer cuticle; and there was no trace of cardiac disease. The wounded man's statement was also taken down, and he was sent to the hospital for treatment. The corpse was delivered to the relations for burning; and the village awaited the perfectly incalculable action of the European police superintendent.

The Government always insist on a European officer going to the scene of a murder, which perhaps partly accounts for the fact that so many murders are entered in the returns as deaths from snake-bite. For purposes of detection he is of course remarkably useless; but there is a belief among the heads of

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departments that it shows zeal. However, this particular officer was a man of sense, he came with one orderly and without his dreaded retinue, stayed for two hours, and left the matter in the hands of Afzul Khan. That astute policeman in the meanwhile had not been idle. The case appeared to him more suspicious the further he looked into it. The injuries of which the wounded man complained were really a small scratch on the back and a little hole, apparently caused by a knife, on the arm. The story that these injuries were received after a desperate struggle with five men armed with axes seemed a little "thin," and Afzul Khan had no doubt in his own mind that Nihalchand knew very much more than he chose to tell. Afzul had recently been under a cloud, having been suspended on a charge of having taken bribes. Now was the opportunity to re-establish his character, and he resolved to make a good case out of this sensational murder. Obviously, the first thing to do was to interview the wounded Nihalchand. Three out of the five men he mentioned had been arrested; but they had been temporarily discharged and kept under surveillance. So the next morning Afzul Khan, in full uniform, proceeded to the hospital. He had intimated to the hospital assistant that he would like to be left alone with the patient in order to "make him understand." This is a euphemism well comprehended in India. So he found himself in the hospital ward unattended, and seated himself at his ease on the pallet on which the groaning Nihalchand was lying. It had not escaped him that the patient had commenced to moan in a perfectly heartrending manner as soon as the door opened.

"How are your wounds?" said Afzul Khan.

Nihalchand only groaned and rolled his eyes, to intimate that he was in extreme pain.

"Who committed this murder? tell me," said Afzul Khan in an easy conversational manner.

Nihalchand began, "Ramah the son of Bapoo, Govind the son of Ramah, Vinayak the son of——"

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"Yes, yes," said Afzul Khan; "I know all that. Now tell me the truth. Tell the truth," he repeated, glowering over the unhappy patient.

Nihalchand was silent, gazing at the Mussulman with a kind of fascinated terror.

"In the police-station," resumed Afzul Khan blandly, "we have some little dodges to make people speak the truth; little ways of catching hold of people's thumbnails—do you understand? And then there is the arrangement of sand-bags, and the water on the head, and twisting their moustaches. No use complaining to the sahib; there is no sign of violence. Like this," he added, and caught hold of the wounded man's moustache and gave it such a twist that Nihalchand uttered a stifled shriek, checked only by Afzul Khan's hand on his mouth. "Be quiet," said the policeman, "or I will bring a charge against you of having offered me a bribe."

And when Afzul Khan again caught hold of the wounded man's moustache and slowly tightened his hold on it, Nihalchand shut his eyes and said, "I will speak. Pardon, your Majesty. Babaji and I did it."

And then the tale was told at length. In order to understand it, we must take a glance at the local politics of Khunapur. In that village, as indeed in almost every village in India, there were two factions. Why, in the absence of any broad line of cleavage such as that which exists between Hindoos and Mohammedans, every Indian village should have its two hostile parties, is a problem which, like the cosmogony or creation of the world, has puzzled philosophers of all ages. My own idea is that it is the exceeding monotony of Indian village life that makes the peasants embrace any opportunity for excitement; and there is no doubt that the existence of two factions gives both the people and the magistrates plenty to do. It also affords plenty of varied occupation for the civil courts. Perpetual lawsuits over minute fractions of land are constantly going on between the two parties, and the forging of the necessary documents and the getting up of

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evidence for these suits is an innocent amusement which never seems to pall on the villagers. And when the work of the day is over an evening can be profitably spent in devising schemes against the peace of the other side; and an occasional free fight, which brings a whole row of bandaged prisoners and disabled witnesses before the local court, is a joy which does not stale by too constant repetition. But the chief engine of annoyance consists of false accusations and anonymous petitions. When a charge is made, the whole of one faction appear and testify to the crime; while the entire opposite party turn out in force and swear to an alibi. This makes the administration of justice so satisfactory in our Eastern Empire. Now, in the village of Khunapur, some six months before, the men of one faction had inveigled this Babaji, who was of the opposite party, into a field, and had there beaten him with sticks, for no reason but just to keep up the local ill-feeling. Babaji had promptly gone off to the magistrate and accused thirty-six of the opposite side of this assault, who at once filed cross-summonses against forty of Babaji's party, accusing them of theft and violence. Babaji, furious at the treatment he had received, had made a vow that he would not wear his turban till he had got vengeance on his assailants. The magistrate, after taking about four months over the case, dismissed both charges, and Babaji was left with bare head in a state of discomfiture. His temper was not soothed by the ribald remarks addressed to him by the opposite side. The small boys of the village added their crude and jeering observations on the turbanless Babaji till he grew sullen and brooding; and when an Oriental begins to brood he begins to be dangerous. Such was the state of affairs when the murder of Bhima startled the village of Khunapur. It need hardly be said that Ramah the son of Bapoo and Govind the son of Ramah, and the others enumerated by the plausible Nihalchand belonged to the opposite faction to that to which Nihalchand and his deceased friend Bhima belonged, and this being the case there was no inherent improbability in

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Nihalchand's story. Indeed, Afzul Khan himself could not at first see what motive there could have been for one faction to kill one of their own partisans. But Nihalchand's story made this plain. The unfortunate Bhima, a harmless inoffensive man, had been slain by his friends Babaji and Nihalchand for the sole purpose of throwing suspicion on the other side.

Afzul Khan listened to the whole recital with much interest, and felt confident that his reinstatement into favour would be the result of his admirable management of the affair. Now his first care was to make this promising case "pucka," as Anglo-Indians say. He got Nihalchand to repeat his statement before a subordinate magistrate, by whom it was duly taken down, and then the next step was to get hold of Babaji. That melancholy victim of a rash vow was ushered into the police-station at one o'clock in the afternoon. The details of his reception there are lacking; but at four o'clock he emerged looking rather pale and dejected, and announced his intention of making a full confession before the magistrate. He was duly cautioned, but he declared that his confession was absolutely voluntary, that no pressure had been put upon him or inducement held out to him to make him confess the truth, and he made a clean breast of the whole plot. It was characteristic of native ways of doing things that whereas in the earlier part of the day there had been a complete absence of evidence on the subject of the murder, no sooner had the accused confessed than Afzul found himself embarrassed with an overwhelming plethora of testimony. Fifteen offered to depose that they had seen Babaji stealing towards the scene of the murder with an axe in his hand. Twenty others volunteered to swear that they had been looking round the corner at the time and had seen Bhima fall a victim under the blows of Babaji. A dozen or so more were prepared to give evidence in support of the probable story that on the afternoon before they had heard Babaji say: "To-morrow, at the end of the third watch of the night, I will kill Bhima with an axe." However, these considerate and disinterested offers of assistance

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the sagacious Afzul Khan politely but firmly declined. He had seen many a good case spoiled by the insensate habit of the police of bolstering up a really well-founded charge with wholesale fabricated evidence, and he was resolved that this pet murder of his should not be ruined by any such clumsy manœuvres. However, a little buttressing of the confession and Nihalchand's admission was deemed advisable, so he selected three good hardened liars who had often appeared as witnesses before, and who could stand the cross-examination customary on these occasions. These men could be trusted to answer without a mistake or discrepancy; and having carefully tutored them by means of a full-dress rehearsal of the whole drama of the murder, Afzul Khan proceeded with a light heart to take the case up before the committing magistrate. Of course before that officer Babaji retracted his confession, alleging that he knew not what he was saying, as he was out of his senses owing to the beating that he had received from the police; but this excuse availed him nought. He was committed for trial. The Sessions Court found him guilty, for the craven Nihalchand insisted on giving his evidence for the Crown, and Babaji terminated his inglorious career on the gallows outside the headquarters gaol. The unscrupulous Afzul Khan obtained his not altogether well-deserved promotion, but the factions at Khunapur have become more violent than ever, and no less than four cases arising out of this murder affair are awaiting decision in the magistrate's court.

T. Hart-Davies.

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THE LARK

Et tout finit ailleurs.—Victor Hugo.

I

O LARK, lark, singing while my heart is breaking,
Soaring and singing,
Thy clear notes flinging
Like firefly sparklets, like petal showers
That the orchard sheds in the month of flowers,
Like the almond's bloom in the year's awaking,—
Cans't thou sing thus, lark, while my heart is breaking?

II

O lark, lark, singing while my heart is breaking,
Singing and soaring,
Thy music pouring
In runlets of joy, in rillets of pleasure
In a spilth of gladness that knows no measure,
In a laughter of rain for the dry earth's slaking,—
Oh why dost thou sing when my heart is breaking?

III

O lark, that singing while my heart is breaking,
Thy flight art winging
Upwards, and ringing,
Above all care, and sorrow, and wrong,
The lessening chime of thy silver song
Till it melts in the skies, the earth forsaking,—
Ah, I follow it, lark, though my heart is breaking.

Frank T. Marzials.

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ON THE LINE

A Patriot's Mistake—Being Personal Reminiscences of the Parnell Family. (Hodges, Figgis & Co.)—Mrs. Dickinson, the sister of Charles Stewart Parnell, was perhaps the most noted horsewoman of her time in Ireland, as well known in the city of Dublin as in country districts, where, as she tells us, her fame as a cross-country rider was established at an early age. A skilled driver, too, she was a conspicuous figure in the Dublin thoroughfares, where her handling of her spirited horses was always appreciated by its horse-loving inhabitants. Interest in her was naturally the greater on account of her connection with the renowned Nationalist Leader, and a work from her pen at this moment is bound to attract attention. In her preface to the book she quotes the remark of a well-known journalist, often since repeated, that the Parnell family was the most tragic he had ever known; in her pages Mrs. Dickinson fully bears out the truth of this. As the title implies, the reminiscences are personal, and with a weakness to which women are more or less given there is a strong current of egotism running through the book. But this gives the book its own individuality; and for a first work it is written with an ease, a certain command of style, and in places vigour, that would do credit to a more practised writer. What strikes us particularly about the book is its amazing candour, and on the advisability or wisdom of this we have not a doubt but that the opinion of the reading public will be

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divided. We live in an age, however, when everything is known, and when that which is done in secret is proclaimed from the housetops. Mrs. Dickinson evidently thinks that whatever is to be known of the Parnell domestic circle she had better tell it, rather than leave it to some "Creevy Papers" for a future generation to disclose. Whether it would have been wiser, in better taste, and with better judgment not to have drawn the veil aside so much, is not for us to decide here. It is, however, but fair to say that in the chapter headed "Colonel H——" she displays her own foolishness and weakness with the same candour and courage as in her description of her husband's fall through drink. The latter is told with much dramatic force and feeling, and yet with a command over language and suppression of emotion that carry conviction more than the most eloquent temperance oration or sermon. Rarely, indeed, has the lapse of a strong, healthy, and in every other way attractive man been told with more convincing realism than that of Captain Monroe Dickinson. If his example serves as a warning to others at home and abroad the disclosure may be excused.

But the interest of the book centres largely on Charles Stewart Parnell, for so many years the central figure in the political life of Ireland, and the leader of the band of Nationalists who reduced the government by party of the United Kingdom almost to impotency, and threatened the dismemberment of the Empire. How great he was in keeping the discordant and incongruous elements that composed his party in complete subjection and under complete control, whipped to his heels like a hunting-pack, the history of the disruption of that party from his death until now bears eloquent testimony. His private and inner personal character was little known, for few had his confidence, and fewer still got behind that cloak of cold reserve that wrapped him as in a shroud. A born leader of men, he ruled his party with an iron hand, by the sheer force of a powerful personality and the exercise of an indomitable will, while he captured the imagination of the Irish

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people by his proud reserve and air of lofty self-conscious isolation. None of his party we believe loved him; some showed their hatred to him by their action at his fall; but all obeyed him through his stern exercise of discipline, and their unbounded belief in his capacity to bring them to the promised land of Home Rule. That he led them to its Pisgah heights is but too well known, and his tragic fate and end form one of the most dramatic events in the political history of nations.

For the first time we get from Mrs. Dickinson some insight of the personal character of the great Irish leader. As a child she tells us he was noted for his passionate, domineering ways; he ruled his brothers and sisters young and old; he taxed the temper and patience of his teachers, but he was keenly sensitive to his mother's influence. We hear also fully for the first time of the Cambridge incident, that youthful act of folly with its tragic ending which left an indelible impression upon him through life; it seems, indeed, as if an avenging Nemesis pursued him to the end, and brought on through another woman the terrible punishment that awaited him for his early departure from the narrow way. If indeed, as some maintain, hell and judgment are here, and that we suffer the penalty on earth for our sin and folly, no better example could be given than that of Charles Stewart Parnell. We do not wish to excuse, still less to defend, but our pity for his fall is great, for his suffering was extreme. Because he was great, because he was capable of such control over himself, as over others, all the more was the necessity the greater why he should have exercised it for himself and them. With his clear, cold, calculating intellect, none knew better than he that his fall would be disastrous to himself and his party. But it invariably happens that when men so self-centred, and capable of such personal control, loose the bonds of self-restraint they are hurled into catastrophes. How he bore it all Mrs. Dickinson tells us in the most vigorous pages in her book. Many will remember the terrific struggle in town and country of the last few weeks of his life: the crowded meetings, the howling rival fighting mobs, the hunted,

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hounded leader—on one occasion cruelly tortured by lime flung in his eyes. Surely a titanic struggle, and what a sight for gods and men! He, the idol of the race, how fallen! At no time was his astonishing virility more fully shown. That he went under was inevitable: a man who had so lapsed, the Irish people, be their faults what they will, could not follow. It has been put down to a mean concession to the British Nonconformist conscience and political expediency; it was nothing of the kind. Powerful as political feeling is in Ireland, the feeling of chivalry towards woman, the sanctity of the home, and religious conviction are infinitely stronger forces, and stronger than all others when combined. To hurl oneself against such is to meet total destruction, and hence Parnell's defeat. But in all fairness and in all candour, Parnell in the last few weeks of his life made some atonement by the example of an unflinching courage in his hopeless, dying effort to climb the heights from which he had fallen. If it were for nothing else but this picture of him, we are grateful to Mrs. Dickinson.

Mary of Modena, Queen of James II. By Martin Haile. (Dent and Co., London, 1905.)—Few women enjoyed less happiness than Mary Beatrice d'Este, wife of James II.; yet, if beauty of person, of character, and of life constitute merit, few have better deserved to be happy. Those vivid contrasts, which lend such fascination to the romantic history of the house of Stuart, were conspicuous in her life. Married as a child of fifteen to a man she had never seen; transported from her Italian home to an English palace; now adored by her people, and now a fugitive from their hatred; a chaste wife, yet the victim of vile charges; four years a Queen, and thirty years an exile; experiencing both the extremes of power and independence, of wealth and poverty; betrayed with cold-blooded treachery, and served with undying devotion—her story affords unusual opportunities to a biographer.

In 1673, James, Duke of York, then a man of nearly forty, tall and angular in figure, pitted with the small-pox, afflicted with a hesitation in his speech, was a widower with the two

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children who alone survived out of the eight born to him by his wife, Annie Hyde. Negotiations for his remarriage were on foot. Eligible princesses were suggested, interviewed, rejected. The choice fell on the Princess Mary of Modena, a child (born October 5, 1658) who had never heard of England, much less of the Duke of York. Her reluctance was overcome by an autograph letter from the Pope. Her intention to take the veil was abandoned, and her marriage took place by proxy.

At Dover, in November 1673, the young Duchess of York for the first time met her husband. Her youth, her innocence, her beauty won the hearts of the English people. Her well-ordered household, her love of music and painting, her sprightly conversation endeared her to those who attended her Court. But her life cannot have been happy. Of her first five children all died in infancy; her servants were in danger as Roman Catholics, and her secretary was one of the first victims of Titus Oates; she and the Duke were twice forced into exile; her pride was outraged by the infidelity of her husband, who had conceived a passion for Catherine Sedley, as he had previously for Arabella Churchill.

In 1685 James II. came to the throne, and the coronation of the King and Queen was a ceremony of unusual splendour. Four years of growing anxiety succeeded, culminating in the birth of her son, afterwards James III., or the Old Pretender. The Revolution followed hard on an event which ruined the hopes of a Protestant succession, and the story of the Queen's escape with her son is most dramatically told from the contemporary record of her Wardrobe-keeper, Riva.

The years of exile were crowded with all the vicissitudes of hope and despair. At times it seemed that her son must succeed to the throne; at others the prospect receded into remotest distance. Year after year the Queen grew more lonely. Her husband died in the practice of the most rigorous austerities of his faith, and it is a touching instance of wifely forgiveness that she hoped for the Beatification of King James II.

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Her daughter, born to her in exile, died when she had grown to be her constant companion. Her son was banished from France, where she herself was compelled to live. Alone, surrounded by needy dependants, supported by capricious bounty, often in sore straits for money, she found, as she had done in more prosperous days, her consolation in religion. Her courage never failed. "Her life," says St. Simon, as quoted by Mr. Haile, "since she came to France at the end of 1688, had been but a series of misfortunes, which she bore nobly to the end, in devotion towards God, detachment, penance, prayer, in continual good works, and in all the virtues which make a saint. . . . Her death was as holy as had been her life." Queen Mary died in May 1718.

Mr. Haile has found a good subject, and written an interesting book. He would, perhaps, have made better use of his opportunity if he had not been over-anxious to employ so much of the material at his disposal. The index is so meagre as to be of little service.

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A FACE OF CLAY

AN INTERPRETATION[1]

BY HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL

La Bretagne est la terre du passé. Nulle part les mœurs n'ont gardé un parfum d'archaïsme, une noblesse et un charme surannés aussi pénétrants. Sur ce cap avancé du monde, dans le crépuscule éternel du jour, la vie est tout agitée de mystère; les âmes sont graves et résignées et comme sous l'oppression du double infini de la mer et du ciel. Mille signes éclatent, témoignant avec évidence d'une intervention surnaturelle de tous les instants et dans la conduite des choses les plus humbles. L'homme ne s'appartient pas: il marche dans un invisible et mouvant réseau de fortes croyances; toute sa vie est dirigée par elles.

CHARLES LE GOFFIC.

CHAPTER I

THE PROTAGONISTS

La mer de Bretagne est femme; elle n'est jamais la même deux jours de suite; on songe devant elle au mot de Claudien: *dulce monstrum* . . .

TÉPHANY gazed with troubled eyes across the sea Since ten o'clock of that June morning the wind, blowing fitfully at first, had increased in violence; the waves, each larger than its predecessor, now crashed with terrific force against the reefs opposite the granite mole which protected the harbour of Concarneau, whence but a few hours previously the sardine fleet had set sail. Some few boats were returning, flying furiously before the S.W. gale;

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but the greater number, although forced to abandon fishing, had sought the security of the open ocean, fearing with reason born of experience the bristling rocks of a lee shore.

From all parts of the town women were hastening to the small chapel near the lighthouse, the chapel of Our Lady de Bon Secours. In their brooding faces, in the shadows of their eyes, Téphany, who was partly of their blood, could read that mysterious fascination exercised by the ocean; the ocean as a huge amorphous personality: to be propitiated, worshipped, feared and loved. Out yonder, indeed, groaned and travailed a Titanic Mother, who fed and clothed, who kissed and caressed her children, who sang sweetest lullabies when the midsummer moon hung resplendent above her: but a Mother, alas! furious in her rage, unappeasable, jealous, a dealer of cruel buffets, of thunderous words: an inexorable Force, subject only to the Mother in Heaven, who, robed in the blue of the skies and the silver of the stars, looked down in pity.

Inside the chapel the women were on their knees. One could see little save the white coifs and collars shining out of the thickening shadows. *Ex voto* offerings of grateful sailors and fishermen—models of different craft, waxen legs and arms—all the pitiful symbols of a fervent gratitude, hung above the worshippers. Here and there a taper flared. The figure of the Virgin, crudely painted, garishly gilded, imposed, with uplifted hand, silence and resignation.

Téphany entered the chapel, and prayed.

She was a girl of fifteen, sunburnt of complexion, with very thin legs and arms, but giving promise (to an intelligent eye) of beauty to come. Her features were finely cut, bearing the unmistakable signs of race; she carried her small head with a distinction which aroused attention. The eyes were of that varying blue-grey tint to be seen in a field of ripening flax. In certain lights they appeared dreamily blue, suffused with a melancholy never quite absent from the orbs of a Celt;

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but if she became excited, the irids changed into a clear and sparkling grey, intensely vivid and vital. Hair, brows and lashes were dark umber in sunlight, black in shadow. The mouth was rather large, and full of character, drooping pathetically to match the sadness in the eyes when the face was in repose, curving into captivating smiles when she spoke. She was dressed in faded blue gingham, and she wore a child's flapping sun-bonnet tied with strings under her chin.

After a few minutes, Téphany rose from her knees and went back to the mole, now crowded with factory girls, whose work in the sardine packing-houses was over for the day. They looked seaward, very anxiously, thinking of their lovers struggling desperately with the ever-increasing gale. Such fishermen as had gained sanctuary received but scant notice as they left their boats and climbed ashore. They had escaped. Why waste thought on them? The men hurried past the girls, wringing wet, and ravenously hungry for their fish broth. Téphany heard one say, as he strode by:

"It is safer out there, much safer."

The coifs and collars of the girls fluttered as fiercely as their hearts, for the storm was lashing itself into a hurricane. Téphany saw tears trickling down the brown wrinkled cheeks of a grandmother. The old woman had witnessed many such scenes, and could count upon the fingers of each hand the gallant sons and grandsons who had sailed gaily away—who had never come back.

Moreover, not a fish had the few returning boats brought home. Foul weather, likely to last for many days, had driven the sardines far down into placid depths, not to be lured again to the surface till the tumult above was stilled. And times were terribly hard in Concarneau. To many a family no fish meant starvation. Yet the women never complained.

"You here?"

Téphany turned; then the sadness in her face vanished

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as she exclaimed: "Oh, Michael, I am so glad to see you. Isn't this awful?"

"Yes," he replied simply.

His face was grave, and in his eyes lay an expression which vaguely frightened the girl. He knew that her father, a painter like himself of fisherfolk, had set sail that morning in one of the boats; and he had not returned. Michael was wondering how he should break this lamentable piece of news to his companion.

"They say it is safer out there, but if the wind goes on rising—and in those small open boats! Oh, Michael, there will be more crosses in the cemetery after this night."

"The boats are staunch," he answered, trying to infuse hope into his voice, and aware that the attempt was dismally feeble. Then, being but a young man and therefore too ready to disguise his feelings under a mask of irritability, he added sharply: "For Heaven's sake don't talk of cemeteries."

Téphany held her tongue. But her thoughts fled to a certain cemetery crowning a hill, encircled by a low granite wall, filled with humble graves over which waved long grasses. This cemetery of Nizon, in which her mother was buried, stood out as the largest landmark among her earliest memories; she remembered perfectly her mother's funeral, although she was only a child of six at the time. In the cemetery stood a stone Calvary, upon whose granite pedestal she had sat playing with her doll, while her father, day after day, knelt at his wife's grave. If Téphany lived to be an old woman, would she ever forget the walk, through pleasant fields and woods, from Pont-Aven to the cemetery, the gradual ascent of the hill, the weather-beaten château to the right, and out in the west a thin silver line—the sea? The cemetery and the sea! In her mind lurked a mysterious affinity between the two: the one held the dead women; the other the dead men.

Téphany's mother had been a Bretonne. Of this mother and her family the girl knew little. Her father had said once

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that his wife was the last survivor of an ancient race, the de Lautrec of Le Morbihan. Marie Téphany de Lautrec, it seems, had left Vannes, her native town, to accept a position as governess in Paris. At that time, Henry Lane was painting in Gérome's studio. There he met Quellien, the Bard, an extraordinary genius, the friend of Rénan and one of the founders of the Celtic Dinner, that famous Round Table of men of letters. Quellien introduced young Lane to Mademoiselle de Lautrec. The pair fell violently in love, married, and being very poor decided to live at Pont-Aven,[1] where Gérome's students had established an art colony. Henry Lane sold a few pictures each year: enough to keep himself and his wife and child in comparative comfort, no more. Then the wife died. After the first six months anguish, the love which Henry Lane had lavished upon his wife was transferred to the child. Téphany became her father's companion. He taught her English and a little arithmetic. French and Breton she picked up as a sparrow picks up crumbs. Also, he taught her to draw. The other painters at Pont-Aven adored her; and one, Michael Ossory, a young Cornishman destined to achieve greatness (so said Gérome) became her particular friend and ally. Michael had made a study of Bretons. He recited to Téphany folk-songs, he told her legends, he said he believed in the Ankou and Korrigan, he touched with his lively fancy every ancient stone and tree in or near Pont-Aven, and—excepting her father—the girl reckoned him the most charming and clever of his sex. So the years passed swiftly and happily. Henry Lane had leased a small house near Nizon, but nearly every summer he came to Concarneau, because his most successful pictures, the ones which the dealers bought, were of sardine-boats and fishermen.

[1] Si je n'avais que cent écus, je voudrais tenir ménage à Pont-Aven; car c'est là qu'est la plus grande abondance de toutes choses. A Pont-Aven on a le beurre pour le prix du lait, la poule pour le prix de l'œuf, et la toile pour le prix du lin encore vert.—Souvestre.

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Meantime, with the fading light the colours of the seascape changed. The afternoon's sun was now obscured by clouds. The amethystine tints upon the water assumed a drab grey. Colour banished, form took its place. The surface of the sea had broken up into mountains and valleys. Even in the pool the water became troubled, and the boats at anchor strained at their cables, emitting dismal moans, like the cries of tethered creatures in pain. These dull, rasping sounds formed an accompaniment to the more clearly defined noises of the waves, which, as the tide mounted higher, began to attack the mole. Téphany and Michael watched the majestic combers, fascinated by their size and power. They broke with thunders upon the sharp reefs, and then, hissing like myriads of serpents, rushed upon the mole. Now and again some stupendous surge, resisting—so it seemed—the attack of the wind, would rear itself up to a terrific height, blotting out with its vast bulk half the sky. But invariably the wind overthrew it. Falling back in a sublime curve, with the roar of a cataract, it would vanish in a silvery cloud of spray. The women in coifs retreated, laughing and chattering: Téphany and Michael remained. An overpowering smell of crushed seaweed filled the air.

"Here comes another!" said Michael.

Téphany thought he was speaking of a wave, but he pointed a finger at the white cauldron of water to the left of the reefs. Through the spray, so thick as to hide entirely the pines of Portzou upon the opposite side, Téphany could just descry a homing boat, close-hauled, driven furiously by the wind. Behind her, but never, so it seemed, quite overtaking her, raced the waves. Those in front she climbed superbly, plunging down into cavernous abysses and then emerging light as a swallow.

"It's going to be a close shave," said Michael between his teeth.

The boat was whirled on at such speed that unless the narrow passage to the harbour were hit off to a fraction of a

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yard or two, shipwreck on the reefs appeared inevitable. An old man was at the tiller. At the exact moment he put the helm over; the boat reeled to the right, dipped her nose into the whirlpool, and flew round the end of the mole within a few yards of Téphany. She could see the grim face of the steersman relax as the wet sails fell with a swish. A boy was cowering at the foot of the foremast. Téphany marked his white lips, his terror-stricken eyes. But a few minutes later, when the crew clambered ashore, they were laughing, the boy the loudest of all! Téphany noticed, however, that they reeled as they walked, as if intoxicated by joy, and their laughs held the quavering note of men who have seen death at their elbow. Michael nodded to one of them, and said a word of congratulation. The man touched his cap, looking at Téphany.

"Pouf-f-f!" said he. "It is not young ladies' weather. For the rest—we are lucky. The next boat—who knows?"

Téphany shivered. These masses of water advancing and retreating with terrific fury and persistency, this unslaked strength, this monstrous element, so protean in its myriad manifestations, in its infinite complexity of colour and form, yet always the same in one thing: its mad rage directed against whatever dared to oppose it, appalled and allured her. Each breaker crashing upon the rocks, shaking the mole on which she stood, drenching her with its spray, symbolised for her a personal power, an outward and visible enemy, challenging all who beheld it to mortal combat. She gazed with fervent admiration at the men who had conquered in such a hellish strife; but when she thought of what might have been, she felt that she must run away or faint.

"Let us go in," she said. "Father will be anxious if I stay here any longer. Have you seen him, Michael?"

"Not since this morning," Ossory replied evasively.

"He can't paint out of doors in this weather; we shall find him in the studio. Come on."

Lane and Ossory shared a big attic behind the hotel where

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they boarded. To this the girl led the way, moving quickly and lightly a pace or two ahead of her companion. When they reached the attic and found it empty, Michael blurted out the truth.

"Don't make an idiot of yourself," he began, "but the truth is your father is—is out there, with the boats. He may have to stop out all night."

The girl gasped.

"Father—*out there?*"

The terror in her eyes made Michael wince.

"Yes, yes," he said testily; "but why make such a fuss? It isn't the first time the wind has blown a bit."

"Michael, you are as frightened as I am."

Michael whispered such phrases as came into his mind.

"Why, you foolish child, you mustn't cry—he's with old Corentin, one of the best. Come, come! Dash it all, I thought you had more pluck. Those sardine girls are braver than you."

"On the quay, perhaps." She flung herself away from him. "But they are crying now. Michael," she dabbed at her eyes fiercely, "I must go back to the chapel."

"But we can pray here," he objected.

Straightway, they fell upon their knees on the bare floor. The wind shrieked outside, the booming of the breakers never ceased, as those simple prayers went up. Michael knelt upright; Téphany abased herself, crossing her bosom with trembling fingers, moving her lips, looking upward in passionate supplication. Presently Michael got up, and then a curious thing took place. The young man stared intently at the face of the kneeling girl. At first the sympathy and pity so plainly inscribed upon his features were good to behold. But as he looked these vanished, and a different expression usurped their place. An eager, almost greedy light gleamed in his hazel eyes, his fingers twitched nervously. Withdrawing furtively to one side, he whipped a notebook from his pocket and opened it. Then, as if realising that he was about to commit a sort of

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sacrilege, he flushed scarlet. Téphany, half turning, saw the sketch-book, at the moment that he was thrusting it back into his pocket. With a sharp cry, she sprang to her feet, confronting him with flashing eyes and blazing cheeks.

"How dared you?" she gasped.

"I didn't dare," he answered, with admiration in his eyes. "But I was tempted. I couldn't help it. It was a—" he hesitated, and brought out his adjective with a burst of real feeling—"damnable thing to do. Téphany, forgive me. Oh, you poor little girl, how could I be such a beast? Forgive me, please forgive me!"

She forced a smile, on the edge of tears.

"All right," she answered. "Let's go back to the quay.

She put on an old cape hanging on the wall. Michael followed her out of the attic, down the rickety staircase, and into the street which led to the market-place and thence to the quay. During the brief half-hour they had spent in the studio, the wind seemed to have increased in violence, if it were possible, but the masses of cloud overhead had broken. Between the purple wracks flashed the saffron light of the sun, dyeing the sharply defined edges of the clouds a vivid scarlet; the sea beneath, no longer drab, displayed all the opaline splendours of mother-of-pearl.

"What colour!" gasped Michael.

For the second time Téphany's eyes flared.

"You talk of colour, when men may be drowning——"

"I was trying to distract your thoughts from that," he growled.

She flitted from him, bending her head as she faced the blast, clutching at her cape, which flapped tempestuously. Michael saw that she was making for the chapel. He decided that she must be allowed to have her way. To-morrow she would be the first to laugh at this terror which possessed her.

The road between the factories and the chapel was still crowded with girls. But Michael noticed that they no longer knitted; nor did they walk with arms round each other's waists,

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as is their custom. No; the terror upon Téphany's face was inscribed also upon their square, brown, slightly animal countenances.

When they reached the chapel it became obvious that something had happened. Men were gesticulating violently; some of the women were crying. Michael asked a question. A boat, trying to make the entrance to the harbour, had been driven on to the reefs. Only one man out of the crew had been saved. Michael repeated this to Téphany. At once she became rigid, all the colour fading out of her cheeks and lips.

"Whose boat was it?" she gasped.

Michael shook her arm, softly and then hard.

"I don't know."

"Ask—ask!"

"Téphany, you must calm yourself. Do you hear? Why, your teeth are chattering."

"Ask the name of the boat! If you won't, I will."

She staggered forward, Michael trying to restrain her, soothing her gently, entreating her to be patient and brave. None the less the terrible fear that gripped her gripped him also. As they approached a group of old men, the word Corentin came to their ears.

Téphany shrieked.

"Shush-h! For Heaven's sake!"

"You heard it—you heard it? They said—*Corentin*. Let me go."

She broke from him, running up to the men, who regarded her curiously. The raging wind had drowned her cry.

"Did you say—Corentin?" she asked.

To Michael's amazement she had controlled both features and voice. The question was put almost indifferently.

"Yes; Corentin, Mademoiselle. You know him, the old rascal? *Ma Doué*, he has the luck, that one. He was found clinging to a rock, almost unhurt—and the others—name of a pipe!"

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"The others?" Téphany's voice penetrated shrilly above the dull roar of the gale.

"The others, Mademoiselle, will be washed ashore when the tide turns. Ours is a pig of a trade—*hein?*"

Next day Henry Lane's mutilated body floated ashore, and, later, was laid to rest in the cemetery of Nizon, beside that of his wife. It seemed to Michael that Téphany would join her parents within a week, but she was young and strong; and in her hour of need Michael stood stoutly by her. Amongst Henry Lane's effects was found a simple holograph will, directing that in the event of his death Téphany, if a minor, should be sent to England to his married sister, living in Dorset, Téphany's guardian and sole executrix of the will. Michael travelled with the girl to Saint Malo, and placed her in charge of the stewardess; it was understood that her aunt, whom she had never seen, would meet her at Southampton.

During the journey, and while they stood together on deck, waiting for the sound of the bell about to warn shore-going visitors to leave the ship, Téphany exhibited neither distress nor even nervousness. Michael knew that she was suppressing her feelings with a stupendous effort of will. And her determination not to break down seemed to the young man the most poignant thing he had ever witnessed. On his side, also, he disguised his sympathy and pity, and perhaps a warmer sentiment, under a flimsy veil of small talk.

"You will write regularly," he was saying; "and I shall write. Tell me everything—eh? You'll be a wee bit home-sick at first. It won't last long, that. And your aunt—why, she must be charming; your father's sister; and no children of her own; she'll spoil you terribly, Téphany—oh, yes, that is certain."

"Is it?" Téphany replied. "She's my father's half-sister, and years older than he was. He respected her, but I'm sure he never loved her. They had nothing in common, nothing. And her husband—a dried-up stick, father called him."

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"I know they will spoil you, a childless couple. You will forget us."

Indiscreetly he had let slip a word too much. Without warning Téphany replied, with a passion and intensity that swept all barriers before it:

"Michael, don't dare to say that. Forget you? Forget Pont-Aven? Forget old friends? Never!" She began to tremble. "And *you* know, *you* guess, what is waiting for me on the other side; such misery, such loneliness, such home-sickness that I could—and would—drown myself to-night, if—if——"

"If——?" He held her hands tightly in his.

"If I did not believe in God."

As she spoke the bell clanged loudly.

"Good-bye," said the young fellow, abruptly, unable to control his voice, which quavered oddly. "Good-bye, dear little Téphany."

She flung her arms round his neck and kissed him. She was barely fifteen; and Michael, ten years older and infinitely wiser, seemed to her the concrete presentment not of a handsome young Cornishman, but of all that she loved and was leaving. She pressed her lips to his cheek with an ardour which thrilled the man to the core, revealing to him what he had ignored, or, shall we say, misinterpreted, the true nature of his feeling towards her. Was it possible that he loved this child in short petticoats? Regardless of the inquisitive eyes of a dozen tourists, he lifted her up, straining the slight, clinging body to his chest, kissing her cheeks, her forehead, her eyes. Then, as they reluctantly released each other, he said hoarsely: "Téphany, I am going to work, you understand, as I have never worked yet, as——"

"Gangway's being cast loose, sir."

"Good-bye, Michael."

"Good-bye, you darling little thing."

He rushed across the gangway, knowing that tears were in his eyes, not daring to look back for a minute. When he turned he saw the vessel getting under weigh, heard the throb of the

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screw and the straining of the big cables. But the figure of the girl, standing alone upon the deck, seemed shadowy and spectral. Something within him, stronger than all reason, because, perhaps, greater than all reason, whispered to him that as they parted now, he and she, young, strong, ardent, they would never meet again. Cruel circumstance was putting more than the Channel between them.

Téphany waved her handkerchief and he waved his in return, as inch by inch, foot by foot, the stern of the vessel swung into the harbour. In the hazy west the sun was sinking into an untroubled sea out of a cloudless mid-summer sky. The gulls fluttered about the ship, picking up pieces of bread and cake which the tourists threw at them. Michael heard laughter and voices. The tourists were confident of a smooth passage, looking forward to joyous greetings, to a return—home.

He waved his handkerchief. The screw of the vessel revolved faster; then two bells rang out crisply. The engines, till now reversing, began to go ahead. Michael remembered that the boat would pass close to the end of the pier. By running he might get there in time. Racing down the quay, regardless of the protests of persons whom he brushed by with scant ceremony, out of breath, with flushed cheeks and heaving chest, he arrived in the nick of time. The boat was cutting swiftly through the water just abreast of the lighthouse. Téphany had not moved. Her thin, graceful figure stood out in silhouette against the amber and rose-coloured sky. The intense black of her dress struck the painter as significant, the most striking note in a picture which remained a vivid impression for many years. Téphany gazed at him in silence without moving, without one gesture of the thin arms. Then, with an unexpectedness which almost unnerved him, her lips parted, showing her pretty teeth and the dimple in the corner of the left cheek. There was radiance in the smile with which she rewarded his physical effort, and a joyous assurance in her voice, as she cried clearly:

"I shall come back, old Michael, as soon as I can."

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"Yes, yes," he shouted in return.

Thus they parted, gazing at each other till each appeared but a faint speck, illusive as a reek of smoke. Michael never left the end of the pier till the steamer was hull-down on the horizon. As he turned his face towards the town he was sensible that the long twilight of Brittany had crept up from the land. It seemed to touch with cold fingers the shivering sea. Michael shivered also—and sighed.

CHAPTER II

AFTER TEN YEARS

C'est dans l'âme féminine surtout qu'apparâit la profonde originalité de la race celtique.

Ten years afterwards Téphany returned to Saint Malo. When she left it the last object on which her eyes had rested was the figure of Michael; when she came back what first revealed itself through lifting sea-mist was the islet of Grand Bey, the tomb of the illustrious Châteaubriand.

Then the mist fell; the islet vanished as if it had been a mirage. A moment later, the mist lifted again, and the splendid spire of the cathedral flashed upon the sight, only to dissolve and vanish like Grand Bey.

Once more Téphany felt, permeating every fibre of her being, that sense of mystery which is the peculiar inheritance of the Celt. And for an immeasurable second, so overpowering was the emotion, so long was it since she had experienced it, that she forgot the years and what they had held; she became the child of fifteen, the little Bretonne, whose mind had held all the superstitions and folklore of the province—and little else.

The vessel glided into harbour, leaving the mist upon the sea to struggle feebly with the rising sun. On the land, and

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on the water near the land, everything was incomparably clear and warm and fresh. It seemed to Téphany of good omen, inasmuch as the sea was so smooth, so filled with prismatic colour, holding in its translucent depths all the exquisite promise of the rainbow. When she had bade farewell to this enchanted country, the sun was setting into a night sable as the despair in her heart. On her return, the sun rose to greet her with the assurance of bright hours to follow. But she wished passionately that her eyes had first rested anywhere save on a tomb.

Below, in the small ill-ventilated ladies' cabin, Mary Machin, Téphany's faithful friend and paid companion, was petulantly asking herself a question to which she could find no answer. Why had a young woman, rapidly approaching fame as an operatic singer, cancelled an important London engagement, and then, leaving a delightful flat in Mayfair, declared her intention of burying herself in the wilds of Finistère?

Within the past fortnight, Téphany and she had returned from a triumphal tour through Canada and the United States. Téphany's triumphs had been a source of sincerest pleasure to Mary Machin; but she had rejoiced exceedingly to find herself once more in Daffodil Mansions. The size of North America had distressed Mary Machin. Columbia suggested to her an enormous young woman only partially dressed. New York and Boston were very well indeed, but Milwaukee——! Had not Milwaukee proved herself to be naked and unashamed? Why, at the stage door of the Grand Opera House one hundred and three maidens, lost to all sense of self-respect, had stood in line to kiss Trepoffski, the Polish tenor, who had shared the night's triumph with Téphany. As many youths escorted Téphany to her hotel. They had not kissed her, to be sure, thanks possibly to the presence of an English gentlewoman, but an impudent rascal had snatched her bouquet out of her hand and divided the petals of its roses among his fellows! One more instance will

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suffice to indicate Miss Machin's satisfaction in Daffodil Mansions. At Omaha, the fact had been given to the world in a headline: "*Machie misses her Muffin.*" Téphany alone addressed Mary Machin as "Machie." And below the pleasing alliteration was a long and very personal article about "The Diva's Dame de Compagnie," concluding with the hope that lacking her muffin "Machie" would console herself with—waffles!

Meantime, the vessel had been warped alongside of the quay. Téphany, apparently in high spirits, superintended the disembarking of Mary Machin and the luggage, pointing out, the while, the picturesque roofs rising above the machicolated walls, the gaily dressed crowds, the various craft in the harbour, objects of interest which only evoked monosyllables from a tired, indisposed (Miss Machin's own word for an averted attack of sea-sickness), dishevelled creature who was thinking of Daffodil Mansions.

"Machie, how cross you are!" said Téphany.

"My dear, I am very cross. Why, in the name of common sense, have we exchanged our pleasant life in town for—this?"

Very contemptuously, Miss Machin indicated the Custom-house in which they were standing, the pushing, perspiring crowd of tourists, the officials derisively smiling, and the chaos of piled-up luggage.

"We shall be out of *this* in a jiffy," said Téphany, "and when we are in our rooms at the hotel, after bath and breakfast, I will answer your question, not before, Machie." She turned to the inspector, who was asking her to point out her baggage. "Yes, Monsieur, yes, my luggage and my friend's," her perfect accent provoked interest: "we have a great deal, Monsieur: four trunks, two dressing-bags, a large lunch-basket, a small tent, a bicycle and a tricycle, a bundle of wraps, a paint-box and easel."

"Mademoiselle is an artist?"

"An artist—why, yes."

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Two porters collected the luggage, which made an imposing pile. The official smiled and shrugged his shoulders. Artists, according to his experience, travelled light.

"Name of a dog!" he said solemnly, "this is all that is of the most respectable."

"Respectable! I should think so," exclaimed Miss Machin. The inspector bowed. He understood a little English, and he had a sense of humour. Smiling at Miss Machin, he asked politely if she had any cigarettes to declare. This question passed unnoticed. Mary Machin was staring at the luggage with open mouth.

"Why, Téphany," she gasped, "do you see that all the labels have been torn off your things?"

"I tore them off myself, Machie. Why you ask? Shush Wait!"

Somebody once described Mary Machin as a matronly maid. Strangers always made certain that she must be a happy wife and mother. Maternal solicitude beamed out of her eyes; strange children clutched at her skirts and at her heart-strings; disagreeable babies sat contentedly in her lap. She was small without being insignificant, thin without being angular, pale—except in moments of excitement—but never pasty-faced. She had most lovely eyes of a forget-me-not blue and a delicate aquiline nose. The other features, plain as they were, did not matter, because nobody looked at them. She loved Téphany, and Téphany knew it because Mary Machin said so fervently and frequently.

"I love you as if you were my sister," she would murmur. Once, in a moment of exaltation, she had added: "I should like to have a child like you." Then, scarlet and palpitating, she had faltered out, "If an old maid may express such a wish."

Perhaps Mary Machin divined that Téphany was one of those feminine creatures who not only crave for love, but exact also a reiterated statement of the fact. Kind words and looks—Mary Machin's only available capital—never cloyed on Téphany.

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At the Hôtel de France two adjoining rooms were assigned the ladies: one happened to be the apartment in which Châteaubriand had been born.[1] The huge bed in the corner kindled a spark of enthusiasm in Mary, but she refused to sleep in it.

"I should see the man," she said.

"If only one could!" sighed Téphany.

In this room, after the midday breakfast, which was exceedingly good, Téphany gratified her friend's curiosity. You must conceive Mary Machin no longer cross, nor indisposed, nor dishevelled. The few peevish lines upon her face had been wiped away. She looked charming in a grey dress embellished by violet ribands. Daffodil Mansions seemed far away.

Téphany sat beside her, taking Mary's hand between her long, delicate fingers.

"We have been wanderers over the face of the earth, you and I, Machie."

Miss Machin nodded, as she murmured: "Yes, yes; Paris, dear Paris—then Petersburg. Br-r-r-r! How cold it was that first winter in Petersburg! Then The Hague—Brussels—Rome, where I had a touch of the fever, and you nursed me so tenderly," she kissed Téphany and squeezed her hand—"Vienna and Buda-Pesth. It was at Buda Pesth that foolish young man——"

"Pray don't mention him, Machie!"

"He tried so hard to drown himself! And it was such a splendid advertisement for you, Téphany. That and the duel at Milan quite established your reputation. I have always said so. Dear me! I wonder what it feels like to have men—such handsome men, too!—fighting about one?" Mary sighed profoundly.

"It made me feel furious," said Téphany curtly.

"I know, my dear, I know; you are always hard-hearted about men, and I should have been *so* flattered. Yes; let us change the subject by all means. We had got as far as Buda-

[1] La chambre où ma mère m'infligea la vie.—"Mémoires."

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Pesth—no, Milan. How well I remember those delicious Milanese ices, frozen coffee at the bottom and whipped cream at the top! Then Florence then the English season, Australia, America, and now—and now," she eyed Téphany nervously, "and now, my dear, when the world is at your feet, you kick it."

Téphany rose and paced up and down the big room. An expression unknown to Mary Machin slightly altered her face. Opinions were legion in regard to the beauty of it. Photographs revealed finely cut features, a delightfully modelled cheek and chin, an engaging smile. But how many actresses and singers can boast as much and more? The men said that beauty lay in the singer's colouring—and the men were right. Cheeks and lips were rose-tinted: pale rose deepening into carmine upon occasion. In figure, she was not too tall, very straight and slender, with the finely rounded throat and bust of a singer.

Mary Machin waited patiently for Téphany to begin her explanations. She knew that mystery lay behind those troubled eyes, and that it would be unveiled in due time. Suddenly Téphany stood still. Then, speaking in a slightly higher and sharper tone than usual, she said abruptly, "Machie, I believe that my triumphs have been more to you than to me."

"That is true, my dear."

"I have seen you wallowing in my press notices."

"Ah-h-h-h!" murmured Mary, ecstatically.

"Machie, it is so nice of you to purr because the world has stroked me. But if it stopped stroking - what then?"

A vague apprehension of coming evil set Mary's pulses a-fluttering. Téphany, noting her distress, sat down, and, once more, took her friend's hand into her clasp. This time Mary became sensible that the fingers touching her skin were strangely hot.

"Téphany," she exclaimed, "you are in love!"

"What a shocking bad shot, Machie. In love—I?"

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She laughed, too derisively, so her friend thought. Then her face softened, as she tapped Miss Machin's hand and murmured, "Try again."

"My dear—you are not—ill?"

"Ill? Have I ever been ill? But you're getting warm, Machie. One more guess!"

"Your throat?"

After what seemed to be an æon of suspense, Téphany said slowly: "Yes—it is my throat. Don't look as if I were being crushed by a steam roller! At the worst—and the worst is not likely to happen—I might lose my singing voice."

"Lose your—your singing v-voice?" gasped Miss Machin.

"Not my life, Machie."

"Oh, oh!" Miss Machin began to cry, the tears rolling down her cheeks. Téphany, glancing at her, rose abruptly and walked to the window. For a moment she was wishing, passionately, that she could cry like Machie. Outside a May sun was shining gloriously, bathing all things and persons in a warm flood of light. But a colossal figure obscured the sun for Téphany. She could see nothing save a black-coated giant with piercing eyes, who had said to her forty-eight hours before—only forty-eight hours before!—in cool, calm tones: "The Covent Garden engagement must be cancelled. That is inevitable. Six months hence we will see—we will see."

There was much more, but Téphany remembered none of it. Sir Japhet was the greatest specialist in London; and he confirmed the verdict of the New York surgeon, whom Téphany had visited in secret on the eve of sailing from America.

"Oh—oh!" wailed Miss Machin, melting deplorably.

Téphany laughed, flinging back her head with a certain air of defiance.

"I don't care—much," she said clearly.

"Eh?" Miss Machin looked up, incredulous, dabbing at her eyes with a handkerchief rolled up into a ball.

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"I don't care very much," Téphany repeated, with greater honesty.

"After that last week, that never-to-be-forgotten week in New York. Oh, dear—oh, dear!"

"That last week bored me."

Miss Machin held up her hands. By the motion of her quivering lips, one might guess that she was repeating Téphany's words: "That last—week—bored—you?"

"Yes."

"But you have cared for nothing else," Miss Machin managed to falter. "Your fame, your art, seemed to fill your life ever since, ever since——"

"Go on, Machie! Or shall I finish your sentence? My art, my success have filled my life ever since you have known me, but you have only known me three years."

"And three months."

"And three months. And I'm nearly twenty-six."

"And I am twenty-nine."

"Machie, you look it—when you cry. Now please don't cry any more."

"It's very disfiguring, I know," sobbed Miss Machin, "but I can't help it."

"When I lived in Brittany, before I found out that I had a voice," said Téphany, reflectively, "I was interested in heaps and heaps of things. I must try to find them again—those things. And you must help me, Machie."

Miss Machin wrung her hands helplessly, murmuring, in a choking voice: "What things—where?—oh, dear! oh, dear! ——" Did her weakness inspire strength? Téphany's face lit up with a smile. She sat down again, relaxing features and limbs, with an air of accepting graciously ill fortune. The defiance in her eyes disappeared.

"You know that I was happy in Brittany," she began, "and unhappy, frightfully unhappy, in Dorset?"

"Yes, yes."

"But I have never tried to give you details. No. Because

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there are none. I was overpoweringly homesick. I believe all Breton women are like that. When the peasants leave the Province to take service in Paris they nearly die. I nearly died. What saved me, I think, were some letters from a friend."

"From a friend?"

Téphany hesitated. The habit of silence is difficult to break.

"From a man, Machie."

"Oh!" Miss Machin's eyes brightened.

"From a young man," Téphany sighed; Miss Machin's eyes positively sparkled; she was the most well-conducted and at the same time the most romantic woman in the world; and the great humiliation of her life, carefully concealed, was the fact that no young man had written letters to her.

"His name was Michael Ossory. Have you ever heard of that name?"

"Never, my dear. Michael Ossory? Never."

"He was a painter: one of the cleverest students in Gérome's studio. My father, everybody, predicted that he would be famous."

"I know now why you buy catalogues of picture exhibitions."

"Machie, how sharp you are! Yes, I have bought catalogues; and never once have I seen his name in any of them."

"But he wrote, and, I—er—suppose you answered his letters?"

"Of course I answered them. I wrote sheets, four to his one, till, till he stopped writing. Till he stopped, did I say? Long after he stopped. The hardest time of my life came when *I* stopped."

Mary Machin kissed Téphany several times, very softly; then, in a whisper, she murmured: "Those letters, of course, were love letters."

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"No—not at all. I mean—er——"

"Between the lines," Mary suggested.

Téphany nodded.

"Why did he stop writing?"

"Why indeed? It nearly broke my heart."

A long silence followed. Looking back, Téphany shuddered, remembering the misery of those days when the link between her and Michael had snapped. Her uncle and aunt, well-meaning and worthy folk, Philistines of the conventional type, were unable to see an inch beyond the trimly cut fence which encircled the modest demesne of Home Close. It seemed to Téphany, then and thereafter, that the business and pleasure of her uncle's life lay in rooting weeds out of his lawn—daisies were reckoned as weeds—in pruning hedges and shrubs, in repeating—not without absurd blunders—what he read in his daily newspaper, and in playing croquet. Now, she could not remember whether his eyes were grey, or a faded blue, or a watery green. She thought of him as a spud, *plus* shears, a pruning-knife, a mallet, and the *Morning Post*. Her aunt represented keys. She was one of those careful bodies who, owning nothing worth a passing burglar's regard, make a point of keeping it under lock and key. The books Téphany yearned to read were locked up like the dried cherries which appeared once a week at dessert; the answers to the questions put by the eager girl were locked up also; at night, every door and window in the small shabby house was heavily barred. . . .

When it became plain that Ossory had no intention of answering her letters, Téphany wrote to Yvonne, the genial landlady of the inn at Pont-Aven—a friend of Ossory's and of her own—asking for information. From Yvonne she learned that Ossory had left Pont-Aven, nothing more. Téphany would have mourned Michael as dead, but her letters to him were not returned; she knew therefore that he must be alive.

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The abomination of desolation followed. Téphany entreated the pity and help of Breton saints. She spent hours, when she ought to have been in bed, praying to Sainte Barbe, Sainte Anne d'Auray and Our Lady des Bonnes Nouvelles. Then, believing that her own sex had abandoned her, the unhappy creature invoked Saint Yves and Saint Hervé. Bretons, be it remembered, seldom address their prayers direct to the Almighty.

Finally, worn out by self-imposed penance and want of sleep, she gave up the struggle, submitting with piteous resignation to the desire of her aunt that she should join the Anglican Church in which her father had been baptized. Téphany would have embraced with equal docility the creed of Mahomet or Buddha.[1]

Within a couple of years she had changed outwardly into as prim and demure an English Miss as may be found in any parish in Dorset. Indeed, she had come to regard herself as a wild bird helplessly caged, condemned to eat groundsel—with grace said before and after eating it—for the rest of her days. Her uncle and aunt were in straitened circumstances; they were unable to entertain their few neighbours, and too proud to accept hospitality they could not return.

It is certain—at least, we have Téphany's testimony to that effect—that ultimately the girl would have married the curate, who, once, scarlet with bashfulness, offered her a—nosegay. But immediately after this thrilling incident, Téphany learned that she was, so to speak, an undeveloped gold mine. A big, burly, much-bearded Frenchman happened to hear her sing in church. Comedy followed. The Frenchman called at Home Close, sent in his card, and was ushered into the drawing-room, where Téphany and her uncle and aunt were drinking tea. The Frenchman bowed, turned to the

[1] What Rénan says in this connection is worth quoting: Une fois séparé de son milieu primitif le Breton cessait presque aussitôt de s'appartenir et n'opposait aucune résistance à son absorption dans un milieu étranger. . . . Sa douce foi est ébranlé

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master of the house, indicated Téphany with a gesture, and burst out excitedly: "Monsieur, Madame, your niece she carry a fortune in her mouse."

The worthy uncle stared at his visitor and at his visitor's card.

"I don't know who you are, sir," he replied coldly.

"Who am I? Monsieur," he struck an imposing attitude, "I am Bandin—Gustave Bandin! And I—*I*—say zat Mademoiselle carry a fortune in her mouse."

"The man ought to be locked up," murmured the good aunt. Then, to the surprise of the elderly people, Téphany, whom they had come to regard as a modest and retiring young lady, burst into voluble French. A moment later, Bandin and she were shaking hands. Another moment and the piano was open. *On Sunday afternoon!*

"My dear——" faltered the aunt.

"He is the famous French tenor," Téphany explained.

"Mademoiselle will sing ze scale. Do—Ré—Mi—— Sing, Mademoiselle, sing! Have no fear!"

Accustomed to impose his wishes, Bandin dominated this extraordinary situation. Téphany sang the scale—twice. Bandin wiped his forehead.

"*Sapr-r-r-risti!*"

Then, in rapid French, he explained to the petrified uncle and aunt that Téphany possessed a voice which it would be criminal not to cultivate; that she ought to study in Paris, if it were possible at the Conservatoire. He, Bandin, was at the disposition of this charming and interesting family. Let them confide in him. He had given his card. He was singing at Covent Garden. He would answer letters, make arrangements, do all that was possible, for the sake of his art—which he adored.

Before his listeners had time to reply the good fellow was gone.

He left behind him, however, a regenerated Téphany, in whose veins the half-frozen blood flowed once more swiftly

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and copiously. The originality of her strong character asserted its power. We may pass over a stormy month. At the end of it, Téphany was despatched to a kinswoman living in London. The verdict of a famous master confirmed what Bandin had said. Téphany possessed a small income of her own, about a hundred and fifty a year. Matters arranged themselves. But the student years of successful artists are seldom worth recording. Téphany worked—and worked—and worked. She had inherited her father's passion for art, her mother's Breton patience and enthusiasm. At the end of five years' training came a triumphant *début* at Brussels, and, following this, half a dozen engagements. Then the uncle and aunt, unable to accompany their niece upon her travels, insisted upon a paid companion. Out of a hundred and eleven highly recommended ladies, Mary Machin was chosen.

Machie broke the silence.

"I would give anything to know why Mr. Ossory stopped writing."

Téphany hesitated; her trunk was open; on the top lay a small leather desk. She got up, crossed the room, unlocked the desk, and took from it a letter.

"This is his last letter."

She stared at it meditatively; then, in a quiet voice, she read aloud a paragraph.

"'In my next letter I shall have something very exciting to tell you. I have found what I have been hunting for for years. Between ourselves, my dear Téphany, I believe that I'm going to be prosperous; the broad highway to fortune is certainly in sight. I won't spoil an interesting story by dribbling it out in instalments. Wait for my next.'"

"Is that all, my dear?"

"I have been waiting for the 'next' ever since."

"It is most mysterious. I suppose that a woman——"

"I do not know. Money parts some old friends. I don't think money would have parted us, although," her cheeks flushed slightly, "the want of it did."

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She put aside the letter, sighing.

"Was he handsome, Téphany?"

"Yes, and very strong. He could pick me up as if I were a baby. Why, when we parted—Oh, Machie, I couldn't have believed it possible that I should tell you these things, but when we parted——"

"Yes——"

"I kissed him."

Mary Machin, remembering for what purpose her very handsome salary was paid, tried to look shocked. She succeeded in looking inexpressibly funny.

"My dear!"

"Machie—I hugged him. And he—he lifted me up and kissed me. At that moment I knew that he cared. He did not say a word, but in his eyes——"

"Would one want more?"

"Machie, how satisfactory you are! But, as a fact, a girl does want more. I should have liked him to have written to me that he adored me, as I adored him."

"Oh, Téphany!"

"But I did adore him. I'm not the least little bit ashamed of that. He was poor, and very proud; otherwise I feel convinced that he would have spoken."

"And the world would have lost a great singer," observed Miss Machin solemnly. Then she said sharply: "I can guess what has brought you to Brittany. You have lost your voice, but you hope to find this mysterious Mr. Ossory."

"Machie, you know why I picked you out of a hundred thousand other watch-dogs? I asked you if you liked my frock. And you said bluntly that you didn't. And now, you have blurted out another truth which," she blushed, "which really I would not admit to myself. I want of course to see the country where I spent my childhood. I want," her voice softened to a whisper, "to kneel once more in the cemetery at Nizon; but I want, most of all, to know what has happened to Michael Ossory."

"Téphany, you are in love with your Michael still."

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Téphany answered gravely, deliberately:

"No. That is past. But I am curious. I have always felt that the man is alive, and, being alive, how comes it that he is not famous?"

Miss Machin pursed up her lips; she had great tenacity.

"I do not say that you are in love with Mr. Ossory as he now is," she remarked austerely, "but you are in love—which accounts for everything—with the young man who was too poor and too proud to tell you he adored you."

To this Téphany made no reply. Mary Machin glanced at her. Then, in a different voice, she said: "Why did you tear the labels off your boxes?"

"Because I have left my stage name in London. I don't want to hear it again till——" she touched her throat significantly, not finishing the sentence. "I am going back to Pont-Aven, where I was known, and shall be known, as Téphany Lane."

"Oh!" Protest informed the exclamation, for Mary was not insensible to the advantages of travelling with a celebrity. Téphany's stage name opened many doors.

"Yes," continued Téphany very softly, "I go back as Téphany Lane."

"Do we leave to-morrow?" Mary Machin asked.

"*I* leave to-morrow," Téphany replied. "You will follow two days afterwards. I must have two days alone, Machie; I feel sure you will understand. I see you do. In two days, left to myself, I shall become, really and truly, Téphany Lane."

She smiled, not forgetting how much she had changed, but sensible that she might change again, that she might renew the tissues, the fancies, the ideals of youth in that remote corner of the world in which she and her mother had been born.

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CHAPTER III

PONT-AVEN

Pont-Aven—ville de rénom—quatorze moulins—quinze maisons.

Not many changes had been wrought in Pont-Aven. The houses, built of grey granite, built to endure for ever, seemed to greet Téphany with a sober smile; the familiar water-mills, with their huge wheels, looked not a day older. They had, so Téphany reflected, the sane, mellow appearance of faithful servants who had worked hard and were now enjoying a well-earned rest. The doors of the houses stood open as of yore. Peering into the dark interiors, Téphany caught a glimpse of furniture black with age and smoke, polished by the use of a hundred years. The villagers were busy in the prosecution of small daily tasks, so important to their welfare. The old women knitted, chattering together in pairs; the wives and daughters were washing down by the river, or preparing the simple noonday meal, or at work in the fields; most of the children were at school. In a window Téphany recognised the face of a friend, Mère le Beuz, who glanced up as Téphany passed. The dear soul smiled pleasantly, thinking, perhaps, of the fat five-franc pieces which strangers brought to the village, but in the keen kindly eyes bent on hers, Téphany perceived interest only, not recognition. Time had been generous to Mère le Beuz. Perhaps her shoulders and hips were a trifle broader; a few more lines lay about the brown clear-skinned face which glowed above the snowy collar and coif; but she still looked strong, the mother, the wife, the sister of strong men.

The sight of this plain honest face gave Téphany a thrill of delight. Then, in the reaction, she compared her own life during the past decade with that of the peasant. The hurry and scurry from town to town, from country to country, from continent to continent, the never-ending competition, the jealousy of rivals, the glare of the footlights, the hot, tainted

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atmosphere of the theatre, the adulation of the mob. And at the end a physical breakdown; a tiny rift within the lute. Had it been worth while?

The market-place was empty save for a couple of carts standing opposite a tavern. The carts, very long in the body, deftly balanced between high wheels, gave Téphany another thrill. How often she had lain snugly curled up in masses of sweet-scented clover and hay, half dreaming, hearing the tinkle of the bells upon the horses' necks, as these same carts carried her back from the fields to the small house where she and her father lived.

At the east end of the market-place she saw the ancient inn, and at its side a large annexe built since Téphany had left Pont-Aven. Téphany smiled at the old tavern, and frowned at the new. A moment later she was walking up the stone steps, walking, so she felt, into the past, as one walks into a pleasaunce where time has recorded its sunniest hours.

To the right, through an open door, she could see the dining-room, panelled from floor to ceiling with pictures and sketches painted by her dear artists for Mademoiselle Yvonne. And Mademoiselle Yvonne was still Mademoiselle Yvonne. (Téphany had learned this at Quimperlé), and, as ever, the loyal friend of all painters.

Téphany walked into the small office to the left, where a young girl, in the dainty coif and collar of the commune, sat writing behind a broad counter. In answer to Téphany's questions, the girl informed Mademoiselle that as the season had not begun she could have any accommodation, any room almost, she might require. Mademoiselle Yvonne was in the kitchen. Certainly, if one wished to see her, she could be summoned. Téphany asked for a room in the old house, and, without giving her name, wandered into the dining-room and up to a panel at the farther end of it. The panel held a portrait of herself. Gazing at it, she wondered if it were possible that she had ever presented so wild, so disordered an appearance. For the first time she experienced an honest sympathy for the

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uncle and aunt who had welcomed their unknown niece so coldly, who had stared with such horror at unkempt locks, untied strings, badly laced boots; all, in fact, that Michael Ossory had faithfully reproduced upon the panel.

In a minute, however, Téphany recognised herself, the essential spirit which still dominated her. The eyes, burning out of the panel with such fiery interrogation, were her eyes; the smile was her smile. Such as she had been she still was; only the envelope had changed.

A step, not a light one, upon the well-scrubbed floor, warned her that Yvonne was approaching. Ah, thank Heaven! her kind friend had altered hardly at all. Her hair was now iron-grey; her fine figure had grown massive; but the shrewd twinkling eyes, the square chin, the mobile humorous lips were the same. She greeted Téphany courteously, but indifferently. Téphany smiled, as she returned the formal salutation.

"Who is that?" she asked, indicating the portrait of herself.

"It is one of my best panels," said Yvonne.

"But what an ugly child!"

"Ugly?" Yvonne frowned, then she added sharply: "Evidently Mademoiselle is not an artist. The sketch is very fine. I have been offered a thousand francs for that panel."

"You ought to have taken them," Téphany murmured, still scrutinising her elfin locks. Vanity hinted that such a terrible witness ought not to be at large—and yet——

"Never!" Yvonne's voice was flatteringly emphatic. "And to me, Mademoiselle, that child is beautiful."

"Sinfully ugly," said Téphany. Then, as Yvonne's kind eyes began to blaze, she burst out laughing, holding out her hands.

"Why, Yvonne," she said, and although she was laughing, tears shone in her eyes, "you have told me a thousand times that I was ugly, and naughty, and an imp of Satan, and that you never wished to set eyes on me again."

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"*Ma Doué!*" gasped Yvonne, relapsing into Breton under the stress of violent emotion. "It is thou, my blessed one. The Saints be praised!"

Téphany flung herself into those sturdy arms, sobbing with delight.

Presently, after the first ebullition had subsided, after scores of questions had been asked by Yvonne and answered by Téphany, the latter pointed once more to her portrait. Then, in a voice too quiet and restrained to be quite natural, she said——

"Yvonne, what happened to Michael Ossory?"

"Monsieur Ossory? Nothing."

Her lips shut with a snap; her eyes refused to meet Téphany's.

"Eh? But what do you mean by—nothing?"

"Just nothing. He has not arrived. He never will arrive. It is a man—*lost!*"

The finality of the "lost" made Téphany shiver. Looking keenly at the speaker, she perceived Yvonne's fingers nervously interlaced. The rough tone of exasperation in her voice was eloquent of deep regret. Téphany remembered that Michael Ossory had been a prime favourite with the landlady of the Hôtel Yvonne.

"But where is he? You wrote to me that he had left Pont-Aven."

"He came back after two years. He is here."

"In this hotel?"

"He has rooms of his own. He never comes to see me."

"Is he—still poor?"

"Oh, no; he has money. He does not have to paint for a living."

Téphany hesitated, recalling old methods, tactics successful long ago. Laying her hand upon Yvonne's wrist, she whispered coaxingly: "You have a story to tell; tell it to me—please do!"

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"Never!"

The familiar word exploded.

"Of course I shall call upon an old friend."

Yvonne laughed scornfully.

"As you will. But Monsieur Ossory is not famous for welcoming old friends. Bah! I must be about my business." She smiled frankly. "After breakfast, which we will eat together—*hein?*—I will show you my annexe, of which I am so proud."

With a wave of her hand she was gone, carrying with her an indescribable atmosphere of freshness and vitality. Left alone, Téphany turned with a sigh to look at another portrait to the right of her own. This was an excellent likeness of Michael Ossory, painted by Téphany's father, shortly before his death. The face, intensely virile, curiously alive, acclaimed Téphany with a grin at once sardonic and defiant. The man seemed to be saying: "Yes, yes; this is Pont-Aven. It hasn't changed—has it? But don't flatter yourself that you and I are the same. We are not."

Outside, the young girl from behind the counter was waiting to show Mademoiselle her room. Téphany looked at her watch. Breakfast was at noon. She had a good hour to spare, and an ardent desire to revisit some of her old haunts, to recapture, as it were, that elusive spirit of the past which she seemed to have caught and held securely only a few minutes before, the spirit put to ignominious flight by the expression upon a painted face.

Crossing the bridge over the Aven, she passed through the village and into a wood, the delicious Bois d'Amour. Here, beeches, chestnuts, and oaks grow luxuriantly upon steep mossy banks sloping sharply to the edge of the stream, which widens out into a broad peaceful pool, whose surface is only broken by lichen-covered rocks. Below this pool are the mills, and the rumble of their wheels, when revolving, may be heard above the roar of the weir higher up. As a child Téphany used to think that the waters of the Aven must be loath to

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leave this enchanted resting-place, the last before the final plunge over or through the sluices on to the mud flats of the estuary. Téphany remembered a certain stone, the sanctuary of an old brown trout. The trout lay there still. Had he defied capture for ten years? Perhaps he was a son or a grandson of the guileful veteran for whom her father had angled unsuccessfully a score of times. He lay, nose up stream, among the weeds, his tail fins slightly moving. A few yards further on a man was painting. Téphany approached him smiling. Her father, and she herself, had painted this bit over and over again.

For the moment she thought she saw Michael Ossory. The man had Michael's tall fine figure; he carried his head with an air of distinction, as if aware that it was excellently well set upon broad, shapely shoulders. Téphany, however, coming nearer, perceived that the painter was a stranger, about her own age, possibly a couple of years older. Seeing the interest on her face, he raised his cap. Téphany asked if she might look at his canvas. One glance told her that he had great talent. After a minute's talk, she learned his name, Carne; he was a Californian, who had come to Pont-Aven to spend the summer.

"Everybody paints this pool," he said apologetically; "but I'm after something different. I don't care a red cent, for instance, about those reflections, glorious though they are. To paint a landscape upside down and two tones lower and then to dash a few lines across it and call it water is not my ambition. I want to paint the water itself, its curves, its ripples, and the things that grow in it. Aren't those waving weeds immense?"

Téphany fanned his ardour, eyeing critically the wet canvas.

"You paint yourself?" said Carne.

"Enough to appreciate the good work of others. I was brought up with painters. My father painted. He has painted this pool, and so have I."

"It's better than a formal introduction.'

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"Yes," said Téphany, as frankly. "Tell me, do you know a painter who lives here—Michael Ossory?"

"Ossory? I seem to have heard his name."

"He has lived here for years. His portrait hangs in Yvonne's dining-room."

"Oh, the Hermit; we call him the Hermit. I had forgotten that his name was Ossory. No—I don't know him. You see, I'm a stranger. I've only been here a fortnight. A friend of mine, Johnnie Keats, who is a bit of a gossip, tells me that the Hermit is a 'has been.'"

Téphany asked no more questions. She returned to the hotel, unpacked her boxes, and wandered once more into the small dining-room to stare again at Ossory's portrait. Presently she discovered a panel of his.

"But this is wonderful," she whispered to herself.

Sunlight fell slantingly on a group of peasants dancing the gavotte. In the background sat the *binious*—the piper and his comrade with a small fife—enthroned upon two huge cider-barrels. One could see that they were piping lustily. The movement in the bodies of the dancers, the expression of vitality and force, the strong contrasts of light and shade, were rendered with unerring delicacy and power. And the man who had painted this lived unknown in Pont-Aven. The why and wherefore of it bit into Téphany's heart.

After breakfast, alone with Yvonne, Téphany was shown the annexe, the big dining-room not used till the beginning of June, the salon, and the studios above. In July, so Yvonne said, the crowd of tourists and holiday-makers would arrive.

"I shall stay with you till then," said Téphany.

When Yvonne left her, she decided to walk to Nizon to visit her mother's grave and the Calvary. On the morrow she hoped to summon up sufficient courage to call upon Ossory. If he repulsed her, if—ah, well, why should she anticipate a slight, a rebuff at his hands? Passing Mère le Beuz's house she saw the dear old gossip at the same window, knitting and

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smiling at the foot-passengers. Inside the house a woman was crooning to a child an air familiar to all Bretons, but at that time new to Téphany: one of the songs of Théodore Botrel:

Pour égayer ma nuit profonde,
J'avais trois vaillants petits fieux,
Que j'aimais plus que tout au monde:
Ils etaient si bons pour leur Vieux!
Mais, un jour, l'Océan sournois
Les a pris, d'un coup, tous les trois.
Il m'a volé les petits fieux
Qui devaient me fermer les yeux:
Je dois le haïr! et pourtant,
Malgré moi, j'aime l'Océan!!!

Téphany went to the window and spoke to Mère le Beuz.

"That is a new song, very pretty, very sad," she began, "but the old songs—you still sing them to your babies?"

She wondered if the woman would recognise her, having an absurd yearning that she should do so at once, at the first glance. Mère le Beuz smiled and answered the question, simply and lucidly, telling Téphany of Botrel, of his birth at Dinan, of his upbringing, of his visits to the province after Paris had acclaimed him, of his innumerable songs set to music of his own composition. That, according to Mère le Beuz, stamped him as true bard. She recited the legend of the mystical union between Hyvarnion, the poet, and Rivanone, the setter of psalms to music, whence sprung Saint Hervé, the blind patron of all Armorican troubadours.

"Ah, yes," said Téphany, smiling; "you told me that before."

"Before, Mademoiselle?"

"Years and years ago, not once, but a dozen times."

And then again she heard the delightful acclamation, felt the warm handclasp, saw the twinkling eyes beam with affection and excitement.

"But you are tall, beautiful—a great lady. Without doubt you are Madame, Madame la Comtesse, perhaps."

"I am still—Mademoiselle," said Téphany.

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You may be sure that she was persuaded, with but little pressing, to enter the house and drink a cup of cider. Mère le Beuz presented her daughter-in-law, who had sung Botrel's song, a pretty creature nursing her firstborn.

"And do *you* love the ocean?" Téphany demanded gravely.

Trouble lay in the young wife's eyes as she murmured shyly:

"Ah, yes—after all she gives us our bread."

"She has taken one of my sons," said Mère le Beuz, "and her father." She nodded at her daughter-in-law. Both women crossed themselves.

"And mine," said Téphany, in a low voice. After a moment's hesitation she crossed herself also.

"God forgive me, I'd forgotten that," said the grandmother. Both women gazed at Téphany with an intense and poignant sympathy.

"You are one of us: I always said so," the elder woman muttered.

"I am Bretonne, yes," said Téphany. "I was born here, and your blood is in my veins."

"Surely, surely," assented the women.

Téphany took leave, promising to return.

The road to Nizon is upon the other side of Pont-Aven, but Téphany wished to take the short cut through the woods and fields; the path she had trod so often with her father, which passes the chapel of Trémalo. She knew every tree, every stone and stile. Presently she came to a delightful avenue of oaks; upon each side of the way are wheat-fields and apple orchards. Téphany looked at the trees, stunted, misshapen, many of them, but sturdy and vigorous, deeply rooted in the soil, twisted by a thousand storms, yet surviving them as they would survive others, almost imperishable, honoured in legend and song—the oaks of Finistère. This avenue leads into a wider, more beautiful avenue of beech trees: an approach to the château, but Téphany, turning sharp to the left, came suddenly upon the small chapel of Trémalo, a miniature church

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built of granite, extremely old, but in a state of remarkable preservation, and surmounted by a delicately carved spire, an ornament added probably in the sixteenth century. Téphany paused upon the threshold.

A strange emotion thrilled her. Baptized and confirmed in the Roman Catholic Church, as has been said, she had joined the Aglican Communion. Later, when she left Dorset, she came under the influence of some Rationalists, but their teaching left but a slight mark upon a mind intensely plastic, yet at the same time prejudiced and even obstinate. Téphany listened to the arguments of the philosophers, with the sound, so to speak, of the Angélus in her ears. Let it be remembered that the religion of Bretons is engrafted on paganism. Of this more will be said later; it is sufficient to mention the fact here because it elucidates what otherwise might seem obscure; the peculiar attitude of Téphany towards the faith of her mother. It appealed powerfully to her imagination, while it left her intelligence not cold, but lukewarm. She had come to consider herself a Catholic in the widest sense of the word; a daughter of a Church which acknowledged neither Pope of Rome nor Archbishop of Canterbury, Téphany prayed fervently in cathedrals, in kirks, in conventicles, even in synagogues. But since she had left Brittany she had not made confession to a priest.

Now, standing upon the threshold of this chapel, a strong desire assailed her to dip her fingers into the *bénitier*, to cross herself with holy water. She was distressed when she discovered that the *bénitier* was dry.

Téphany entered the chapel. Inside it is paved with rough granite flagstones. Wide arches, surmounting big, round, whitewashed pillars, support a wooden roof, painted sky blue. Between the roof and the walls is a frieze with extraordinary heads of men and animals carved upon it, all grimacing violently to keep at bay evil spirits. Some ostrich eggs hung in front of a painted figure of the Virgin. The stained glass in a window, very old and very good, deflected oddly the light, throwing splotches of vivid colour upon the stone floor.

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Téphany noted these details before she perceived at the further and darker end of the chapel a man sitting upon a rude bench, with his face hidden by his hands. The man sat so silent and motionless that he seemed to have no more life than the figure of the Virgin. Téphany's presence, seemingly, did not excite his interest. This, however, aroused no surprise in her. Some fisherman, doubtless, had wandered into the chapel to pray and meditate. She felt sorry that she had disturbed him. Possibly he had covered his eyes on purpose. Her imagination flared, seeing a fellow creature suffering in spirit, yearning to be alone with his Maker, resenting bitterly, perhaps, the advent of a strange woman. His attitude was one of profound dejection. With a shy, backward glance, Téphany left the chapel.

A few minutes later she was kneeling at her parents' grave.

When she rose, she noticed that the first inscription upon the tombstone had become slightly worn, it was fading. With a shock the reflection followed that the few memories she possessed of her mother had become as the dust within the tomb, as the fading writing on the stone:

In Memory of
MARIE TEPHANY,
Beloved Wife of Henry Lane,
Born at Vannes; Died at Nizon.
Aged 27 Years.
R. I. P.

The live Téphany, thinking tenderly of the dead Téphany, tried to recall her mother's face. Henry Lane had made many studies of his wife's head, but these he had destroyed after her death, because—so he told his daughter with passionate emphasis—they were caricatures unworthy to be preserved. Téphany could just remember a pure, delicately cut profile, standing out like a fine cameo against the dark confused years of early childhood.

Underneath the above inscription were a few lines setting forth the date and manner of death of the husband, who lay beside his wife.

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Téphany turned from the graves to the Calvary upon whose steps she had spent so many hours. The Calvary at Nizon is triple, richly ornamented, carved out of granite, the hardness of which has been softened by centuries of rain. It is probable that it was set up after one of those fearful visitations of sickness which ravaged the country of Cornouailles about the middle of the sixteenth century. During the Reign of Terror the crosses had been pulled down and broken up. All over France madness wreaked its fury upon such sacred emblems. And yet, the madness passed away, the emblems remain, replaced by pious hands, venerated, as before, by pious souls. Téphany, gazing at the steps worn by the feet and knees of countless pilgrims, reflected that another thunder-cloud of madness and violence hung over the province, and she believed that, as before, it would pass, having spent itself, but that the faith, enduring as the granite of these monuments, would not perish, but would rise again, purged, may be, by fiery ordeal, refined, tempered, glorified.

Repassing the chapel of Trémalo, Téphany looked in for the second time; the man was gone; the chapel looked strangely desolate and forlorn. The splotches of vivid colour had disappeared; in the shadows, the figure of the Holy Mother seemed spectral; out of the frieze the hideous images grimaced horribly.

Téphany shivered as she closed the massive oak door, heavily clamped with iron. Unable for the moment to analyse her emotions, she was none the less aware that, returning to these scenes of her childhood, she was not strong enough to resist the influence which objects considered as inanimate elsewhere exercise over the minds of Bretons. As a child she had believed that certain springs and stones and trees harboured spirits: powerful to work good or evil upon those who beheld them. In London, Paris, New York, and Melbourne she had laughed at these childish fears.

And to-day, now that she was a woman, they assailed her fiercely.

(To be continued)

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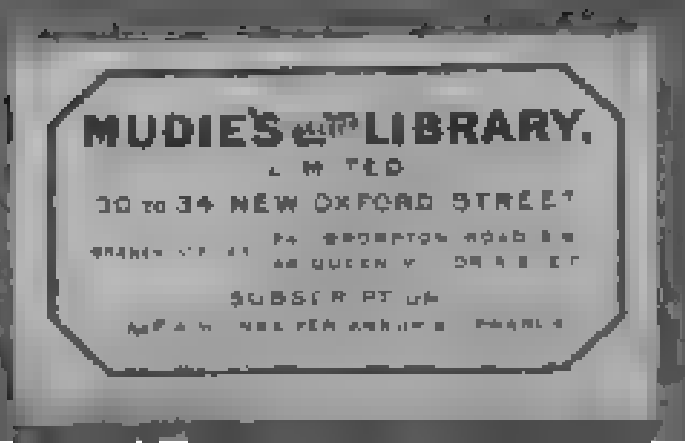

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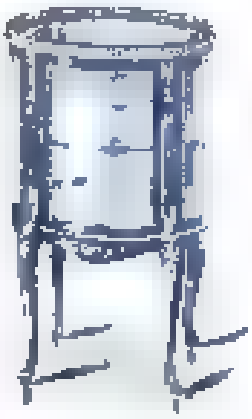

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